Vol 75 #25

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June 20, 1925

Collier's

THE N EKLY

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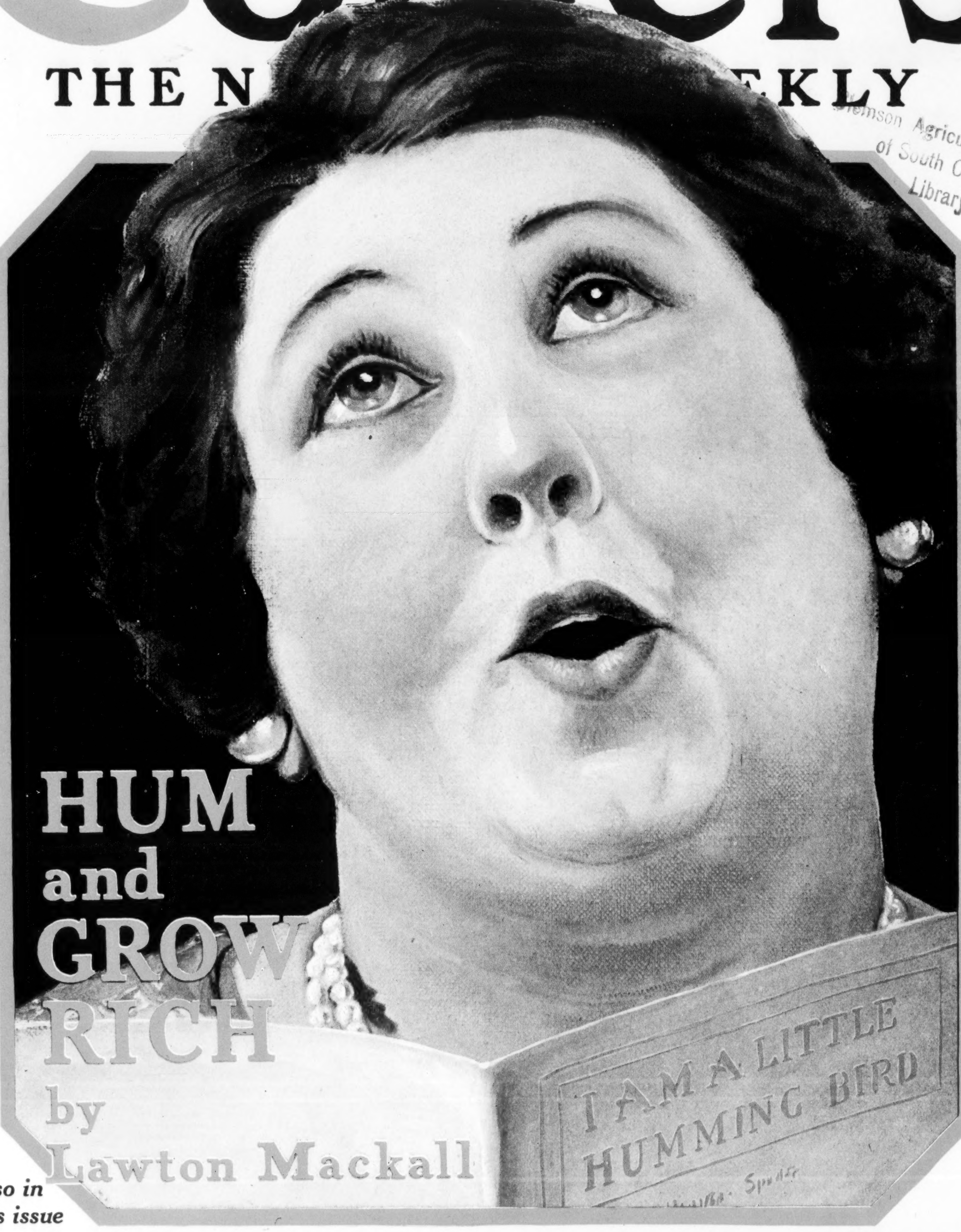

HUM and GROW RICH

by
Lawton Mackall

Also in this issue

Lucian Cary—Inez Haynes Irwin—E. Phillip
Grantland Rice—John T. Flynn—Willa Cather—(

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Black from the depths of earth—Pure gold as it flows to your car

Nature yields her store of crude petroleum at the wells in almost infinite variety.

Not all is suitable for refining into Texaco Motor Oil.

The Texas Company has pipe line access, through thousands of miles of Texaco-owned pipe, to many varieties of crude petroleum, insuring absolute selection of the suitable variety.

Vital as it is, this selection is only the beginning. Motor Oil can be refined by many processes, more or less dependable, even from the most rigidly selected crude petroleum. The highest skill can be made of utmost service in the successive processes.

At the Texaco refineries, the finished skill and the years of experience of the men at the stills and at the agitators and in the filter houses is depended upon almost as much as the science of our chemists, the facilities of our laboratories, our numerous secret processes and exclusive appliances.

Texaco Motor Oil is served to you pouring from the measure like a stream of liquid gold—and as pure. Clear it is, and clean it is—everything that a motor oil can be; refined as far as refining can be carried; filtered beyond any possibility of impurity—removing every trace of substances that form hard carbon. Trust your eyesight every time you stop for oil—the color is a true index.

Light, Medium, Heavy, Extra-Heavy, and Super-Heavy Grades and Texaco Motor Oil Ford

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

TEXACO
MOTOR OIL

As pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses.
—Lambert Pharmacal Company.

YOUR DENTIST MAY BE ABLE TO ADD MANY PRECIOUS YEARS TO YOUR LIFE—BETTER SEE HIM!

Hidden wells of poison

To all appearances she was the picture of health, yet a dental X-ray revealed hidden wells of poison that, neglected, might have cut short her life by many years

She was a beautiful girl. She had a host of friends and many suitors. To all appearances she was the picture of health. Rarely did even a slight illness interrupt her program of pleasure.

Suddenly one summer she started complaining of a rheumatic ailment. The trouble became more intense, and she finally sought the aid of a physician. His remedies did not help her.

So she changed doctors. And the first thing the new physician did was to send her to a dentist for an X-ray of her teeth and a report as to their condition. Outwardly they appeared all right. But the X-ray picture revealed several bad abscesses. These **hidden wells of poison** *had been seeping their deadly bacteria into her system and had unquestionably caused the rheumatism.*

Once attended to by her dentist, the rheumatic trouble disappeared. Neglected, they might have brought on many other ailments and, in fact, might have cut short her life by many years.

Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There *is* a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

HIDDEN WELLS OF POISON IN YOUR MOUTH?

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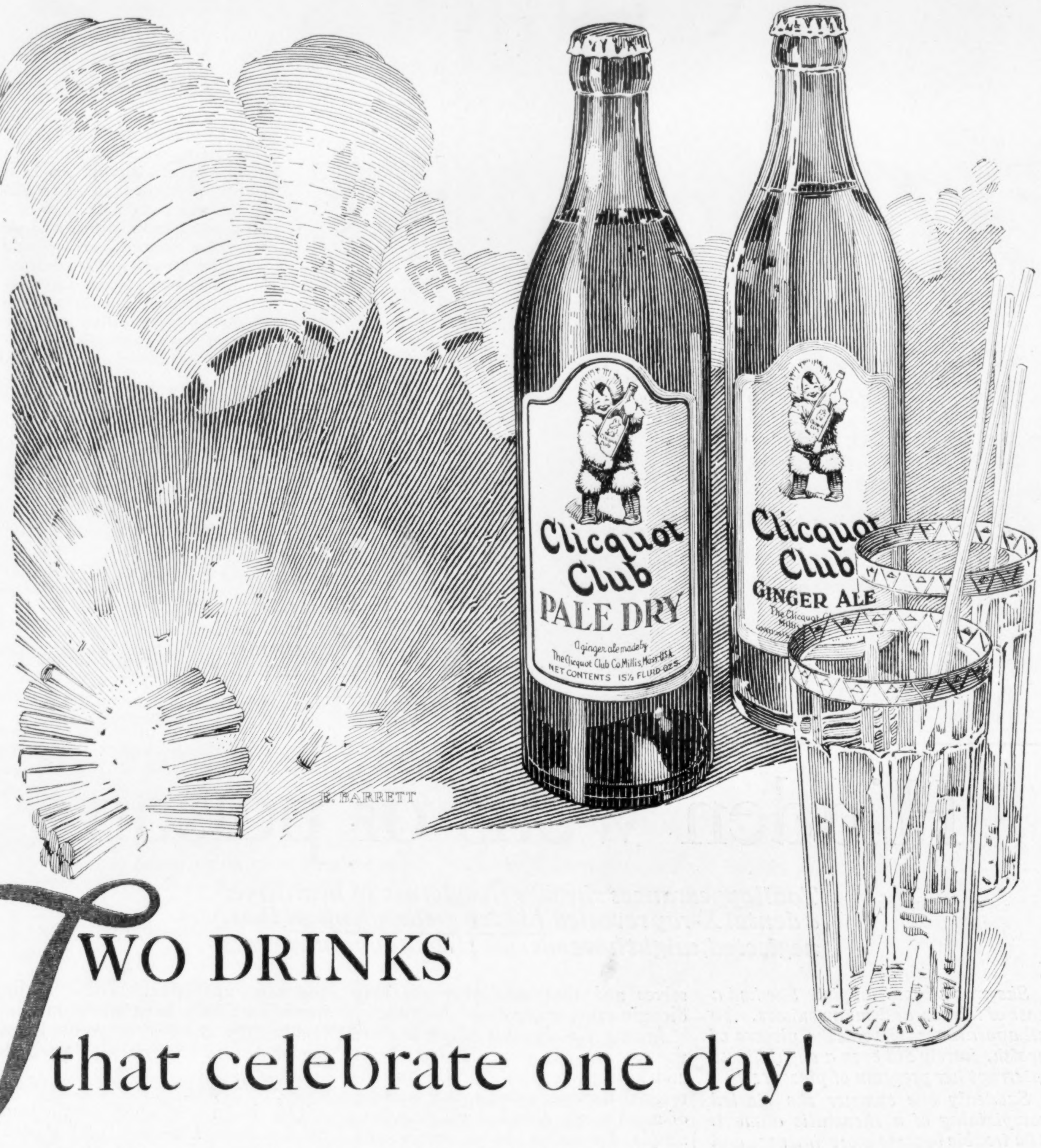
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A ginger ale made by
The Clicquot Club Co. Millis, Mass. U.S.A.
NET CONTENTS 15½ FLUID OZS.
Clicquot Club
GINGER ALE
E. BARRETT

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¶ Clicquot Club Ginger Ale, Regular, is the dashing, full-flavored, martial beverage that is celebrating its fortieth glorious Fourth. Clicquot Club Pale Dry gives you the subtle exhilaration of a milder, drier drink, with a delicacy of flavor that is still real ginger ale. ¶ Each is blended with that just-right quantity and quality of pure water and pure fruit flavors that properly sets off the tingling refreshment of real ginger ale. ¶ It takes time to make as good a ginger ale as Clicquot Club. It takes that subtle, artful skill in blending that has produced the drink that first taught America what real ginger ale tastes like. ¶ Here it is—Clicquot Club Ginger Ale, in two flavors, with two full glasses in every pint bottle, with the one ingredient that no one else can put into bottles—the forty years of knowing how to make good drinks the Clicquot Club way. The Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, 202-298 West High St., Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Copyright, 1925, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States and Great Britain.

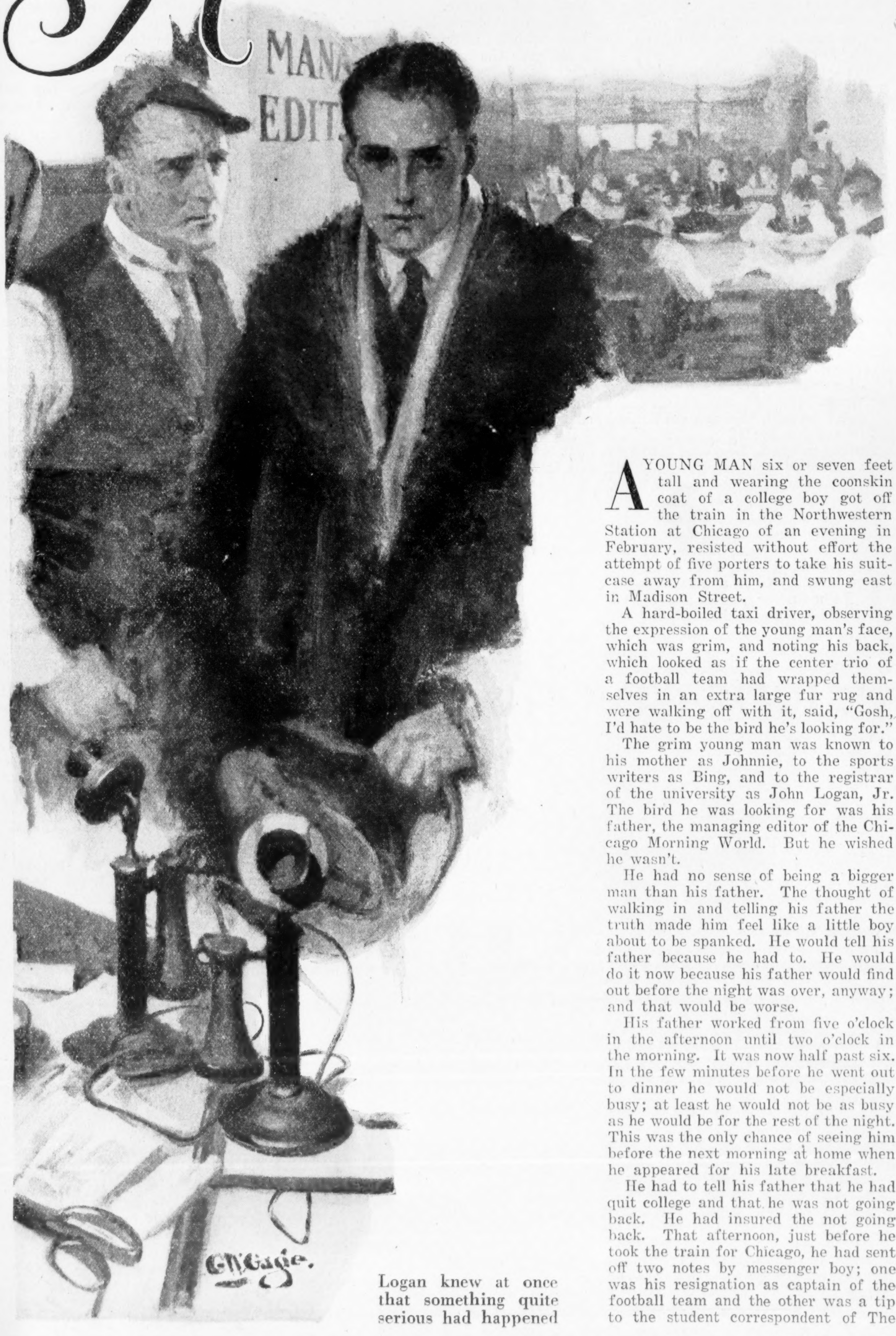
Volume Seventy-five
Number Twenty-five

June 20, 1925

Price: 5 cents a copy, $2.00 a year
10 cents a copy, $4.00 a year in Canada and foreign countries

A story for FATHERS

By LUCIAN CARY



Logan knew at once that something quite serious had happened

A YOUNG MAN six or seven feet tall and wearing the coonskin coat of a college boy got off the train in the Northwestern Station at Chicago of an evening in February, resisted without effort the attempt of five porters to take his suitcase away from him, and swung east in Madison Street.

A hard-boiled taxi driver, observing the expression of the young man's face, which was grim, and noting his back, which looked as if the center trio of a football team had wrapped themselves in an extra large fur rug and were walking off with it, said, "Gosh, I'd hate to be the bird he's looking for."

The grim young man was known to his mother as Johnnie, to the sports writers as Bing, and to the registrar of the university as John Logan, Jr. The bird he was looking for was his father, the managing editor of the Chicago Morning World. But he wished he wasn't.

He had no sense of being a bigger man than his father. The thought of walking in and telling his father the truth made him feel like a little boy about to be spanked. He would tell his father because he had to. He would do it now because his father would find out before the night was over, anyway; and that would be worse.

His father worked from five o'clock in the afternoon until two o'clock in the morning. It was now half past six. In the few minutes before he went out to dinner he would not be especially busy; at least he would not be as busy as he would be for the rest of the night. This was the only chance of seeing him before the next morning at home when he appeared for his late breakfast.

He had to tell his father that he had quit college and that he was not going back. He had insured the not going back. That afternoon, just before he took the train for Chicago, he had sent off two notes by messenger boy; one was his resignation as captain of the football team and the other was a tip to the student correspondent of The World. The story was probably on the wire now. He must tell his father before it got to the sporting editor.

He intended to tell his father that he was going out to Oklahoma to work in the oil fields—with a pick and shovel if necessary. He would not tell his father why if he could help it. But he had small hope of getting away with that. When John Logan, Sr., started in to ask questions he made a state's attorney cross-examining a witness look like an ineffectual amateur. His specialty was asking questions nobody else dared to ask.

He hated to tell his father why. His father was so incapable of understanding it. His mother would be sorry he was leaving college. But she would understand that he had to. Most women would understand. And some men of forty-five. But not his father. If he told his father about Amy Dupont, his father would think leaving college in order to make sure of her was ridiculous. He would be furious at his son's leaving college without a degree. He would be outraged at his son's doing anything because of a girl.

His father had fallen in love with his mother, else he wouldn't have married her. He was in love with her still, if you could speak of a man of forty-five as being in love. His father and mother were extraordinarily good friends. But their experience belonged to another and a simpler age, when women were different. Back in those days a young man proposed to a girl and she accepted him and that settled it. She never looked at another man again. She couldn't; she was engaged.

He couldn't imagine his mother interested in another man, anyway. She had a social manner that people might think was flirtatious. But it wasn't really; it was just her way; her quite charming way. She had always been completely absorbed in his father.

The young man, still grim, entered the ante-room of his father's office. He told Jackson, the white-haired old gumshoe artist who was his father's secretary, that he wanted to see his father when he was at liberty.

"Very well, sir, I'll let you know," Jackson said, with his air of protecting the President of the United States.

The young man's expression got grimmer and grimmer as he waited.

JOHN LOGAN, Sr., loved his job. Other managing editors might keep bankers' hours. He could not. He wanted to be in it all. He liked to get down before the afternoon city editor left, just for a word or two about what was breaking. As soon as he got rid of his callers for the day—there are some people whom even the managing editor of a great newspaper must see—he took off his coat and worked in his shirt sleeves. He liked to have his dinner brought in from a neighboring restaurant and eat it in his office. He had to dine out frequently, but when he did he always hurried back after an hour to referee the nightly battle for space between the city editor and the telegraph desk. Sometimes, too, when there was a sporting event of unusual interest, the sporting editor fought them all for the leading place on the right-hand side of the front page, for the column and turn story.

Logan loved that eagerness in the men under him; only eager men could get out a good paper. He loved the nights when a big story broke late and they had to make over the front page—perhaps after it had gone to the foundry. He would go down to the composing-room and stand opposite the printer at the stone and watch the new stuff, still hot, lifted into the form and do his cutting there, while the machines clicked out a new line.

He seldom left until after he had put the paper to bed; until, after the theatre crowds had left the Loop, after the city had gone to sleep, he felt a steady throb communicate itself to the building and knew that ten stories below the great battery of presses had gone into action.

Often, as he got into his car to drive home, the first truck-load of papers skidded around the corner and charged down the street at forty miles an hour to catch the mail train for the Northwest. Logan always smiled as he watched the red glow at the tail of the truck grow smaller in the dark. The World was on its way; the night's work was done; he was free to go home.

On this evening in February he had just got rid of the last of his callers and taken off his coat when Jackson came in on rubber heels.

"Your son is out there, sir," Jackson said.

"John?" Logan spoke more sharply than he intended. Nothing aroused so much concern in him as his eldest son.

"Yes, sir," Jackson answered.

Logan got up from his desk, ready to fume. He never fumed at the office of The World. Why had that boy come down from college? He had just had his mid-year examinations; the new semester was beginning; this was a Monday. It wasn't possible that he had flunked his examinations; he had always passed reasonably well. He was taking an engineering course. But Logan still hoped that his son would turn out to be a newspaper man. What other way of life mattered beside the way of a newspaper man? Other men were mere spectators, lookers-on at life. Newspaper men were in it.

"He must have something on his mind," Logan said aloud.

"Yes, sir," said Jackson, "I should say so."

Logan looked at Jackson sharply.

"Send him in," he said.

THE boy came in wearing that absurd coonskin coat the students all affected. Logan was annoyed at the coat just as he was annoyed at his son's bulk; and at the same time he was proud, immensely and irrationally proud.

"Holloa, Father," the boy said gravely. They shook hands.

Logan knew at once that something quite serious had happened. He did not want anything serious. He wanted things to go on as they had. In spite of himself, he resorted to the slightly forced geniality of a father who fears the worst.

"Well," he said, "did you get flunked out or are you fired?"

The boy grinned. Logan tried to grin back. He had always prided himself on not being autocratic or domineering, like most fathers. He believed in giving his son the greatest possible liberty, but his impulses had not always supported his convictions. It was so much easier to decide the destinies of a newspaper than to be a wise father. He had never worried about The World—just made it.

"No," the boy said. "I passed my mid-year's all right. And they haven't fired me. I—" He hesitated and glanced inquiringly at his father.

Logan could not guess what was coming. He did not want to know. He wanted to know as little as the boy wanted to tell him.

"Just get in?" he asked.

"I got in half an hour ago. I thought I'd stop and speak to you on the way home—as long as I hadn't written." Again he hesitated. Logan realized that the boy wished to spare him. He was hesitating not because he was in doubt but because his mind was made up to some course he knew his father would not approve.

Logan sat down, lit a cigar, leaned back with an affectation of ease.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "I shan't be nasty about it."

"I know you won't, Father," the boy said. He had nice eyes, rather deep-set eyes, like his mother's. "But you won't like it either. The fact is, I've quit college."

"What for?" The question shot out involuntarily, with the quality of a blow.

The boy turned his hat in his hands, studying it, as if it contained the words he wanted.

Then he looked up at his father and spoke a little defiantly.

"I'm not getting anything out of it. I want to go to work."

Logan controlled himself. It would do no good to get angry.

"You have only one more year," he said quietly. "You're only twenty."

"I want to go to work now," the boy said stubbornly.

Logan opened his mouth to speak and shut it again. If it had been anybody else in the world, he would have asked questions. He had, face to face, embarrassed murderers, presidents, society women, chiefs of police, foreign ambassadors, ward bosses, bootleggers, grand-opera stars, even justices of the Supreme Court, with his questions. But he did not wish to embarrass his son. He did not quite dare to know what was behind this sudden, absurd desire to go to work at twenty, without taking a degree. It might be an idea the boy couldn't be argued out of.

"Have you talked to your mother?" he asked.

"Not yet."

That was what it always came to. The boy talked freely to his mother; and his mother told his father, coloring everything with her own warm sympathy for both of them, making it so much easier to take.

"I would if I were you," Logan said. "I can't talk to you now. I'm busy. I'll see you in the morning."

"Yes sir," the boy said with alacrity. "I'll go home now. It's just seven—I'll be there in time for dinner."

They were both immensely relieved not to have quarreled. Logan walked over to the window when the boy had gone and looked out into the winter night. He wanted a moment to think before he turned to the night's work. But he did not think. He let his mind have its way with him. There was snow on the roofs across the street. But he was not seeing the snow. He was remembering autumn woods, all red and gold in the delicious, misty languor of Indian summer.

HE WAS aware that the boy had come back into the room. Logan turned quickly.

"I meant to tell you," the boy said hastily. "I resigned as captain of the team when I left college."

Logan cocked his cigar in one corner of his mouth and spoke out of the other corner. "How many people know it?"

"Everybody will know it to-morrow morning. Your correspondent at the university has the story."

"Expect me to print it?"

"The other papers will."

Logan bit his cigar grimly. He knew what it meant to give up being captain of the team. He was angry at the boy's folly; and at the same time he was sympathetic. He was so sympathetic that he had to hide his feeling in irony.

"I'll say this for you," he said to his son, "you have some notion of how to use a newspaper. Did you offer any explanation?"

"I told your correspondent he could say that I hated to leave—I'd had such a good time. But I couldn't afford to waste another year and a half going to college. I had to get to work at something that mattered."

Logan nodded with a kind of mocking approval.

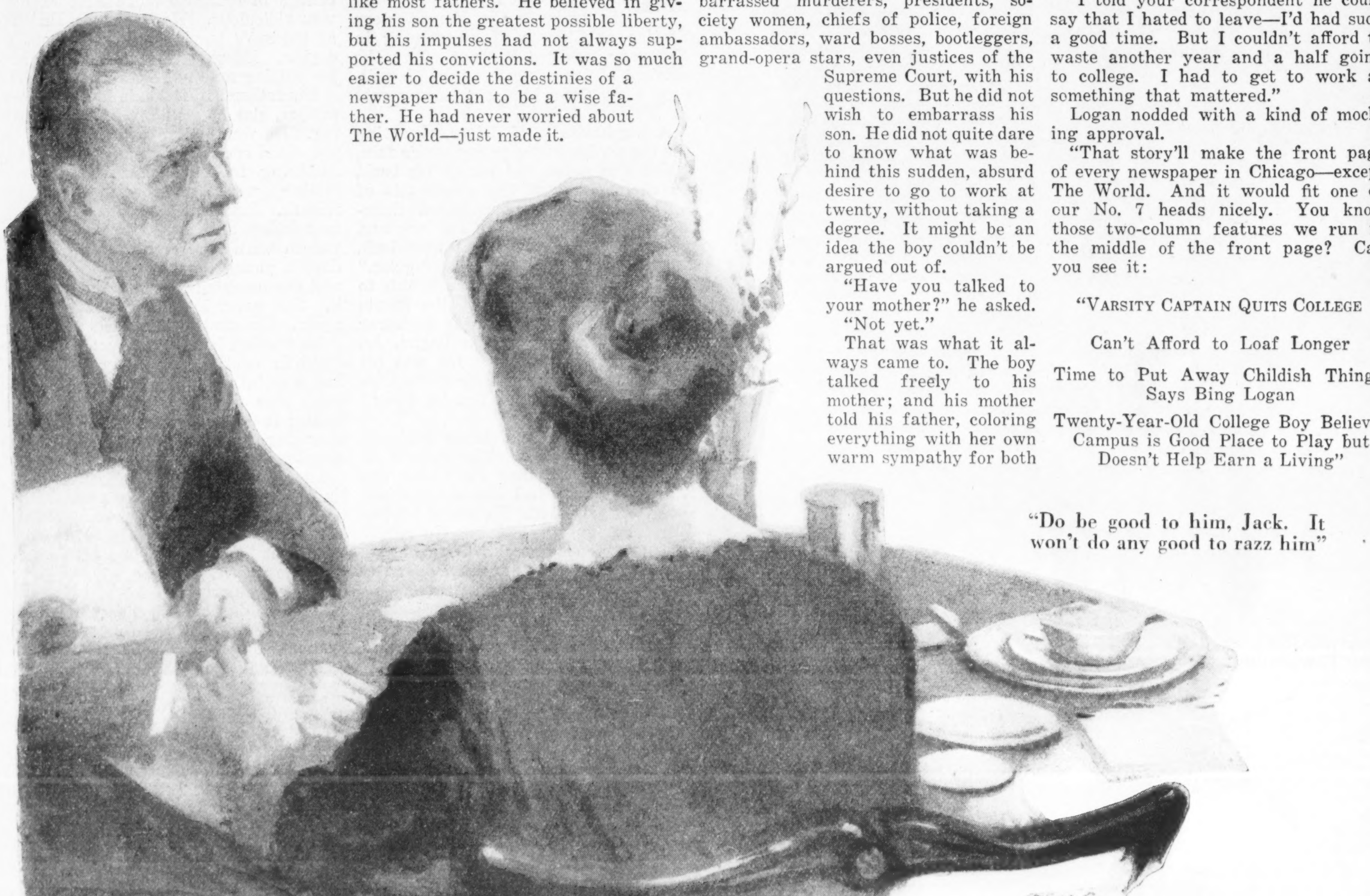
"That story'll make the front page of every newspaper in Chicago—except The World. And it would fit one of our No. 7 heads nicely. You know those two-column features we run in the middle of the front page? Can you see it:

"VARSITY CAPTAIN QUITS COLLEGE

Can't Afford to Loaf Longer

Time to Put Away Childish Things, Says Bing Logan

Twenty-Year-Old College Boy Believes Campus is Good Place to Play but Doesn't Help Earn a Living"



"Do be good to him, Jack. It won't do any good to razz him"

Logan grinned sardonically.

"I'm tempted to put it in just that way," he added.

"I'm sorry if I've put you in an embarrassing position, Father," his son said.

"Send Jackson in to me as you go out, will you?" Logan asked. "I'll see you in the morning."

THE boy went out; the secretary came in.

"Jackson," Logan said, "take a memorandum for the sport desk: A No. 2 head and a stick and a half will be enough for the Logan story."

"Yes, sir," said Jackson.

"Give it to them right away."

"Yes, sir," said Jackson.

Logan turned again to the window when his secretary had gone. He was hurt. He wished no one to see how much he was hurt. The thing was bad enough in itself. But the worst of it was that he sympathized with the boy so completely. He could remember so well how he had felt at twenty in that same college town from which his son had just come. He had been born and brought up in that town. And the memories of it, charged with sentiment, crowded on him now. His son had revived and reinforced them. He had a momentary impulse to sit down and smoke and recall that period of his life at his leisure. He shook it off. He had no time for memories.

But in every pause of the night's work he found his mind filled with pictures of those days, as if there were some deep pleasure in living again every hour of them. They had not been so wholly pleasant at the time. His memories began with a day in October of his junior year, the day of the Michigan game. He was the student correspondent of The World. For the first time the sporting editor had not sent a staff man up from Chicago to write the lead. He had given Logan the whole responsibility of covering a big game.

He sat at the very top of the stands behind a long wide board dotted with telegraph instruments. He dictated the running story, play by play, a column and a half of it, into the ear of a telegraph operator. At the end, with a pencil, in a large hand, while the keys chattered all around him, and the dusk gathered, and the moment of the dead line for the bulldog edition approached, he wrote the lead, a glowing column. It was the most intense and the most satisfying thing he had ever done. He would rather have done it than been captain of the team.

The next Saturday the team played at Chicago. He did not go down. He went fussing, as they quaintly called it. He had his long-awaited date with Mabel. He had got a horse and trap for a drive in the country.

They were very gay that day. It was all that a day may be, a belated summer's day, but with the deep, warm colors of autumn, with the poignant sweetness that such a day has against the October frosts that have been and the November snows that are to come. Their mood had been in tune with the day. They had talked and laughed and ragged each other all afternoon. They had been happy just to be together. But beneath their banter, unspoken, almost unheeded, lay the promise of another and a more serious mood, of a feeling too deep for laughter.

It was only toward evening, when they were on their way home, that the silence of it fell on them. The horse walked lazily, the trap swung easily through the lovely haze of late afternoon. Neither spoke. The dusk came on. The moon swung up, big and red and round. The horse walked slower and slower, till he stopped altogether.

For a glamorous moment the world stood still, as if time itself had paused; and the earth and the sky and they seemed to have melted into a liquid golden air, trembling with light and love.

He turned and kissed her for the first time, and she yielded herself completely to his kiss. In that moment she was wholly his. And when it was over he said, looking into her eyes, meaning to make it definite, in words: "I love you. Will you marry me?"

"No," she said.

In his astonishment he released her, sat staring at her with slowly rising anger.

"I see," he said bitterly. "You didn't mean anything when you let me kiss you."

"I meant everything," she said simply. "I love you. And if I could marry you to-morrow I would. But I can't. And I won't be engaged to you."

He drew the reins tight with a sharp gesture. The horse moved on.

"Your logic," he said bitingly, "is charming."

She took his free hand in hers and held it. "I've thought it all out," she said. "I'm a junior in college. I'll be through in one more year."

"I am aware of that," he said angrily.

"And you're a junior in college. But you won't be through in one more year. You're going to spend four years in the medical school. That makes five years. And then you'll be an interne for a year. That's six years. And then you'll need a couple of years to start a practice. That's eight years.

"I'm not going to promise to go home to Chicago after I graduate and wait for you. I know myself too well. If I were the kind of girl who had some definite talent to develop, or who wanted a career, it would be different. But I'm not that kind. I'd fall for some other man and then I'd be wretched. And you'd think—"

"I'd think just what I think now," he interrupted. "I'd think you didn't love me."

She squeezed his hand. But he would not respond, or deign to look at her.

"But you know I do love you, don't you?"

HE DID not answer. He was too deeply wounded. He was wounded in his sense of his own manhood; and worse, in his romantic ideal of her. She had seemed to him a creature too lovely for this earth. And now she said she loved him but she would probably marry somebody else, some roughneck with an income, because she preferred to be married and did not intend to wait. It was sordid. It was contemptible. He couldn't quite believe it of her.

He looked at her now, stared grimly at her. "You ask me to believe that you love me and at the same time you refuse to promise that you'll marry me."

She looked gravely back at him, and her face was one he would never forget, so torn it was between tender laughter and bitter tears.

"You know I love you," she said.

He did know it. But he was too angry to admit it. And the next moment he doubted her again.

"Very well," he said. "Let's not discuss it."

When he helped her out of the trap at the horseblock in front of the sorority house it was dark. Her shoulder touched his. He needed all his stubborn will not to put his arm around her, not to hold her close. But he did not.

"Good night, Jack," she said gently, and held out her hand.

He shook hands with her formally.

"Good night," he said, and left her.

He got home after the family had left the dinner table. He rummaged in the ice box for food, raging inwardly, hating her and loving her. The devilish part was that what she said was true. It would take him seven or eight years to become a physician and start a practice and have money enough to marry on.

His father and mother were having coffee when he got down to breakfast the next morning. They greeted him cheerfully. The breakfast table looked fresh and inviting; it always did. Ida appeared in the doorway with a plate of waffles, enormous waffles, browned to perfection. He was hungry. He couldn't help being hungry. He ate three waffles with butter and maple syrup. He was on the brink of eating a fourth when his father handed him the sporting sections of the Chicago Sunday papers—the pink section of The World and the green section of The Record-Herald.

He took the papers instead of the waffle. He couldn't put off reading Daly's story of the games at Chicago—the sprightly, insouciant Daly who was always witty if not always accurate in naming the man who had carried the ball.

Daly was an envy and a delight this morning. Jack Logan wished he could write like that. He might do a passable imitation if he had hours and hours to do it in. But Daly did it offhand—as fast as a good man could send it over the wire.

Jack Logan leaned back in his chair and surveyed his father and mother under cover of the pink section. He did not want to be a doctor. He had never wanted to be a doctor. He wanted to be *in* things. He wanted to be at the end of a telegraph wire, while the key chattered out his story, told the world in its magical staccato what he had seen.

His father was an old-fashioned family physician, trusted, even revered by his patients. His face had the lines of a sensitive man's after many years of listening to other people's troubles. His mother was a gentle and fond woman, well-read, intelligent. But—what did people like that know of life? When had they ever known the intensity of watching a big game and putting the thing as it happened on the wire? When had they ever been *in* things? They hadn't, of course. They had always lived in this small, quiet, slow-moving community of retired farmers and college professors. Nothing unexpected had ever happened to them. Nothing unexpected ever could happen to them. They were so secure, so cautious.

"Father," he said suddenly, "I want to quit college."

His father looked at him over his spectacles and smiled.

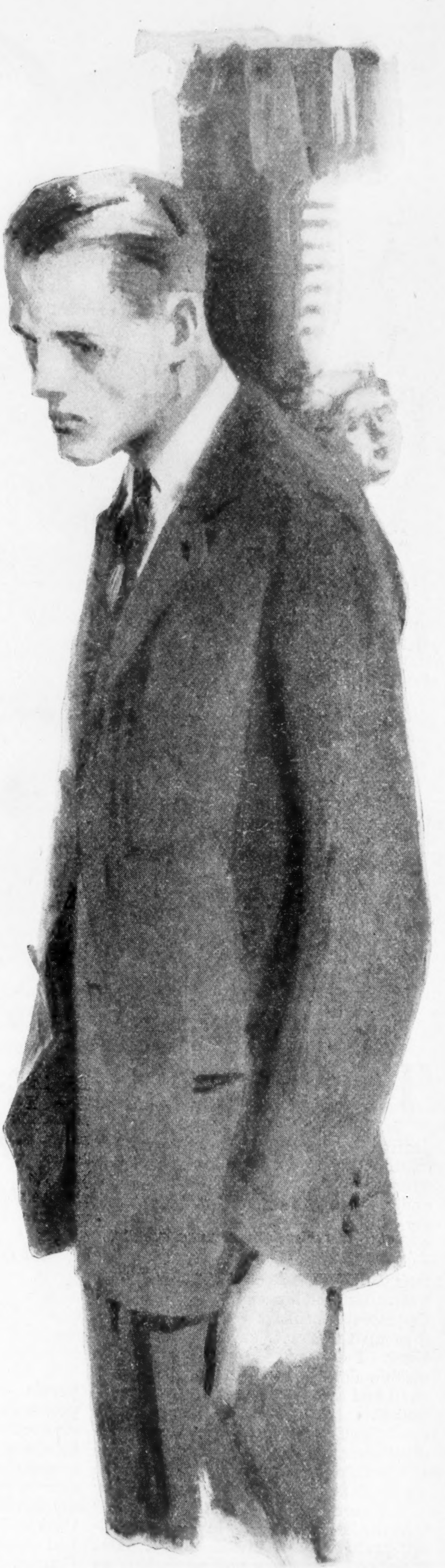
"Most boys do," he said, with that maddening affectation of wisdom which is very common in the middle-aged.

"I mean it," Jack said.

His mother made an inarticulate protest.

"Yes," he said. "I hadn't meant to tell you. But I can't wait to go through medical school. I don't want to be a doctor. I want to be a newspaper man. I want to go to work now."

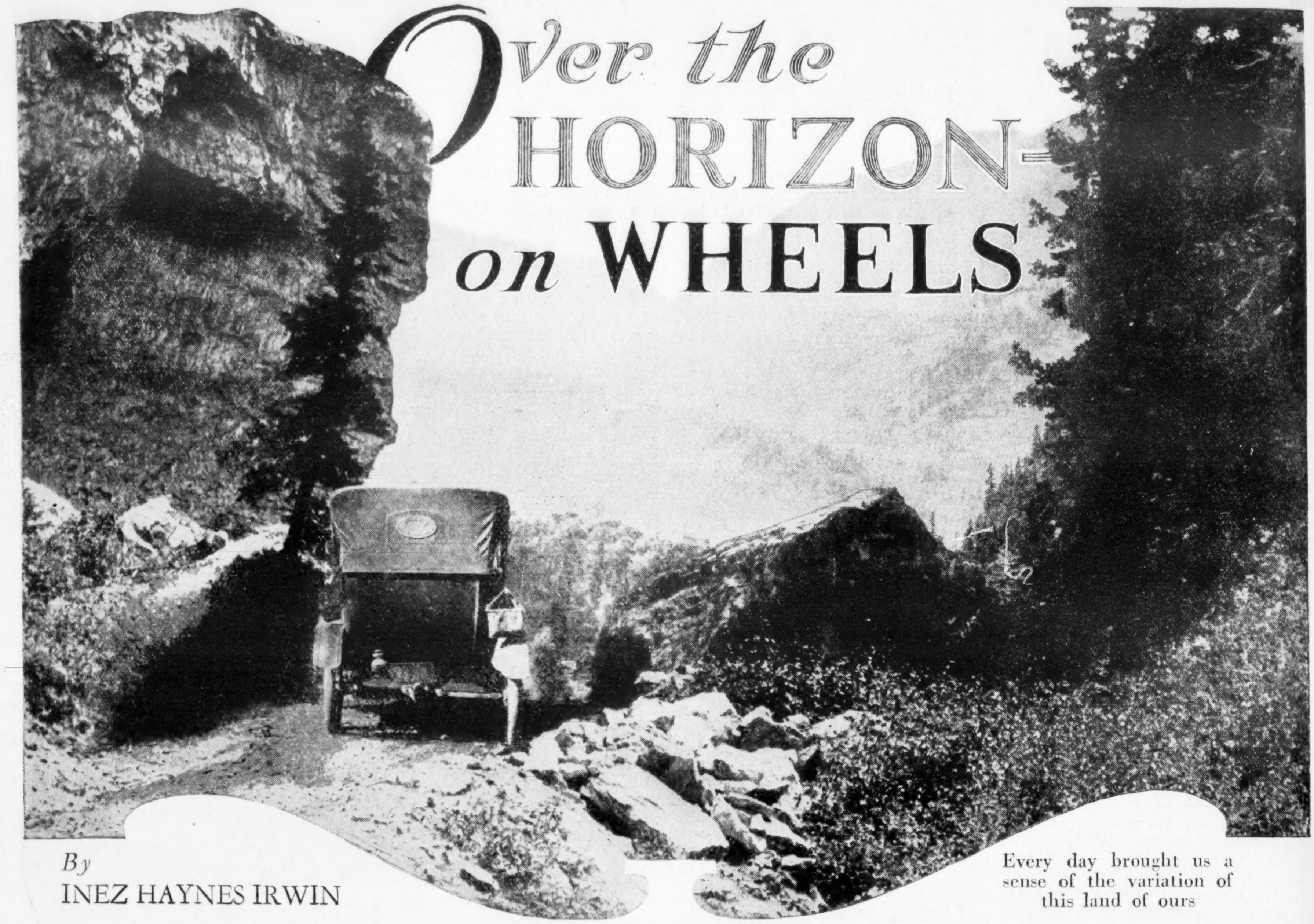
His father laid down his paper and took off his reading glasses. "What's the trouble?" (*Continued on page 35*)



Johnnie did not appear until his father had had his breakfast

Over the HORIZON—on WHEELS

By
INEZ HAYNES IRWIN



Every day brought us a sense of the variation of this land of ours

Are you planning to hit the Gasoline Trail? Take your tips from the Irwins; they almost crossed the continent last time; this summer it's the Golden Gate or bust!

THIS summer my husband and I are crossing the continent in a flivver. We are taking this trip because, having taken it three years ago, we can no longer support existence until we have done it again. The first trip started in New England and ended in Denver, and for a while my husband thought that he would not repeat this portion of it—that we would go by train to Denver, buy a flivver and tour through the Rockies and the Southwest. But the longer I considered this, the more difficult it became for me to give up the great, ample, epic Middle West. I engaged in one of those despicable domestic insurrections—underhand and secret. In the end, he decided that this time, too, we would start from the Atlantic coast.

"Woman," he said, out of the pride of his Colorado-bred youth, just before we started three years ago, "you think you've seen mountains. And I'll admit that the Alps are pretty in their slicked-up, prettified and civilized way. But I am going to show you mountains as *is* mountains—millions of them—mountains that are just the way God made them and left them. Also, I'm going to show you two things that in all your anæmic, benighted Eastern life you have never seen—prairie dogs and jack rabbits."

I wasn't—with what shame I confess it—much thrilled at the prospect of mountains, prairie dogs or jack rabbits. Mountains—stupid lumps! I had thought the Alps beautiful of course; but somehow they had been so deftly manicured that they left me temperate in regard to adjectives. Besides, I had always had a theory that people divide into sea people, sky people or mountain people, according to whether they have been brought up by the sea, or on the plains, or in the mountains. It was useless to offer me mountains—I was a sea person. All my life had been spent by the Atlantic Ocean. For nearly twenty years, too, I had lived in the heart of Plymouth County, Mass., and the summers of those twenty years I had spent chasing the illusive colonial antique to its garret lair.

So it was, I'll admit, with a definite feeling of regret, that I felt myself being drawn away from the rumpled, turbulent ocean, whose gigantic spume-crowned combers had been my playfellows ever since I was a child. And I did not like to think—I confess that too—of the primitive specimens of colonial furniture and glass that I would lose by being away a summer from Scituate.

We started in the month of apple blossoms and it seemed to me I had never seen the dignified East more bland, more reticent, more saturated with its quiet air of caste and distinction. For a day or two, we remained in the colonial atmosphere. Everywhere still were the friendly old farmhouses, each with a pair of majestic wineglass elms in front; smoke-bushes, syringas, lilacs about. Everywhere were stately mansion houses with box hedges and century-old gardens. Everywhere were big lakes and small ponds—oh, how many ponds!—for New England is spattered with them. Everywhere were quiet, tree-shaded towns; everywhere busy industrial cities.

And then gradually came change. That colonial strain, first a full stream, grew thinner and thinner until it became a mere trickle, a drop here and there. Well I remember the last antique shop—I did not know it was going to be the last—on which I set my eyes and in which immediately I set my foot. It was there that I saw a charming compote of Sandwich glass, four dolphins making the standard. However, I was so dazed and dazzled with a sense that the world was changing before my very eyes and so conscious of the shift in my own sense of value that I did not buy that compote—and I have regretted it ever since.

But the changes went on. Presently appeared towns that showed no trace of their colonial ancestry; comfortable, buxom settlements lined with blooming hollyhock. If they happened to be county seats, massive square mid-Victorian courthouses queened it from massive, square, fenced-in parks. And one day my eyes fell on the first log cabin I had ever seen outside a stage setting. Suddenly I discovered that we were in a new world. How did we get into that new world? By what delicate, subtle—*insistent*—degrees had the rearing hills of Massachusetts flattened out, the ponds dried up, the fragrant little towns disappeared? I had become surrounded, immersed, overwhelmed by wide, flat country covered with immeasurable areas of golden wheat. And bowing down upon it, like an overturned bowl, a sky such as I had never before seen. Here I lost—and lost it completely and eternally—my allegiance to the sea; for I changed overnight into a sky person.

Those skies of the Middle West!

For the first time in my life on land, I saw the whole sky; for the first time, the complete horizon. Do you know what I mean by the *whole* sky and the *complete* horizon? Such height! Such width! Such white cloud masses! Such blue stretches of airy distance! Such cloud-shadows dredging the land! Everywhere radiance, luster—everywhere a shining. And the sun there the

real lord of the day. Lording it too! Seeming to make of all our days in the Middle West, except that a solid road ran smoothly under our wheels, a triumphal march through sidereal space. It was beautiful in the morning when the dews had not dried and little breezes flattered our faces. It was beautiful at noon, though the heat was often excessive, because that pristine clearness of air might have been the first hour of creation. But at sunset—The sunset was the great climax of the day. I waited for it tingling; watched it under a spell.

For an hour or two before the sun actually accomplished exit, the clouds started their journey towards the west. I never could get the order of procedure, although it was apparently as much a matter of pomp and spacious circumstance as a presentation at court. Whether those nearest the western horizon get into line first I do not know, but gradually all found ranks and places. Presently there were long files starting from the east, pointed as nicely as any arrow in its bow to the exact point towards which the sun was hastening. Then indeed the world swam in color. It was as though colossal harmonies surged through the universe! Yet an incredible silence reigned everywhere. And for hours after the sun had gone the earth was draining the sky of light and color, producing gradually a sable background for the stars.

Every day I said to my husband, "Who started that libel of the Middle West? It's a superb country—bound to become the great seeding-ground for the creative genius of our land." Every night I jeered, "No mountains yet!" (Sometimes I added maliciously, "Thank Heaven.") "No prairie dogs! No jack rabbits!"

From Movieland to Sublimity

A SECOND miracle occurred presently and again I do not know how. But a day or two before, we had crossed the Mississippi and suddenly all the vast wheat-covered farms had disappeared. Suddenly the comfortable quiet towns—carrying always a suggestion that their grandmother might have been a colonial farm—vanished. And now we were in a country that might just as well have been called Movieland; for every one of us has seen it in the films at least once every time we have gone to the movies. Western! But not the Far West—the Near West. Something about the towns that made you think inevitably of holdups, bad sheriffs and good, handsome, heroic cowboy heroes; comely, competent ranch-girl heroines. Here the sidewalks would be of wood and elevated above the level of the street. Here the wooden stores in the middle of the town center would show false façades. Here First Drink and Last Drink—extinct saloon names—appeared with monotonous regularity. Here, shadowed by their two-gallon hats, the men showed thin, brown, keen faces.

I remember once our driving up to the garage in just such a town, where there stood a group of just such men. As I started to get out of the flivver I called to them, "You don't know how thrilling this scene is to me. I have seen it ten thousand times in the movies. I feel certain that in a moment a gang of cowboys will come dashing round that corner to shoot up the town!" At that exact instant there dropped with a loud clang on the wooden sidewalk the seven separate silver dollars—those big, honest cartwheels of the West—that happened to be lying in my lap.

They all laughed with a genial tolerant comprehension of my feeling. But, "You keep on dropping money like that," one called, "and there will be a holdup—*sure!*"

"Didn't I tell you you'd like it," my husband said with the unendurable possessive pride of Westerners.

"No mountains yet!" I retorted malevolently. "No prairie dogs! No jack rabbits!"

After a while we left Movieland behind. There came a morning when my husband announced at breakfast that I was going to see mountains that very day. In fact, he declared that though invisible they were standing right in front of me. Any moment now I'd trip up over them.

"Nonsense!" I remonstrated briskly. "You've been telling me about those old Colorado mountains of yours ever since I've known you. I don't believe and I never *have* believed that there are any such critters. As for prairie dogs— Or jack rabbits—"

"You wait!" he adjured darkly. "Just you watch the sky ahead of you."

I did wait. I did watch. I stared at that blank, bland blue wall as one who is expecting prophetic revelation. Nothing appeared.

"Mountains!" I sneered from time to time under my breath. "Prairie dogs! Jack rabbits!" But the driver continued to maintain an air of assured superiority.

Presently straight ahead on that azure wall materialized faint chalk marks, as though a child had drawn an irregular *peaked* outline on a blue slate. My eye fixed on it—hard. The forgiving and understanding Will Irwin said nothing. I continued to gaze. And I continued to say nothing. Those lines thickened. Others appeared at one side and the other. In front. In back. Beyond— In every direction until they cut off a big arc of our circular plain. They ballooned out with miraculous slowness, as though from behind somebody were softly blowing into them an exquisite, deeply azure air. The sun splashed them with fragile gold. Shadows dropped soft, dusky smears down their sides; scooped murky hollows into them. Before my eyes those dusks and murks took on the green of forests. The peaks began to pale out, to turn white. The sunlight put a single pin-point glitter on them—a second—many—myriads. . . .

A wall of snow-streaked peaks blocked our way.

The understanding Will Irwin continued to say nothing. We drove in silence, except that I wiped my eyes and blew my nose. All about us, I remember, surged the odors of blooming alfalfa. Presently, attracted by some movement at the side of the road, I took my eyes away from the mountains. Stretching off into the distance humped a succession of small mounds and on the top of each mound, immobile, stood— It might have been a plump little pot-bellied totem pole. As I looked, the totem pole moved, flashed downwards—and the mounds were bare.

"Prairie dogs!" declared Will Irwin triumphantly.

We rode on. I lifted my eyes to the mountains again. The vision still hung there, although each moment its beauty was becoming more real. And then "Quick!" Will Irwin whispered. I looked—quick. Near—but moving off towards the horizon which he would presently hurdle—jerked a beast, half mechanical toy and half dwarf kangaroo. One instant only I had time to reflect that he bore a certain amusing resemblance to a rabbit, and the next he had merged with cosmic distance.

"Jack rabbit!" the driver declared triumphantly.

It sets a lofty standard for the feminine half of any matrimonial firm when the masculine partner makes good on *three* prophecies in a single day.

As the Twig is Bent—

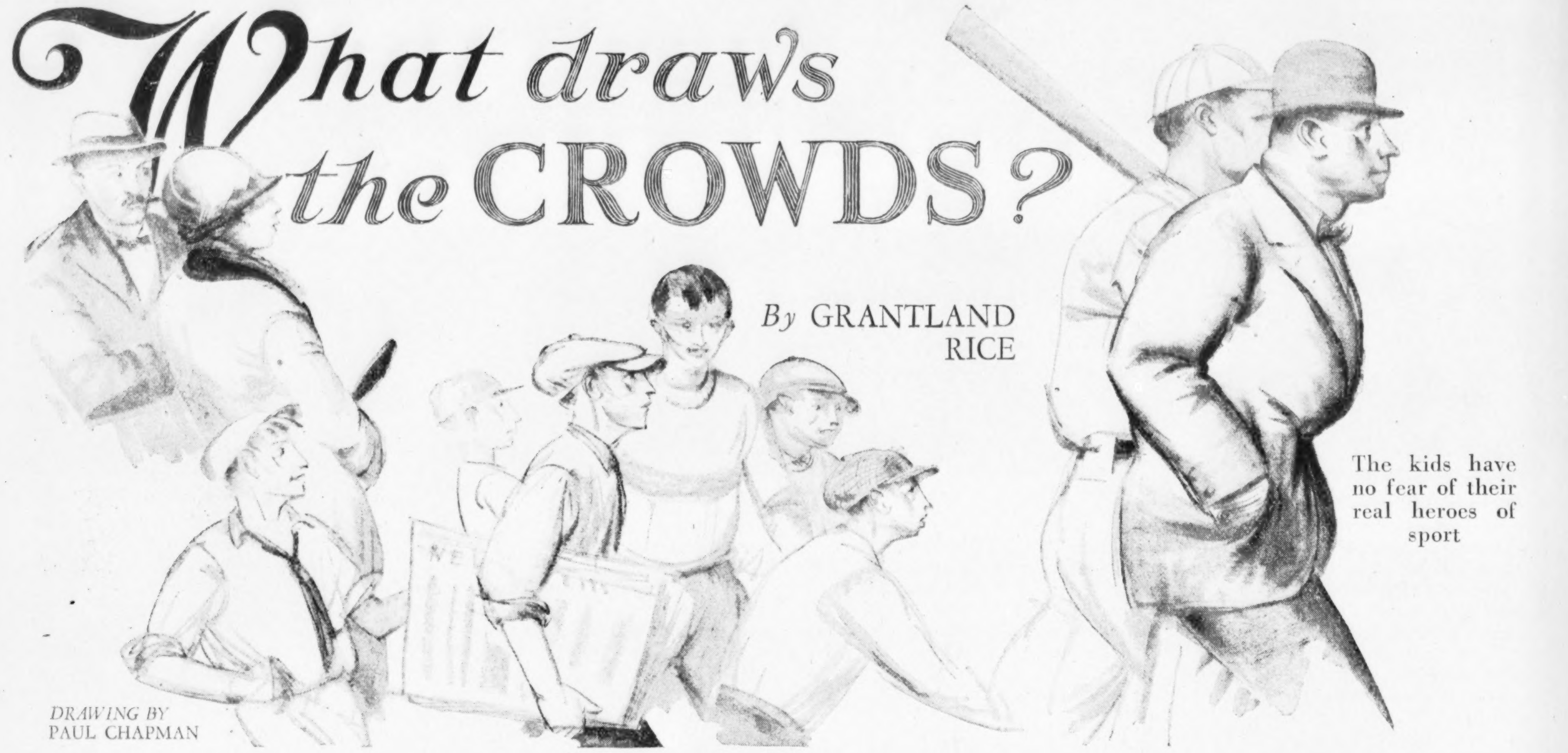
BUT prairie dogs and jack rabbits are not by any means all the animal life which appears on the trip across the country. In the East and the Middle West of course are all the familiar farm animals. Horses conduct soundless conferences about you at the corners of the fields. Foals, jerking their long legs in terror at your approach, fly blindly to the barn or the distant landscape. The flapper fillies hold fast to their mothers' skirts. The farmside is dotted with sleek, well-fed cows; pigs; sheep in modest numbers. As the country of the farms melts into the country of the ranches, the live stock dot the countryside in incredible mahogany-colored armies. Sheep appear in vast herds. In the lonely places the wild doves fly along with you so close to the car that you are tempted to clutch at them. Meadow larks sing in your very ear. And in the late afternoon the rabbits are constantly scudding across the road; some of them so tiny that they are mere microscopic wads of wool. Snakes too! Once, for an eternal,

(*Continued on page 39*)

The "effete Easterner" and her Colorado-bred husband, Will Irwin

What draws the CROWDS?

By GRANTLAND RICE



The kids have no fear of their real heroes of sport

DRAWING BY PAUL CHAPMAN

It's something more than mere ability that thrills the throng and, incidentally, swells the gate receipts

WHO have been the two greatest drawing cards, the two most popular figures in the history of sport?

You need only one guess. I doubt if there will be any disagreement whatever. For drawing-card value and personal appeal the two names that head the cast must be John L. Sullivan and Babe Ruth. Their glory began in Boston. John L. was born there and Babe Ruth began his major league career in the same city.

The study of crowd-drawing psychology is interesting. Sullivan and Ruth, great in their respective lines, did not appeal to the millions for this reason alone. They live, in action or in memory, as something more than great competitors. Each had an appeal to great multitudes far beyond his abilities with fist or bat.

Jeffries was as great a fighter as Sullivan. Possibly an even greater one, with greater bulk and greater strength. Yet Jeffries' popularity could never be mentioned as faintly rivaling Sullivan's. Ty Cobb, George Sisler and Rogers Hornsby are not to be rated below Ruth in the way of baseball brilliancy. Yet all three together could never draw the gate that Babe alone can draw, or could draw when he was riding the crest.

What are the features that have made these two names immortal in all sport? For in sport they may well remain as immortal as the names of Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon in history.

The personalities of John L. and the Babe have surged beyond the ring and the playing field into the arena and the stands, beyond the arena and the stands into the outside nation, and then on beyond the seas into other lands that knew them only by reputation.

England doesn't go in for baseball. England hasn't as much interest in baseball as this country has in cricket. Yet when Babe Ruth in the spring was reported dead or dying there were long news stories and leading editorials in the most prominent London dailies with an amount of publicity no home champion could have approached. And when Ruth was sick only the police reserves could keep the crowds away from his hospital as long lines formed to get just one look at the stricken player.

It might be said that Jack Dempsey has drawn greater crowds than Sullivan ever drew. In the ring, yes. Because the game was almost outlawed when Sullivan was at his height and there were no arenas to accommodate any crowds of note. But Tex Rickard has stated that if Sullivan were alive and fighting to-day he would guarantee him $1,000,000 to meet the leading challenger and get rich on the deal.

There is something more to consider. Most champions are forgotten in defeat. When the count of ten is finished over their battered forms the cheering multitudes melt quickly away, to follow the new king. Yet twenty years after he was beaten by Jim Corbett, Sullivan appearing on the streets of a big city would still draw a greater gathering than any champion of that day or this could pull together. Twenty years after defeat John L. made it a point to ride in the larger cities rather than walk because the crowds—bless 'em—gathered with such bulk and swiftness that he found it impossible to make any headway.

Apostles of the Punch

BABE RUTH in the last five years has drawn at least $1,500,000 into various ball parks, a million and a half beyond the normal revenue with Ruth missing from the scene. And this is rather a meager estimate. We recall one season when Connie Mack's Athletics were not drawing 500 a day. They were last and still sinking. Yet when Babe Ruth came to Philadelphia with the Yankees the reserves had to be called out three days in succession to handle the mobs which stormed the ball park, filled every foot of space and then blocked traffic along all neighboring streets.

The same thing happened in Boston when the Red Sox, far down, were drawing less than 1,000. When Ruth came the turnstiles clicked 30,000 times an afternoon.

What are the attributes that made these two men the greatest drawing cards ever known to sport?

Both were big, bluff, boisterous or in a fashion roistering types. Neither was the world's strictest adherer to training or discipline. The language of neither was ever intended for the fashionable chit-chat of a ballroom. They will be remembered as given to straight talk, without compromise or diplomacy. They will both be remembered as models in the raw, rather than as smooth and polished specimens. Neither made any attempt to conceal rough edges, to cover up such edges with a cloak of any polite sort.

But their names have always carried a thrill, dating back to the time that each came to his glory.

In the first they were both, at their heights, Apostles of the Punch. They were wallopers—each a record maker of prodigious punching power—and the multitudes have always esteemed the roar or thud of the wallop as the sweetest of all melodies.

Sullivan literally drove his opponents over the ropes or to the floor. Ruth in his two greatest years piled up 113 home runs where no one before had ever hit half this amount in the same given time. Each must be listed as a lover of crowds, as part of crowds, with a showman's instinctive gift of crowd or mob psychology. They must be listed as showmen of extraordinary degree.

And that isn't all.

Both looked their parts as perfectly as Forbes Robertson or Barrymore ever looked Hamlet. In physical form and manner they were perfectly cast. No little man could have ever loomed so against the sporting horizon.

It is related that in Sullivan's first professional fight his opponent, a hard-looking, experienced pugilist, took one good look at John L. face to face and then fled headlong from the arena. John L. was the popular conception of what a heavyweight champion should be in looks and acts and results.

The same is true of Babe Ruth as a home-run king. He looks the part. No one has to point out Babe Ruth to a stranger, if there are any strangers who have never seen him. As the two teams come upon the field you know which one is Ruth, well over 6 feet, weighing 225 pounds, with terrific shoulders and a vast body.

And from each there has always been that indescribable personal magnetism that pervades the field and the streets, wherever each might have elected to be. Both have had grace and speed and rhythm as well as power. There was no lumbering, ungainly motion to the actions of either.

As None But Great Hearts Can

AND that, once more, isn't all. For each loved his game beyond any other passion. The ring was John L.'s home. A fight to him was the greatest pleasure he could know. In less than one season he knocked out over a hundred and fifty opponents, meeting all comers from coast to coast. He loved to fight and the crowd knew it. He took pride in his profession, and the crowd knew this too. Fighting was his business, his recreation, his soul's desire.

The same has always been true of Babe Ruth. He has made a fortune at baseball, but the crowd could see that he was playing the game for fun above all else.

A certain Western manager once told us this story: "When Babe came to our town and came on the field before the game I saw that he was suffering intensely. He had terrific pains from a bad back where a heavy cold had settled. He could barely walk without suffering. I saw him in the club house trying to put plasters on his back without any help. I called in the club doctor, who saw Ruth's condition and advised him to lay off and doctor himself for several days. Ruth growled that he was going to play if it killed him. I know I never had a ball player on my club who would have gone into the game suffering as Ruth was suffering. Yet he made three hits, slid into second twice and (*Continued on page 44*)

MONTE CARLO *pays a* GAS BILL

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

THE marquis was in evil humor. Neither the sight of that tactfully proffered apéritif nor his niece's ingratiating smile produced the slightest effect upon him. He had worked himself up into this state, and he meant to remain angry.

"Four months ago," he declared, thumping the little table before him with his fist, "you, my friend Billingham, joined company with my niece and myself in a partnership—an unwritten partnership, perhaps, but nevertheless a partnership—which was to be devoted to our mutual gain. I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly," Mr. Billingham assented.

"We embarked upon various enterprises," the marquis continued, "and met with some success, but lately what do we do? We rescue a foolish middle-aged man from the clutches of an adventuress. Not one penny comes to our exchequer. We help a young disabled soldier to carry out a delicate mission. Again not a penny! I ask you how long it is to continue? You others may have sources of wealth unknown to me," he went on, casting a suspicious glance at Mr. Billingham. "As for me, I am penniless. I must live as a gentleman needs to live. How am I to do it, I ask you? You, my friend Billingham, tell me that the common funds are exhausted. My niece here has not even a hundred francs to advance. What, then, I ask you, is the use of our partnership? You two amuse yourselves while I starve."

Mr. Billingham scratched his chin. He seemed disposed to take a lenient view of the other's demeanor.

"There is some sense in what you are saying, Marquis," he admitted. "At the same time, you might remember that your niece and I saved the money we made in one or two little affairs, whereas you—"

He pointed eloquently toward the Casino. The marquis sat forward in his chair.

"Listen, then," he interrupted. "I am not a man to accuse a friend of ill faith. If you assure me that you still maintain your suite at the Hôtel de Paris, your manner of living here, your flowers to my niece, your champagne at our dinners, on the profits of those adventures in which we have been mutually concerned, then you are a very wonderful man. But I will be open. It seems to me that you have been engaged in other enterprises in which we have not been included."

"As to that," Mr. Billingham protested, "you are dead wrong. I may have come into a little bit on my own, but it hasn't been through anything that's happened out here. You're for business again, I take it, Marquis?"

"I have seventeen francs and forty centimes," was the bitter reply.

Mr. Billingham looked at his watch.

"This morning," he announced, "I shall provide luncheon at the Hôtel de Paris. Afterward you shall both come to my rooms. I will then propound a scheme by means of which some temporary relief may be afforded us."

"Dear clever man," Madelon murmured. "I have known for two days—since I saw you talking so earnestly with that terrible little Austrian—that something was coming."

"I have an idea," Mr. Billingham acknowledged, "but whether it will result in financial profit or not it is impossible at present to say. I guess we might as well try it out, anyway."

IN MR. BILLINGHAM'S sitting-room, an hour later, the marquis and Madelon on their arrival found their host indulging in intimate conversation with a black-haired and bespectacled foreigner whom he introduced as Dr. Ludwig Stranz. The doctor, who spoke English with a very guttural accent, was a man of heavy build and coarse features, untidily dressed and besprinkled with cigar ash. He was cordial, but without any grace of manner.

"Friends of Mr. Billingham," he declared, "I make myself glad to know. This is a beastly place. You perhaps haf gained money."

"I most certainly have not," the marquis rejoined. "Do I gather that you too are a gambler, Dr. Stranz?"

"I am a scientist," began the verbose doctor. "I have discovered many wonderful things in my day, though many of my discoveries have been stolen from me and used to their profits by others. I have been to Paris with an idea of my own—useless! Then I come here. I meet my good friend Mr. Billingham. It was he who once found me money for a little invention of mine."

"That was in the days when I had some," Mr. Billingham explained hastily—"before linoleum went back on me."

"Ah, that was a pity that you lose your money," Dr. Stranz declared. "It is a great invention this of mine now. Even when put to so ridiculous a use—"

"That will do," Mr. Billingham interrupted abruptly. "We will meet as arranged this afternoon, Dr. Stranz. Better perhaps come five minutes before the time arranged and meet me here. We can go through our plans once more so that there need be no mistake."

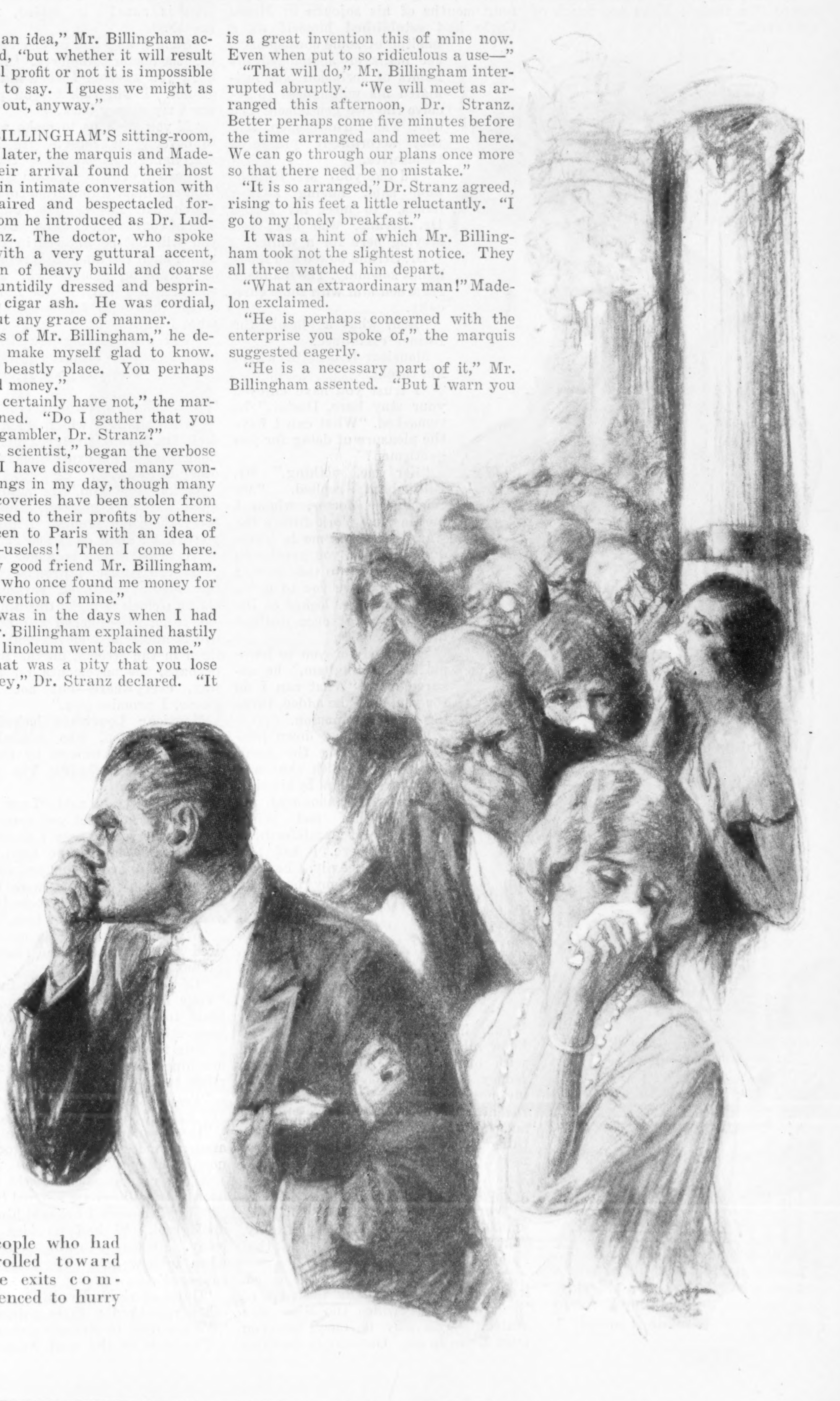
"It is so arranged," Dr. Stranz agreed, rising to his feet a little reluctantly. "I go to my lonely breakfast."

It was a hint of which Mr. Billingham took not the slightest notice. They all three watched him depart.

"What an extraordinary man!" Madelon exclaimed.

"He is perhaps concerned with the enterprise you spoke of," the marquis suggested eagerly.

"He is a necessary part of it," Mr. Billingham assented. "But I warn you



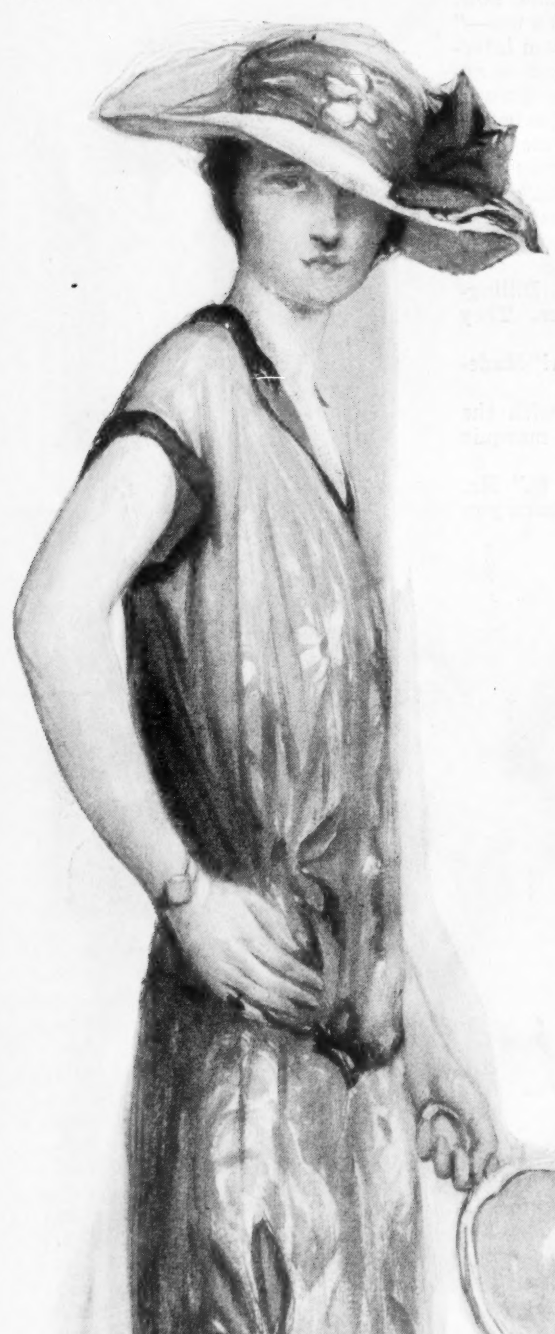
People who had strolled toward the exits commenced to hurry there is no certainty about this enterprise. It may come off—it may not. At any rate, it is my affair. No one else—though I shall rely upon your help—will be likely to meet with trouble."

"The thought that there is an enterprise to be considered at all," the marquis declared with satisfaction, "gives to my luncheon an increased appetite. I suggest a descent."

Madelon, who was looking in the mirror, sighed.

"I should like someone to admire my hat," she observed, adjusting it a little.

"Its only fault," Mr. Billingham suggested, "is that it hides too much of your face."



"Skinflint!" she exclaimed. "I made it myself"

"Its only fault that I can see," the marquis groaned, "is that it cost too much money."

Madelon made a little grimace. "Skinflint!" she exclaimed. "I made it myself."

AT FOUR o'clock that afternoon, just as the Salons de Jeux of the Sporting Club were opened, one of the liveried footmen attached to the place announced to Monsieur Louchette, the manager, who was seated in his office, a visit from Mr. Billingham and a friend. Mr. Billingham, being a person who during the four months of his sojourn in Monte Carlo had established himself as a habitué of some consequence, the manager abandoned his habits of seclusion and intimated his willingness to receive the two gentlemen. The door was thrown open, and they accordingly presented themselves.

"I'd like you," Mr. Billingham said, having shaken hands, "to meet my friend Dr. Stranz, who has been staying here for a while."

Dr. Stranz bowed and shook hands solemnly. The manager regarded him with some curiosity.

"Ach, what a place!" the former exclaimed.

Monsieur Louchette cleared his throat.

"I trust you have enjoyed your stay here, Doctor," he remarked. "What can I have the pleasure of doing for you gentlemen?"

"For me, nothing," Mr. Billingham replied. "My friend the doctor, whom I met in New York during the war, just asked me to introduce him. If you gentlemen have business to talk over, I guess I'll leave you to it."

The manager looked at Dr. Stranz and at once disliked him.

"No need for you to leave us, Mr. Billingham," he assured him. "What can I do for you, sir?" he added, turning to his companion.

Dr. Stranz sat down ponderously, placing the small black bag which he was carrying with him by his side.

"Sir," he announced, "I haf met with great misfortunes here. I haf lost heavily. I haf lost all my beautiful money."

"Indeed," Monsieur Louchette remarked coldly. "If your business here is simply to tell me this—"

"It is not," Dr. Stranz interrupted. "I would haf you know all of the situation. I come here with one hundred thousand francs—money which has been paid me for my marvelous inventions. I am a great inventor. There is no one who has such a brain as mine. I make everything that blow up. With a projectile as big as a pea I could destroy the Palais at Versailles or the Reichstagsgebäude in Berlin."

"Very wonderful, I am sure," the manager observed a little impatiently, "but you will excuse me if I remark that I am busy."

"Ach, busy!" Dr. Stranz repeated, leaning over and striking the edge of the table before which the other was seated. "You may be busy, but you must listen to me. One—more than one hundred thousand francs of hard-earned money I have lost here. Something must be done for me."

Monsieur Louchette looked at Mr. Billingham as though to ask whether the man were a lunatic. Mr. Billingham shook his head.

"I had not received," he said, "the slightest intimation as to what the doctor was wanting. He simply asked for an introduction. I am sorry I brought him if he is a nuisance. Perhaps I had better leave you alone."

"Not on any account," the manager begged hastily. "You are sure that the man is sane?" he added, under his breath.

"Sane I am, but insane soon I shall be," the doctor thundered. "Now I shall show you whether I am a man of sense or not. I will talk to you plainly. I want my money back."

"If you wish us to make an advance to cover your return fare home and reasonable hotel expenses," the manager suggested, drawing a form toward him, "you can make application for a *viatique* which will receive due consideration. You of course understand, however, that you will not be allowed in the Rooms again until the amount is repaid."

"I want my money back," Dr. Stranz repeated doggedly. "One hundred and forty thousand francs—that is just what I want."

"You are wasting my time," Monsieur Louchette declared quietly. "Permit me to wish you good afternoon."

THE official's forefinger strayed toward the bell which stood upon his desk. Dr. Stranz stretched out his hand. Something in his expression induced the other to pause.

"I haf told you," he said, "that I must haf back my one hundred and forty thousand francs. I haf not told you what I shall do if you refuse."

"A threat!" the manager exclaimed.

"If you refuse, I promise you this," the doctor continued earnestly. "At eleven o'clock to-night this place will be—is it not so?—packed with people. At five minutes past eleven you shall find them in the streets, on the promenade perhaps, the pavements, on the stairway, everywhere—but not in those rooms, I promise you."

Monsieur Louchette looked toward Mr. Billingham, who nodded sympathetically, and, unseen by the doctor, tapped his forehead. The manager smiled tolerantly.

"Well, well," he said, "I am sorry for you, Dr. Stranz, but you must see that there is no reason why I should return your money any more than anybody else's. There are dozens and scores here every season who lose more than you have done. You must come back next year and hope for better luck."

"Will I haf back again my one hundred and forty thousand francs?" Dr. Stranz demanded.

"Of course not," was the firm reply. "Your friend Mr. Billingham will explain to you the absurdity of such a suggestion. You will permit me."

This time the manager succeeded in reaching the bell. Dr. Stranz rose stiffly to his feet.

"Perhaps," he announced, "I will visit you again to-morrow morning."

"It will be quite useless," the manager assured him. "I wish you good afternoon, gentlemen."

A servant entered and held open the door. Mr. Billingham loitered behind.

"Say, I'm sorry I brought him in," he apologized. "I had no idea he was loony. He was a bright enough fellow when I knew him. The war again, I suppose."

"Quite all right, Mr. Billingham," the other remarked a little patronizingly. "We are used to strange visitors."

The visit of the mad Austrian had almost passed out of the mind of the manager of the Sporting Club. Nevertheless at a few minutes before eleven he left his office and strolled through the Rooms. Late in the season though it was, they were still crowded, and with a somewhat brilliant gathering. There was an English duke and an American millionaire playing in maximums at roulette, a noted Greek financier was taking a bank at baccarat, crowds of pretty and well-dressed women and well-known men thronged the place. With a little frown the manager recognized Dr. Stranz seated next to a croupier. He summoned one of his deputies.

"That man's card of admission," he directed, pointing him out, "must be withdrawn. He is a madman and declares he has lost one hundred and forty thousand francs. Dr. Stranz his name is."

"I will see to it at once, sir," the deputy promised.

Eleven o'clock struck. Nothing happened. Suddenly, however, there was a little murmur. The people at the tables raised their heads. The loiterers in the room made for the doors. There was one expression upon every face—an expression of pained and physical distaste, which speedily became loathing. People who had strolled toward the exits commenced to hurry; others from the remote ends of the room pressed behind them. Finally the players at the tables with one accord rose to their feet, some of them clutching at the money in front of them, some of them abandoning it. There seemed to be a faint white mist drifting about the room and becoming thicker every moment, and apparently from it there was emitted the most terrible, stupefying and noxious smell which ever greeted the nostrils of any human being. Every second it became stronger. The manager opened his mouth to give an order, but his lips were powerless. He rushed for the door with the others. In less than sixty seconds the passages leading into the Hôtel de Paris and the stairway—luckily a broad one—leading into the street were packed with a seething mass of shrieking, coughing, half-fainting people. Two of the servants made a heroic effort to open the windows and fell overpowered. The occupants of the bar joined with the waiters in a mad rush down into the back quarters. Here and there a woman fainted. One man, black in the face with coughing, threw himself over the banisters on to the table below. In an incredibly short space of time not a soul remained in the roulette-room except one. Dr. Stranz, with a respirator over his mouth, strange-looking spectacles, and flaps over his ears, looked around him with a smile half satanic, half beatific.

"That was good," he said to himself. "Before it was I who felt sick at heart in these rooms. Now it is they who feel sick of the stomach!"

AT a few minutes after ten o'clock on the following morning the card of Monsieur Louchette, the manager of the Sporting Club, was brought in to Mr. Billingham, and Monsieur Louchette himself promptly followed. Mr. Billingham welcomed him with a grin.

"Say, that was some trick the Austrian played us!" he observed as he shook hands.

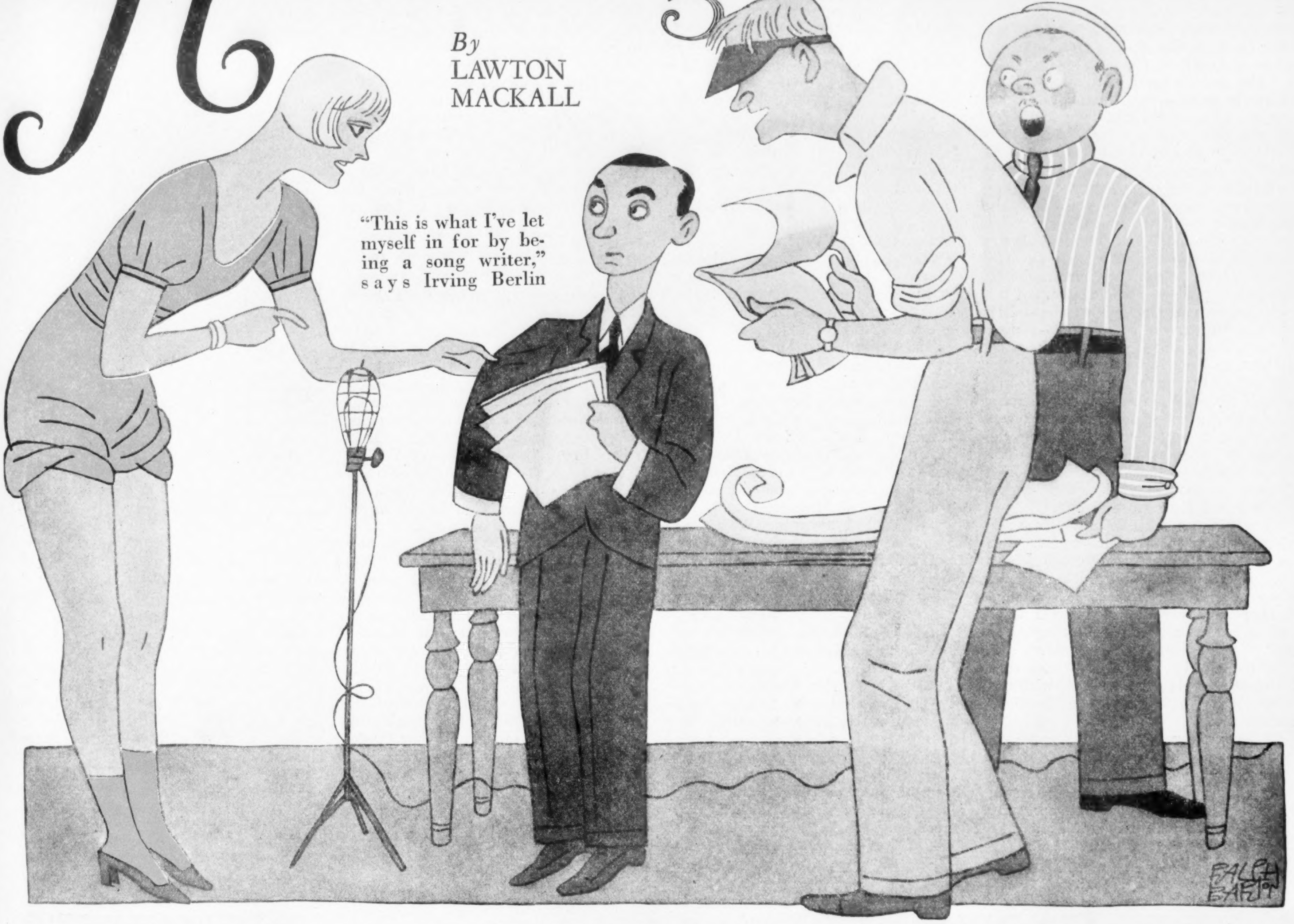
Monsieur Louchette was a man destitute of any sense of humor. For five minutes without ceasing he talked and Mr. Billingham listened in admiration.

"And then some," the latter remarked, when through sheer lack of breath his visitor became silent. "But, say, to get down to business, what are you going to do about it?"

"The police search now for the rascal," Monsieur (*Continued on page 30*)

HUM and grow RICH

By
LAWTON
MACKALL



"This is what I've let myself in for by being a song writer," says Irving Berlin

Dash off a tune that a million people will like and your fortune is made. It's very simple—sometimes

WHEN Elmer Harris showed me a check for $10,000 which he had received from a motion picture company for a four-hundred-word synopsis, it seemed to me a sweet lot of money for a page of typewriting. But that was before my acquaintance with song writers. Since then I've got to know men who in half an hour—men who in even fifteen minutes sometimes—can turn out song hits that will earn them fifty thousand dollars.

It's really absurdly simple! All you have to do is dash off a tune or a lyric that a few million people will like and your fortune is made. But the little joker is that there is a know-how which can be improved, but which can't be acquired. One has to be born with it.

How else can we explain James Kendis, composer of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," over ten million copies of whose songs have been sold? To this day Kendis doesn't know a note of music and can't play any instrument even by ear. He started writing songs at the age of fourteen when he was a cash boy in a Philadelphia department store at $1.50 a week. The performance of Dan Sully, an old minstrel man at Keith's, so fascinated him that he went to hear Sully several times and memorized the comedian's song "I Love Nobody but You." This young Kendis sang for the gang of boys he went with, pretending he had made it up himself. But his juvenile fraud was detected. So, to save his face, he really made up one of his own, which the gang acknowledged to be a masterpiece.

At seventeen he set forth to New York so that he might get acquainted with the music publishers. He arrived, but was so bewildered by the metropolis that he returned to Philadelphia the next day. His second invasion of the big city some months later landed him a job with the New York World, at $4.50 a week, handling the shipping of newspapers, one thousand to a package. But he was reading Horatio Alger and felt confident he would rise in the world. He did. The World raised him to the twelfth floor and $6.00 a week. Here he ladled molten metal for the linotype machines, as the marks on his hands still testify. And as he went about, ladle in hand, he hummed songs of his own making.

In his free time he haunted the music publishing houses. At last he got a song accepted. It was called "Be Sure You're Right, Then Go Ahead"—a phrase that had impressed his youthful mind at a stock performance of the old drama "Davy Crockett." He got his own price too; $5.00 outright was what he boldly demanded.

"But how could you sell a song when you couldn't play it or write the notes?"

"I persuaded them to listen to me hum the tune while they read the words I had written. After that, though, I got an old German musician to take down my melodies at one dollar per.

"At twenty-one I went with a popular publisher. One year there was long enough for me to see how it was done, so I decided to go into business for myself. Two other fellows from that concern joined with me and we started off in fine style with my first hit, "Cheer Up, Mary," which was taken up by Vesta Victoria. When the boss bid us good-by, he said: 'Boys, I wish you luck. Buy the best of furniture; we don't want this place stocked up with a lot of cheap junk.' And sure enough, a year later he bought our nifty mahogany outfit, grandfather clock and everything, when we went broke and came back to work for him."

Subsequently, however, Kendis did become a successful music publisher, and his best known songs, such as "Sympathy," "I Know What It Means to be Lonesome," and "When It's Night-time in Italy It's Wednesday Over Here," were issued under his own imprint. Kendis confesses that the last named of these was held back two years, he fearing it was too crazy, but when "Bananas" came out he sent it forth with perfect assurance. He confided to me that he has deep faith in his newest ditty entitled: "He Sure Can Play the Harmonica, It's the Second Best Thing that He Does."

Ted Snyder's struggles to success were even more arduous.

"Where did I learn to play the piano? In the back rooms of Chicago saloons.

"When I was eighteen I worked as a bill poster. I used to map out my routes so that when I was through for the day I'd be near some saloon that had a piano. In my overalls, with my bucket and long-handled brush, I'd slip into one of these back rooms hoping to find it empty, and thump away at the keys till they threw me out.

"Except for my mother, my relatives never gave me what you might call encouragement. My father had a grudge against music. He was a harness maker by trade, but a natural musician, and whenever he'd move into a new town they'd make him lead the local band—which got him sore because it interfered with his evening's rest.

"When he found out that Mother was having me take lessons on the old organ we had in our house he promptly put a stop to that by selling the organ. He wouldn't even let me stay in the parlor when he was rehearsing the town orchestra. So the Chicago saloons had to be my musical conservatories.

"The professional pianists in those joints were as a rule disappointed musicians who banged the keys for a few dollars a week. I figured if drunks could do that why couldn't I? And by endless practice I developed a queer technique of my own. But I could play in only one key—G flat—you know, the one that uses all the black keys. Somehow it's the one that novices always find easy. It's a well-known favorite with colored people, and professionals are apt to feel patronizing toward it.

"Well, one afternoon I was pounding away, with a crowd around me—I knew I was getting good because folks were giving me beer instead of chasing me out—when the proprietor came up and offered me a job to replace the regular man who'd gone off on a spree. I was just going to say yes when in blew the 'irregular' regular. He took one look at me using the black keys and scoffed 'Nigger piano player!' The crowd laughed and I got up and left.

"The biggest thrill of my life came when Mother (who'd come to live with me in Chicago after Father died) phoned me: 'Don't go to the saloons when you've finished work to-day, Teddy; come home.' So home I went and there was a piano she'd bought for me. When I saw it I broke down and cried like a baby. I was so excited that I played and played all night, with the result that next day the landlord evicted us.

"A song I wrote, called 'Grandma,' landed me a job with a Chicago music house to play their new numbers to stage performers. I didn't tell the man who hired me that I could play in only one key—but my singers suffered.

"The success of my song 'Grandma' in New York, where it was popularized by Paul Dresser, turned my ambitions eastward. So to New York I went, bringing with me Ed Rose, the lyric writer, and Sam Whiting, the singer. We three hoped to take the town by storm even though I, as the financial backer, had just eighteen dollars when we arrived.

"Since then I've written heaven knows how many tunes: 'My Wife's Gone to the Country,' 'Mysterious Rag,' 'Take a Tip From Father,' 'Dreams, Just Dreams,' 'I'm Gonna Do as I Please,' 'The Sheik,' 'Who's Sorry Now?' 'Maybe She'll Write Me, Maybe She'll Phone Me' (and quite recently), 'In a Rendezvous.'"

Charles K. Harris, the genial daddy of popular song writers, denies the report that he is eighty years old. "I'm a young fellow of seventy-eight," he said to me when I saw him in his office which overlooks the Times Square that has grown up around him. And, indeed, one would take him to be a man in his fifties. He seems to have imparted the secret of his youth to his heart-songs. "After the Ball," written thirty-five years ago, is still a steady seller. His "Break the News to Mother," written in 1898, just before the outbreak of hostilities with Spain, became the big song of that war; and in the World War "Break the News to Mother" vied with "Over There" as a song of the hour.

Jazz To-day; Love Forever

"I BELIEVE the song that means most to the public is the heart-story ballad," says Harris. "So long as there is love in the world it will have its appeal, outlasting any number of jazz ditties. Just to prove to my own satisfaction that ballads still hold good I sang some old-timers over the radio last October. I sang 'One Night in June' and some others. An old lady of ninety-nine had requested the chorus of 'After the Ball.' You ought to have seen the stacks of letters I got in response! One was signed 'A Little Girl Aged Ten.' Another was from 'a woman older than the one who asked' me to sing that chorus."

Of the younger crowd probably Walter Donaldson has scored more hits than any other melodist. He quit clerking in Wall Street at twenty-one because he had been refused a two-dollar raise, and although he had never had any musical instruction he became a routine pianist at a music publisher's. His first song, "We'll Have a Jubilee in My Old Kentucky Home," brought him more money than he could have made at clerical work in ten years. Since then (he is barely over thirty) he has composed favorites such as "How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?" (written while in the army), "A Million Miles From Nowhere," "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady," "When the Preacher Makes You Mine," "My Little Bimbo," "My Mammy," "Georgia," "My Buddy," "Carolina in the Morning," "Sweet Indiana Home," "Beside a Babbling Brook," and "Somebody Like You."

I happened upon him when he and Cliff Friend, the lyric writer, were collaborating on a new number, "Moonbeams Bring Love Dreams of You."

This chap Friend is quite a character on Broadway. He is a big blond, athletic-looking fellow, who doesn't appear to have a worry in the world.

"I admit I'm enjoying life," he says. "At last I've found out what I like to do. Until four years ago I tried to be a vaudeville actor. As a matter of fact, I've played in theatres all over the English-speaking world; but though I traveled a lot I never got anywhere. Ever since I was a kid I had scribbled —wrote poems to the teacher when I was in school—and I'd studied the piano seriously. When I wrote 'Wanna' and 'Lonesome Hours' and they landed, I felt I'd at last found myself and said good-by to vaudeville.

"On Broadway I discovered it was best to specialize, so I gave up writing tunes and concentrated on lyrics. And I've had good luck with 'You Tell Her, I Stutter,' 'Where the Lazy Daisies Grow,' and 'Mr. Radio Man.'

"When I think I see a chance for a song of a certain type I go to the melody writer I know shines at that sort of thing, and he composes the tune; then I write the words to it. For example, I went to Joe Santley and got him to write the tune which we named, 'There's Yes, Yes in Your Eyes.'"

Joe Santley (not to be confused with Santley of the dancing team Santley and Sawyer) got his start in the music game in an odd way. At thirteen he was water boy in Proctor's old Fifth Avenue Theatre, singing during the intermissions as he passed the drinking glasses. One firm paid him for plugging their songs in this novel manner. He is now professional manager for another music publisher and has composed various hits.

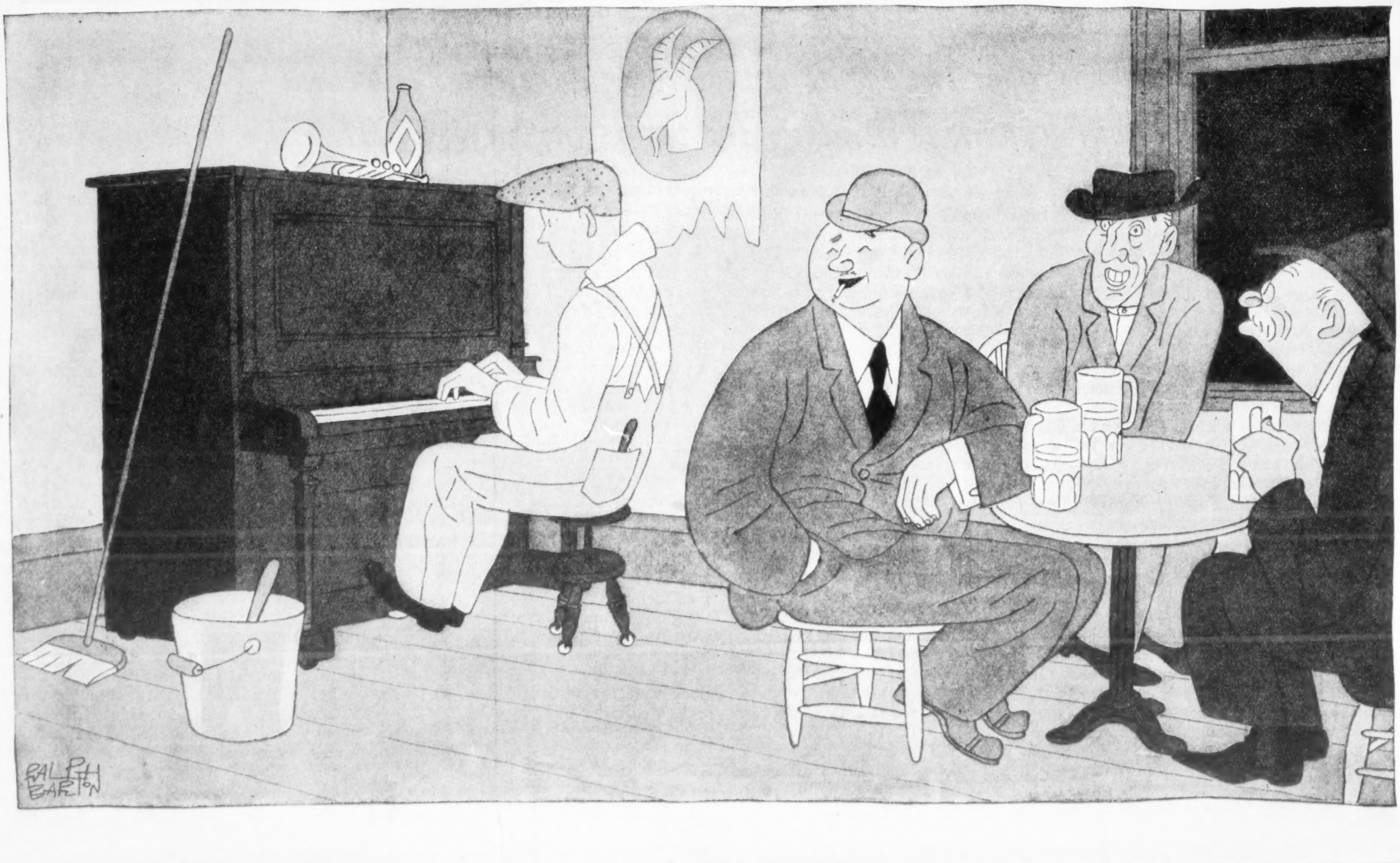
They're Getting Symphonic

THREE other of Cliff Friend's collaborations—"Mama Loves Papa," "June Night," and "When the One That You Love Loves You"—have been with one of the newcomers in the melody field, Abel Baer. Baer came into songdom via the dance orchestra. He is a young man from Massachusetts, who left medical school, where he had been popular with his fellow students as a ragtime pianist, to conduct an orchestra at the Woodcock Café in Boston. There he was discovered by a musical scout on tour. Now he is in the midst of the musical maelstrom.

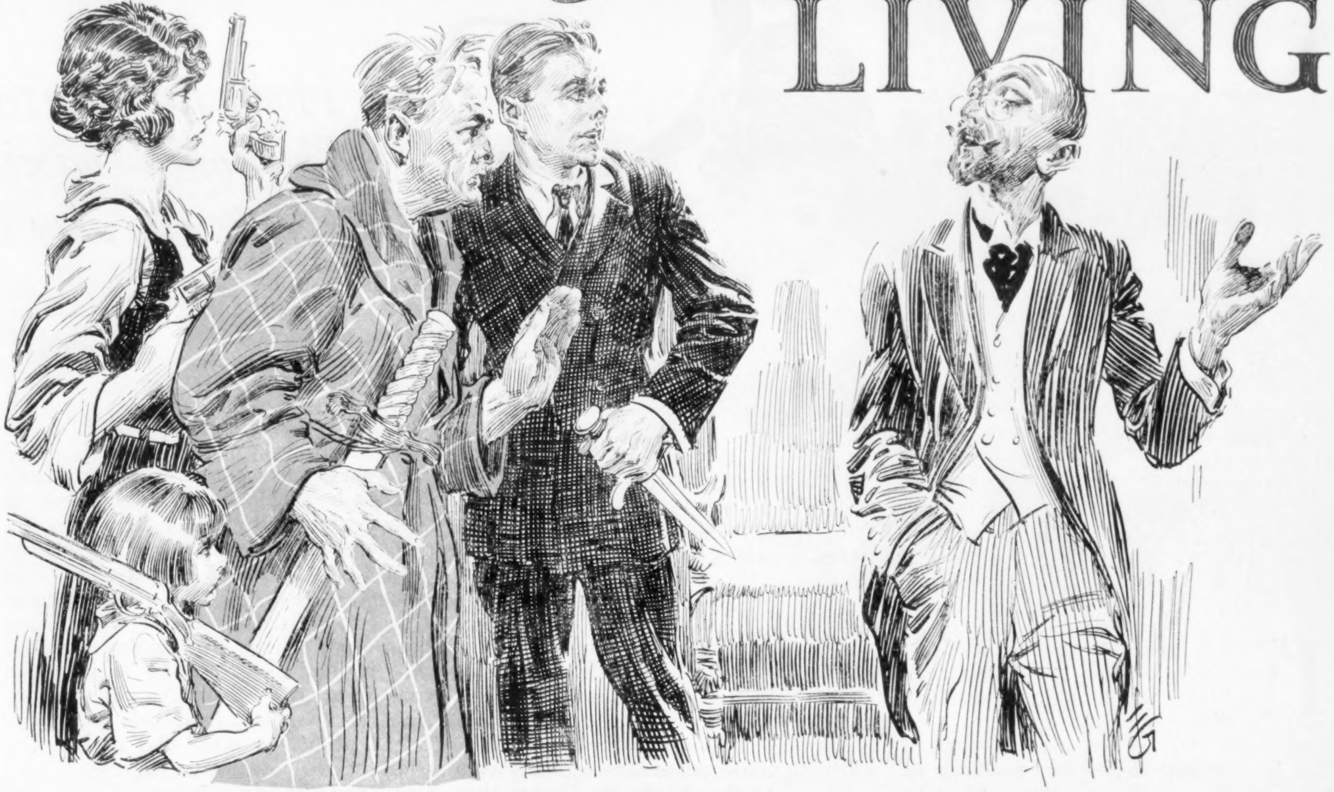
Even on the lyrics alone there is often collaboration. A publisher may decide that a manuscript submitted to him has a good tune and a good idea but that the words miss fire; they must be rewritten to give them a certain something that is needed. So a practiced hand—a man like Fred E. Ahlert—is called in.

Ahlert is a well-grounded musician who gave up studying law at Fordham to become a (*Continued on page 32*)

In the early days the Chicago saloons were Ted Snyder's musical conservatories. He found his audiences cold—very cold!



HARD *rules for* EASY LIVING



"The family began to indulge in murder. Friends sent for Dr. Q."

Uncle Henry thinks we all can live 150 years. "Keepin' up with the health books will make a man 50 years older"

"ONE an' a half million people die every year in the United States," said Uncle Henry gloomily. "At least twenty times more than died durin' the same period in 1825. An' three million ill every year, not to mention the hundred million who think they are. Darned if I can understand it, for there was never a time in history when health received more attention or when symptoms were watched for with greater interest or more feverish expectation."

"I see where some doctor says people can live to be a hundred an' fifty if they want to," interjected Mr. Stubbs.

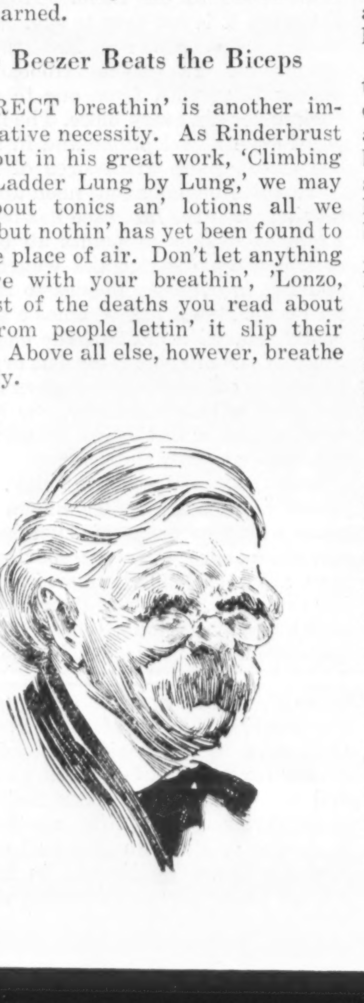
"Outside of the general irritation bound to be aroused by such a course," Uncle Henry admitted, "there's no reason why it can't be done. Every day sees two or three new health books, an' jes' keepin' up with the literature on the subject will make a man fifty years older.

"Longevity is really very simple. Proper breathin', scientific fastin', efficient eatin', the right color carpets an' wall paper, sun baths, complete avoidance of work an' worry, no stimulants an' no excitement, regular rest hours an' plenty of spinach, carrots an' beets before each meal. Follow these simple rules each mornin' before breakfast an' you'll be feelin' like Methuselah before you know it.

"Blood's a prime importance, 'Lonzo. The wise man will examine his blood at regular intervals, holdin' it to his ear to make sure that it's oxygenatin' on every cylinder. If there is the least squeak or rattle, don't shrug your shoulders an' pass it off by mutterin' somethin' about the differentials. Get out an' get under, for where the blood is concerned every minute saved is a penny earned.

The Beezer Beats the Biceps

"CORRECT breathin' is another imperative necessity. As Rinderbrust points out in his great work, 'Climbing Life's Ladder Lung by Lung,' we may talk about tonics an' lotions all we please, but nothin' has yet been found to take the place of air. Don't let anything interfere with your breathin', 'Lonzo, for most of the deaths you read about come from people lettin' it slip their minds. Above all else, however, breathe correctly.



"Unless you breathe the right way you don't get the right air, an' then what happens? You'd never guess in a thousand years unless you read the books. It's just dreadful.

"Often the dire condition is preceded—for such is Nature's way of warnin'—by a tendency to perspiration on hot days, a feelin' of fatigue after runnin' four or five miles, an' now an' then a gnawin' pain in the stomach along about noon. But modern science has discovered the cause of the trouble.

"*Mouth breathin'!* There you have the nut in a shell. The blood, deprived of its proper amount of oxygen, curdles an' involves the liver an' the whole left bank of the abdominal tract, an' in a short time the wretched man is beatin' his wife or vice versa as the case may be an' often is. Nero an' Benedict Arnold an' Gaston B. Means are now known to have been mouth breathers.

"As someone has so brilliantly said, perhaps myself, 'Close the mouths of a people an' I care not who makes the laws.' The nose is what you've got to breathe through—the nose, the whole nose an' nothin' but the nose.

"We're a foolish lot. The biceps have absolutely no bearin' on the blood stream, yet look at the pride we take in 'em? You never hear anybody goin' aroun' sayin', 'Feel my nose,' yet a strong beezer means more to health than all the biceps in the world. Why did the Duke of Wellington never have a sick day? Because he could hold two men on the bridge of his nose an' smoke a pipe at the same time.

"Now stand still a minute an' I'll show you the way to breathe correctly. The Yogis are the discoverers of the method, an' they've brought it to such perfection that one breath lasts them a whole year. Havin' been in India, I don't wonder. First, you press a finger against one side of the nose until the ball of the thumb can no longer be seen, an' then take air in through the opposite or unclosed nostril. Then breathe out through the first nostril, marked A, after which reverse the process as described on the opposite page.

"Don't bother about which nostril to press first, for it's liable to throw you into a highly nervous state. I once knew a man who had a beard so long he only used half a shirt an' had enough left over for his belt. He was makin' a fine livin', givin' testimonials to patent-medicine companies, when once a little child asked him what he did with it at night.

"'Do you tuck it inside your nightgown,' she said, 'or do you leave it outside?'

"Well, sir, he got to worryin' about it to such a degree that darned if he didn't go an' get shaved. Jes' take the first nostril that comes handy, 'Lonzo, an' don't worry about the order.

"Now let me say a few words about the influence of color on the health—a discovery that ranks second only to psychoanalysis in point of importance. If things keep up, it won't be long before the doctors are all doin' postgraduate work in a paint factory, an' operatin' with a brush.

Remove the Reds

"TAKE the strange case reported by a Chicago doctor that I will refer to as J. One of his patients complained of a strange irritability that usually came on after a light breakfast of hot cakes, maple syrup, pork chops, coffee an' sweet pickles. He got so bad he spoke harshly to his wife an' couldn't keep a cook. Things went on this way for some time, but at last Doctor J. decided upon an operation, an' what do you think he removed? A red carpet weighin' forty pounds. The minute they took it out of the house the man got better.

"An' there is the strange case that came under the observation of Dr. Q., the well-known Philadelphia neurologist. All of a sudden, without any apparent reason, a highly respected family began to go in for murder. They killed the servants, delivery men, callers, etc., an' when these resources were exhausted, got up on the roof an' shot passers-by. Expostulations were not of the slightest avail, an' for fear that the thing might come to the ears of the police, friends sent for Dr. Q. The minute he entered the house he noticed that the wall paper was a bright red, an' the old man had on a red dressin' gown.

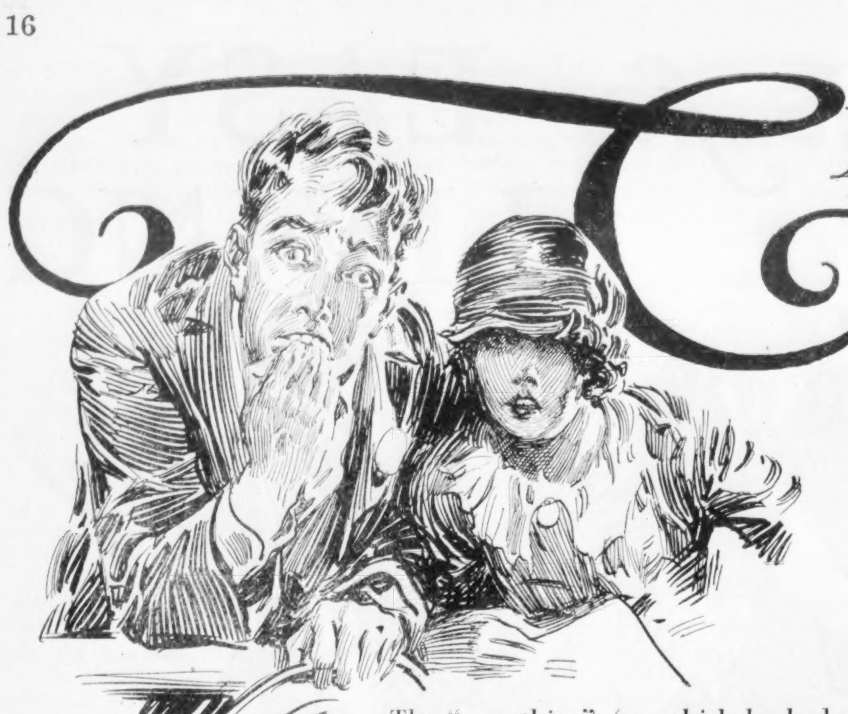
"All the rooms were repapered in green at once, the dressin' gown was burnt in the furnace, an' from that day to this not a single member of the family has felt the slightest tendency to commit murder, an' are on their way to a green old age.

"Avoid red, 'Lonzo, as you would a pestilence, for except in the case of the most sluggish temperaments, it's abnormally stimulatin'. Look back over the history of the United States, an' you'll see that all the great national crimes—the demonetization of silver, mansard roofs an' Laura Jean Libbey—were committed durin' the period when red flannel was generally accepted as the proper thing in underwear."

"I don't know as I'd want to live to be a hundred an' fifty years old," declared Mr. Stubbs.

"Why," said Uncle Henry, "I thought you said you wanted to see the Democrats get together again."

The "EASIEST"



The "sure thing" (on which he had bet a week's salary) comes in last!

Horse racing isn't a sport; it's a big money-coaxing machine—and here is the way it strips the boobs

By JOHN T. FLYNN

IN THE general neighborhood of Park Row in New York City there is a little chap running a handbook for dollar and half-dollar bets on the races. Up to last year he worked for a company that owns a string of gum-vending machines. It was his duty to go about at night with a satchel and a key and collect the pennies from the machines. Now he operates a handbook.

"It's a good deal like collecting money out of the slot machines," he explained to me, "except that now, instead of getting it out of the machines, I get it out of the boobs. It's a lot better too. Because there are more boobs than slot machines; they're closer together; they have more money in them, and they open easier."

There is the bookmaker's estimate of the people who play the races. In England they refer contemptuously to these small-fry bettors as "mugs." Here the experts call them suckers, saps, boobs.

As a matter of fact, taking candy from a baby is a professional and specialized form of criminal enterprise compared with taking money from a racing boob. The baby will put up a struggle and raise a squawk, but one of these small-bore plungers will walk miles to deliver his money; he hands it over without a murmur.

I know an old fellow who played the ponies for twenty years and then decided he was on the wrong side of the market. So he started a handbook business in a small New England city. He takes up his post on a corner near a bank. The suckers come to him there between noon and post time to lay their bets. One day I was listening to him discoursing on his own system for beating the horses when a young chap came out of the bank and quickly passed him a piece of paper. It named three horses—Chow, Pirate Gold and Great Finisher—each in a different race and in fact at a different track. There was a notation that they were to be "parlayed." That is, if Chow won, all the money was to be put on Pirate Gold; then if Pirate Gold "came in" the entire bundle was to be pyramided on Great Finisher. As the young man disappeared down the street the handbook man shook his head.

"If you could get inside that guy's skull," he commented dolefully, "and walk up and down from ear to ear forever you'd never meet anything."

Here was a lad who had been selecting losers consistently since the beginning of the winter season, who was now trying to make a parlay, in which he'd have to have *three winners in succession* to get anything! Next day I looked for his selections. They all lost.

Of course there are millions of dollars wagered at the tracks through the bookmakers, in the pari-mutuel machines, and with the commissioners in the club houses. At the Kentucky Derby that was run the other day at Churchill Downs more than $1,500,000 was bet. But this betting is but a drop in the bucket compared with the sums wagered daily through the handbook runners. These handbook runners are the little journeymen gamblers who infest the highways and by-ways collecting small bets from boobs. They are the 5- and 10-cent merchants of the game who take a 25-cent bet from the office boy, a 50-cent bet from the stenographer, a one-dollar bet from the chief clerk and two dollars from the boss. The people who bet with them are known collectively as "The Grind." And the motto of the gamblers is: "Our gravy is in the Grind."

The Sad, Sad Tale of a Cabby

NO ONE can say how many there are in this army. Several millions? Perhaps. One estimate puts the number playing the races daily through handbooks in New York alone at 300,000. That cannot be far from the truth. Nor must it be supposed that such betting is a purely New York pastime. They are playing the ponies on the Rialto, around the exchanges and in the clubs; but they are also playing them in the mines, in the shops, in the stores and offices of all the big cities and in the towns on the rutabaga circuit as well. The judge on the bench knitting his brows so solemnly may be pondering a weighty problem of law—and then again he may be studying the "dope sheet." Many a prosecuting attorney finds time between the trials of bootleggers to slip out and lay a few dollars with a handbook speakeasy. I have seen letters from the police chiefs of forty-four American cities saying their communities were overrun with handbooks.

I speak of the addicts as boobs. But I know quite well they are not all "boobs absolute." In all other respects they may be men of sense. Every man has his moments of boobery when his mind folds up and the jaws of his pocketbook open. And so doctors, lawyers, business executives and theatrical producers, teachers and brokers, writers, politicians, policemen, chauffeurs and clerks by the million, North, South, East and West, are included in the grind. There are the female grinds too—waitresses, salesladies and stenographers and working girls of all sorts. A horde of petty bettors day after day for years hands out easy money to the handbook sharks, getting nothing in return and coming back for more.

There is an ancient cabby in the Bronx who has been laying small bets since the good old days when Proctor Knott beat Salvator on the old Sheepshead Bay course. He confessed to me that he had just lost for the twelfth time in succession on the same horse. This unreliable animal belonged to a friend of his—a man who was in the penitentiary awaiting execution—and "he had a dying convict's straight tip" that his horse was all primed to "breeze."

"But it seems to me you would have lost your faith after the fifth or sixth failure," I suggested.

"Lord, man!" he laughed, "I'm losin' money now on the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the horses I was losin' on forty years ago."

And so it goes with legions of losers. Their losses are the price they pay to escape from the tyranny of the commonplace in life, to lift themselves out of the hard and never-turning rut of routine that runs through the desert of the day's work. Millions of them have never seen a race course and know little and care less about a horse. But a bet placed at noon fills up the hours between then and the time when the result is known with all the pleasantly irritating expectancy of adventure and gives to the simple operation of buying the racing extra of the daily paper a sensation akin to the gambler's thrill.

These handbook men are everywhere. Newsstands will sell you a tip on the day's entries and then handle your money on the race. Barber shops will accommodate you with a shave, shampoo, shine—and a bet at "probable odds." Hotel attachés, cigar stores, shops of all sorts, speakeasies, candy stores operate books. There are factory commissioners who specialize in the large industrial plants. Others ply their trade around department stores, where floor walkers, salesladies and messenger boys keep them employed. Lately one enterprising tipster has arranged to radio "sure things" to customers aboard ships and handle their commissions for them while they are en route.

The Center of the Web

A PROSECUTING attorney in Washington some time ago, denouncing the system in the Capital, said:

"If you want to make a bet on any race to-day and on any horse, you can lay it within a block of this building; in fact, without leaving this courtroom."

Many of these hedgerow bookies operate on their own responsibility. Bookmaking as a science is not so complicated a study. The bookmaker's percentage is a carefully worked out quantity. When the little handbook maker has more than he can safely handle he "lays it off" with some bigger operator. That is, he transfers the bet to him and gets a five or ten per cent commission.

But as a rule the handbook man is only a runner for the real bookmaker, who remains under cover. One such bookmaker may have scores of field agents gathering in the bets. The system everywhere is organized on a small scale pretty much as it is in New York on a large scale.

For New York the center of the web is outside the city—across the river in Hudson County, where the twin towns of Jersey City and Hoboken flourish. There sit the master spiders, hid away in offices, while along the spokes and filaments of the web, which reach all over southern New York and northern New Jersey, thousands of lesser spiders swarm, dealing directly with the flies in the field.

Business is Good in Jersey

THE bookmakers are in Jersey because they have been chased out of New York, where the police keep up a constant warfare on them. How many there are it is not easy to say. But certainly there are not less than 500 offices—hide-aways—in Hoboken and Jersey City, with from one to a dozen bookmakers in every office. The business is all done by telephone and in some of the offices there are scores of phones.

Business begins about noon and keeps moving until the last race has been run. From thousands of points all over the metropolitan district the wagers come pouring in over the phones to the master books. New York becomes a gigantic pool room, with most of the characteristics of the old pool room, but organized on a more extensive and modern system: the pool sellers in Jersey, the steerers everywhere and the wires under the Hudson hot with the traffic.

Bets are paid off next day. Each street handbook peddler has a known place where he meets his customers. He himself settles with the master bookman around 11:30 the morning following the races. There are various points at which this is done. One well-known pay-off place is a corner in the White Light region of Manhattan. Many of those Broadway corners are famous as the meeting places of various crafts. On one of them the circus people foregather every day. On another carnival and street-fair performers make their headquarters. On still another the burlesque gentry can always be found. And another one—directly in front of a large bank—is the gathering place of

MONEY *on earth*

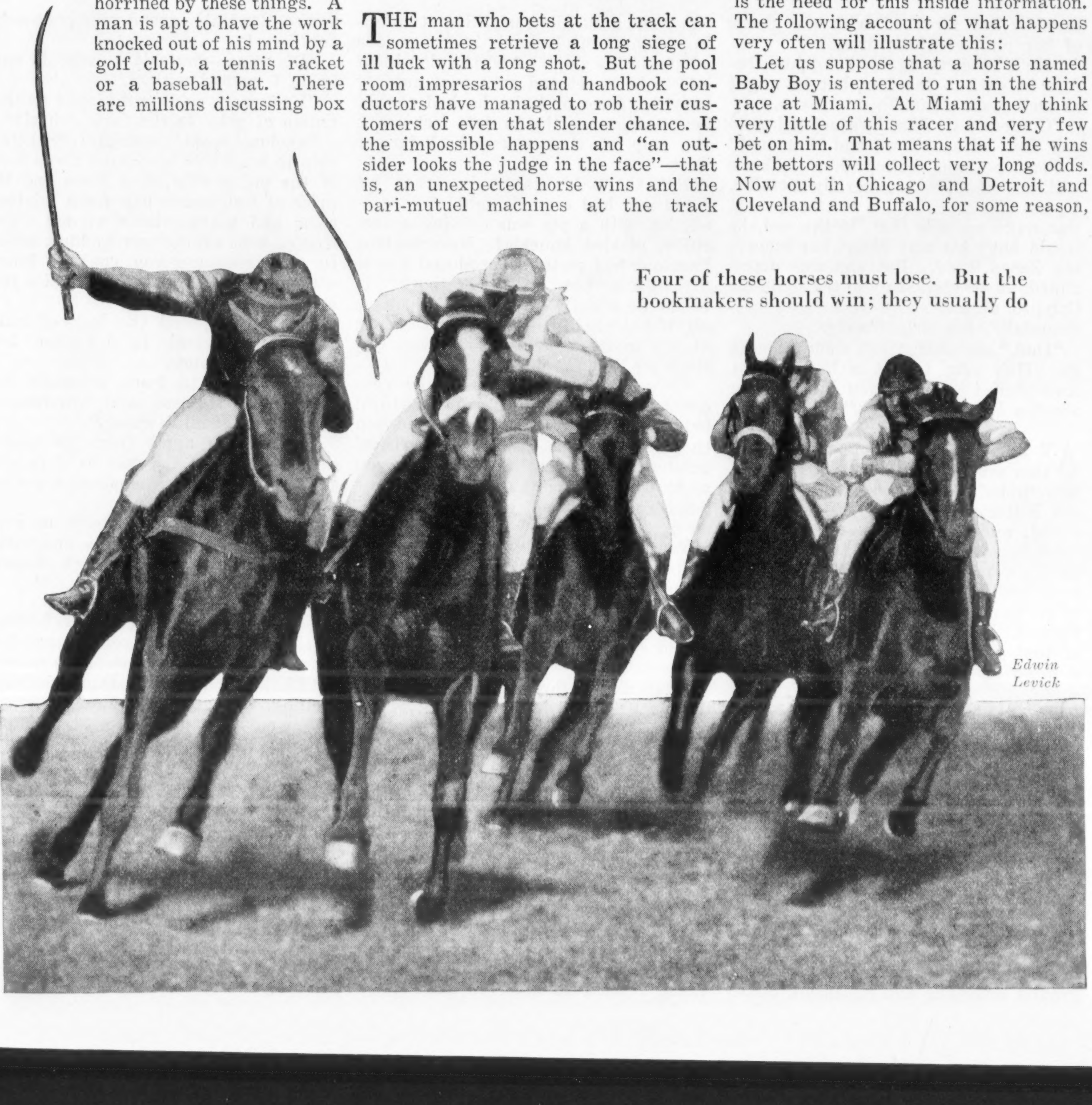
the pay-off men and runners for the bookmakers. When the weather is bad they make their rendezvous in the lobby of the bank, which is known as the gamblers' bank. Many of the bookmakers keep their bank rolls there, but not on regular deposit. They are kept in the safe deposit vaults where at any time, even late into the night, their owners can without delay lay their hands on ten or twenty "grand," which is the race-horse word for thousand.

It is this handbook betting which feeds the tremendous interest in racing. The editor of a racing paper with a wide circulation—a man who writes under the name El Rio Rey—broke forth recently into the following pithy confession on that score:

"People bet away from the tracks ten times to every one time they bet at the tracks. . . . No one race track could run in any town, not even for a week, where there was not handbooking the year round to create interest in racing. . . . There is no use trying to kid ourselves that racing is not absolutely, positively and entirely dependent upon *a non-molested or only slightly regulated system of handbooking.*

"The handbook is *the backbone of racing.*"

Now then the question arises—is horse racing a sport? I am not concerned with the moral side of betting. There are those who believe that the first gambler was Satan and the first pool room organized in Hades. There are others who are alarmed because it takes the mind of the people off their work. But I refuse to be horrified by these things. A man is apt to have the work knocked out of his mind by a golf club, a tennis racket or a baseball bat. There are millions discussing box scores when they might be adding up figures or composing sales letters. Maybe it's a good thing for us to get our minds off work. Maybe it isn't. I refuse to discuss it. The chief trouble with racing, as I see it, is that it is not a sport at all. It is just a big coaxing machine for wheedling money out of foolish people.



Four of these horses must lose. But the bookmakers should win; they usually do

The professional race horse man looks upon the country as a great fish hatchery. To him all the people are just poor fish. He divides the world into two classes—wise guys and boobs. He regards the latter as the legitimate food of the former. With him it is the wise guy against the world. But unfortunately for him he himself becomes a boob in his turn. It is the old story of the "sucker circle." The stock swindler takes the coin from some innocent crap game proprietor and sinks it in a bucket shop. The bucket shop man takes his ill-gotten bundle to the races and hands it over to the bookie. Then the wise-guy bookie, who is really the wisest thing in this dumb world, unwraps the roll he has shaken out of the saps at the track and shoots it away in a crap game at night. Then the crap game wise guy takes the money back to the phony stock salesman. It simply proves that one man's wise guy is another man's boob.

Racing as a gamble is perfectly rigged against the player. There is an old saying among the "talent" that a man may beat a race but never the races.

50 to 1—Try to Get It

THE man who bets at the track can sometimes retrieve a long siege of ill luck with a long shot. But the pool room impresarios and handbook conductors have managed to rob their customers of even that slender chance. If the impossible happens and "an outsider looks the judge in the face"—that is, an unexpected horse wins and the pari-mutuel machines at the track register odds of 50 to 1—the joy of the bettor will be shortlived. For when he goes to collect he learns that the handbook men will not pay off at odds of more than 15 or 20 to 1.

"It's better than collecting money from slot machines. The boobs open easier"

They will not even pay these odds if their machinery is working in good form. Handbook men do not, as a rule, quote odds. They agree to pay winners at the odds as quoted on the tracks at post time, which is the last minute before the race starts. Certain well-known papers are agreed on as final authority and payment is made in accordance with the odds as quoted in these papers. (Recently a leading racing weekly has been charging that the odds as quoted in these "pay-off" sheets are "shaved" or falsified to rob the bettors of a few extra dollars.)

Then the bookmakers have a system of espionage that keeps them informed about all the shady deals that are pulled off at the tracks, while the bettor operates strictly in the dark. One thing that drives the bookies into organized groups is the need for this inside information. The following account of what happens very often will illustrate this:

Let us suppose that a horse named Baby Boy is entered to run in the third race at Miami. At Miami they think very little of this racer and very few bet on him. That means that if he wins the bettors will collect very long odds. Now out in Chicago and Detroit and Cleveland and Buffalo, for some reason, the handbook customers start playing heavily on Baby Boy. If Baby Boy wins, the bookmakers in Chicago and Detroit, etc., will have to pay off according to the odds quoted at Miami, and as the bets there are light the odds will be long and the Chicago and Detroit bookmakers will be hit very hard.

Keep Your Feet Dry

THE gamblers have a brace of agents watching the betting at Miami. These "unofficial observers" must be rapid calculators. They must be able to determine at any moment what the odds in the pari-mutuel machines will turn out to be after the race is run. The bookies are in constant touch with them. The odds at the track may be 30 to 1. Those are the odds the bookmakers will have to recognize when they pay off. Betting away from the tracks doesn't affect those odds. If the bookies cannot bring them down they will be caught for a heavy loss should Baby Boy win.

But bringing down odds at the track is a simple matter to the handbook operators with their organization. They simply wire large sums (bettors' money) to the race course to be bet into the pari-mutuel machines on Baby Boy. Not only does this affect the odds but it usually stimulates the betting at the track, and before the race is won Baby Boy will be down to 5 to 1; maybe 2 to 1 or even money.

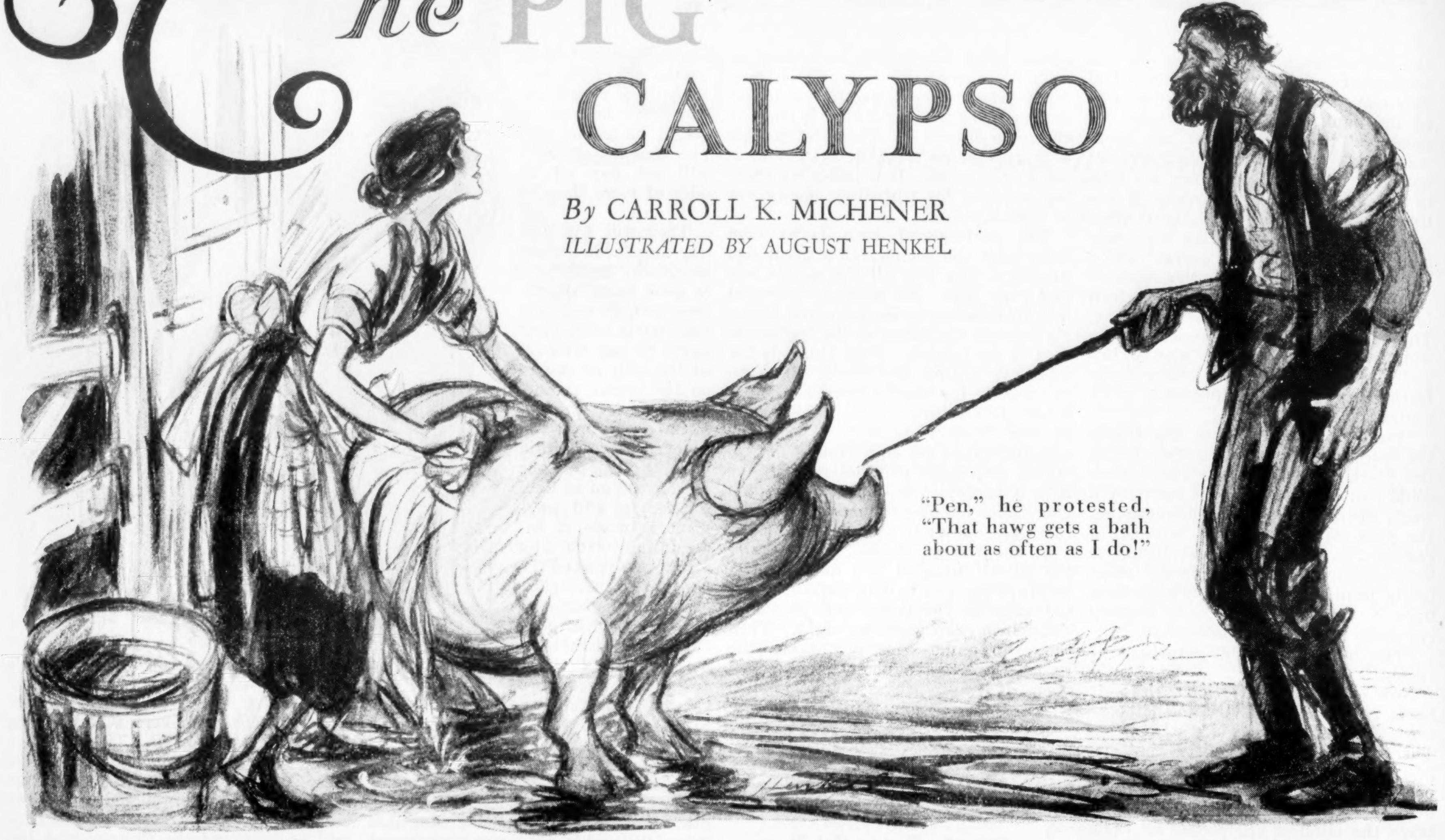
If Baby Boy wins the handbook men will win at the pari-mutuel machines and with the money thus made will pay off their customers. If Baby Boy loses—well, the money lost in the machines is the customers' money, anyhow. It simply amounts to this: using their own money the bookmakers are betting against Baby Boy with the customers; with customers' money they are betting on Baby Boy in the machines.

It is the business of these field agents at the tracks to know when a horse is set to win. They have got to know when an owner intends to "shoot with him" as they put it. And this brings us to the beautiful sport of "boat racing," which is really the crowning glory of racing. It brings (*Continued on page 36*)

The PIG CALYPSO

By CARROLL K. MICHENER

ILLUSTRATED BY AUGUST HENKEL



"Pen," he protested, "That hawg gets a bath about as often as I do!"

CALYPSO basked milkwhite in the September sun. Penelope had just given the de luxe creature a vigorous scrubbing, and sounds of porcine contentment came with muffled raspings from the deep folds of Calypso's chins. Accustomed as he was to Penelope's scrubbings, he (the pronoun is correct: Penelope, in choosing a name, had not been fussy about the accident of sex; nor had she been overscrupulous in adapting the Homeric legend, since she must have known from even high school acquaintance that Circe was far more of a swineherd than the nymph Calypso), *he,* therefore, had evinced no particular indignation over water and soap. In fact, from diminutive nursing-bottle days to the lardy plumpness of the four-hundred-pound present he had grown up on them. Besides, Penelope knew just the spot to scratch most agreeably along the bristly area behind Calypso's silken ears. The skin was almost as pink there as Penelope's flesh-pink stockings, or the tea-rose blush compounding the satin pigment of her sun-stained cheeks.

Painfully dragging a stiff leg around one corner of the barn, Jonathan Ireland came upon this tableau with a sentiment of mixed pleasure and disregard. A few winters before, the gelding Bruno had kicked him during the ordeal of breaking to harness, and permanent derangement of the right knee joint had brought his active days on the farm to an end. He could attend to a few chores, but beyond that, as he was in the habit of saying, he was as useless "as a lamb's amputated tail."

"Pen," he protested, mildly tapping with his hickory cane Calypso's inquisitive snout, "when you goin' to quit this foolishness? That hawg gets a bath about as often as I do!"

Penelope straightened her slim body. The arm that wielded the bath sponge brushed her forehead with the sleeve of her pink gingham dress.

"He'll be dirty again, I suppose, before he gets to the fair, but he might as well start clean."

"Confound it, Pen, he's not going to any fair. Haven't we had that out?"

Penelope was calm. Her father's will, she knew, was generally metallic. Unless she could find a brittle spot, it was quite possible that, in the end, he would have his way about her marrying Zenas Todd. But she was determined, at all costs, to win the fight for Calypso, even if she were to lose, matrimonially, her own liberty.

"Dad," she said, "he's simply got to go. He's sure to get a blue ribbon. And then they'll auction him off for about a *barrel* of money."

AT THIS practical suggestion her father softened perceptibly. Penelope, he reflected, *had* raised a pig, after all—a better pig than he had ever produced; and he knew a blooded barrow when he saw one, though he had never, on his own account, found the time to bother with fancy live stock. The worst of it was that Calypso had not come from his hog lot, but had been a gift of that young Best, the county agent. A queer bit of sentiment, if that was it—and it appeared to be. But Penelope had seemed to like it. Hitherto she had never shown the slightest interest in anything with four feet, but she had given Calypso as much attention as a spoiled child. Balanced rations! Skimmed milk, red dog flour, ground oats, semi-solid buttermilk! Hand-fed, you'd call him. Penelope wouldn't even let the brute go to the trouble of nibbling corn off the cob—she shelled it for him. She exercised him like a lap dog on the end of a string. She gave him oil meal to make him slick. She doped him with a mineral mixture of ground limestone and bonemeal. Sometimes she gave him something stimulating—Jonathan Ireland had no idea what—in his slop. And the slop itself had to be sweet and pure as a nursery supper. Once or twice he had caught her manicuring the brute's feet—with the help of that young book-farmer Best.

But the only manicuring that he, Jonathan, had ever thought of in connection with a pig was carving a succulent pickled knuckle! Nevertheless, Penelope had certainly produced a neat fifth of a ton or so of pork. It would be a little bit of too bad, after all, if the pig shouldn't get his chance at the prize money—and the auction. He'd see what Zenas said.

"I wouldn't be surprised," he conceded to Penelope, "if the crittur'd bring a couple of dollars a pound—on the hoof. Some fancy, advertisin' butcher, you know. But what do you want with as much as that, Pen? Your peg-legged dad's not exactly bankrupt, as yet."

Penelope, emptying Calypso's bath pail, hesitated over this. It brought up an old argument.

"Not yet," she amended. "But you may be if Zenas Todd lets another tumbledown shed smash some more of our cattle."

"He's a good farmer, Pen. He's been a good neighbor and a good renter. I don't know what I'd have done without him. That was an accident, pure and simple—the shed falling down. You can't blame him for that."

Penelope gave the indolent and now somewhat sleepily indifferent Calypso a final back scratch.

"It seems funny to me, just the same," she persisted, "that all those dead cattle were *ours*—none of them *his.* He had all the cows running together."

"Now, Pen, that's over and done with. What I want to know is this: What you're plannin' to spend your pig money for?"

"It's mine—you said I could do anything I wanted with it."

"I suppose you're still hipped on that notion of goin' to the farm school?"

Penelope spoke musingly: "Scholarship in household economics for winner of the pig contest, first prize and the price of Calypso to pay for a winter's room and board—that's what I want. You've kept saying you couldn't afford to send me—and you can't, I know, after replacing those cattle—so I'll just send myself."

Irony overspread the look of half-shamed annoyance in Jonathan Ireland's countenance.

"You want to learn scientific bed making, I suppose, and new-fangled methods of boilin' water."

He took an apple from his pocket and offered it to Calypso, as if in propitiation. The act symbolized a sudden emotion.

"Pen," he amended, "you're as good a cook as your mother was—and that's sayin' a good deal. Farm school can't teach you anything about that."

PENELOPE laid across her father's shoulders the firm round arm that was still flourishing the wet bath sponge.

"That's not the point, Dad," she said, smiling. "What I want to do is to get a job as home demonstrator. I want to organize boys' and girls' clubs, and farm women's study circles. Will Best says I can."

Jonathan Ireland eluded her caress and stood stiffly away. "Will Best!" he repeated. "I might have known that young snapper was mixed up in it."

Penelope coaxed him with a smile, but he evaded it.

"Looks to me you're settin' your cap for him. I don't like it. Wouldn't be so bad if he knew anything about farming. Oh, he's a nice boy, personally, Pen. But I couldn't have him around here tellin' me how to disk corn and poisonin' cows with his pet diets—farmin' out of bulletins and books."

"Didn't he show me how to make Calypso grow big? He knows *everything* about farming. Just because he's always lived in the city—"

Her father interrupted: "If it was Zenas, now—"

FROM the roadway a wagon rigged with a hay rack became audible, then visible, the horses trotting as they turned a sharp corner into the barnyard. A tall figure in a torn felt hat, faded overalls, a flannel shirt and a pair of sweat-stained suspenders stood firmly balanced against the tug of the reins.

Penelope felt a sudden chill. In spite of the morning sun there were goose pimples creeping uncomfortably along her arms. Her father went on with what to her was a distressing old story:

"Zenas, now—I'd been countin' on you two gettin' hitched some time this fall. In fact, I've as good as told him you would. His eighty, along with what I've got, would make almost half a section. You couldn't beat that for a layout. Maybe he's a little rough, Pen—I don't know as I like the way he handles the stock sometimes, and I don't suppose he's much of a ladies' man. But he's a hard worker. You'd get along."

He thought a moment.

"If you went away to school, Pen, you'd never marry Zenas. You'd probably run off with that young fellow Best. I guess that's what Zenas thinks about it too. Anyhow, you wouldn't come back here—"

There was a note of complaint in his voice—the injured accent peculiar to age, bereavement, and pain.

"I'll come back, Dad. I wouldn't leave you."

Her head lost its stubborn tilt, and a tint of anger faded from her cheeks. She spoke with sympathy, and the words gave to her voice the firm fiber of loyalty. Jonathan Ireland appraised her shrewdly.

"All right," he said. "I'll see what I can do about gettin' your pig to the fair. And you just promise to stick to the old farm, and try to forget that fellow."

The wagon came to a clattering stop, and Zenas Todd thumped to earth. Out of a cloud of dust emerged the dog Polyphemus. Penelope called to him and moved away toward the house.

"Wait a minute!" Zenas was peremptory. "This'll interest you. We'll have the threshing outfit here before you can say Jack Robinson."

"I thought it was going to Halverson's first. It wasn't due here, you said, until some time next week!"

"Halverson wasn't ready, so I told 'em to come along. There'll be about twenty for dinner, and they'll want it at twelve sharp."

SHE stood still, overwhelmed. There wasn't a thing done yet for threshers—not even the filling for pumpkin pies.

Rooting carelessly close to Zenas' feet, Calypso, in the interval of silence, squealed suddenly in pained indignation. A soiled boot had left its stain upon his pink-and-white perfection.

"Drat that hog!" complained Zenas. "He's under foot as usual. Why not keep him in a pen, the same as any other pig?"

"Easy, Zenas," cautioned Jonathan. "This one's all slicked up ready for the fair." He winked broadly. "I don't suppose you could spare a team in the morning? Pen'll have to be here, of course, durin' the threshin', but I'm no particular use. Thought I might drive in with Calypso!"

"Spare a team?"

Zenas Todd's voice drawled in mock deliberation, and a down-curving, tobacco-stained smile bent the corners of his mouth.

"Why, no, Jonathan, I don't see how I could. Not with all the grain in shock and wanting to be hauled in to the machine. I'm afraid not. Anyhow, I should think Calypso'd better stay home and get ready for the smokehouse."

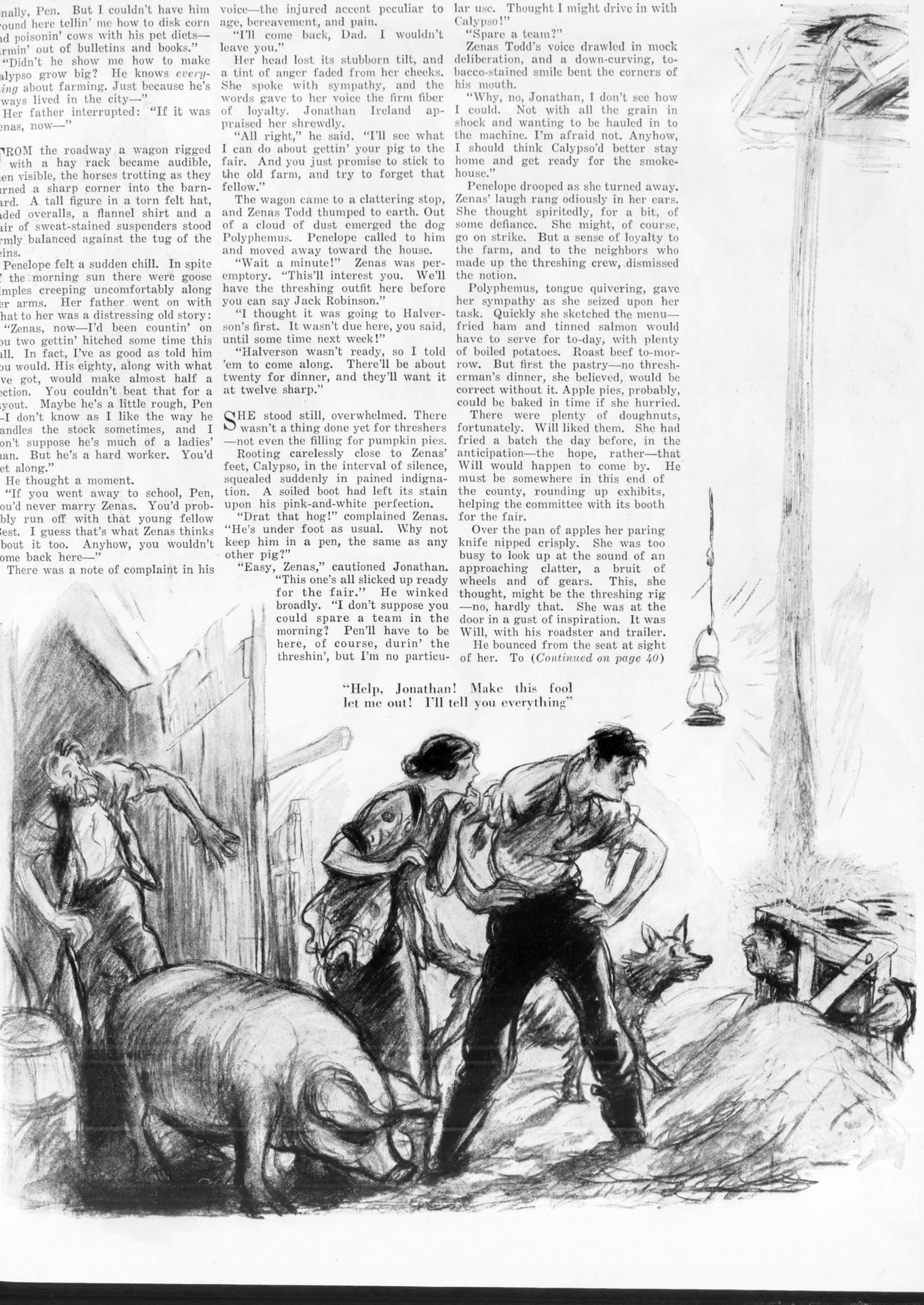
Penelope drooped as she turned away. Zenas' laugh rang odiously in her ears. She thought spiritedly, for a bit, of some defiance. She might, of course, go on strike. But a sense of loyalty to the farm, and to the neighbors who made up the threshing crew, dismissed the notion.

Polyphemus, tongue quivering, gave her sympathy as she seized upon her task. Quickly she sketched the menu—fried ham and tinned salmon would have to serve for to-day, with plenty of boiled potatoes. Roast beef to-morrow. But first the pastry—no thresherman's dinner, she believed, would be correct without it. Apple pies, probably, could be baked in time if she hurried.

There were plenty of doughnuts, fortunately. Will liked them. She had fried a batch the day before, in the anticipation—the hope, rather—that Will would happen to come by. He must be somewhere in this end of the county, rounding up exhibits, helping the committee with its booth for the fair.

Over the pan of apples her paring knife nipped crisply. She was too busy to look up at the sound of an approaching clatter, a bruit of wheels and of gears. This, she thought, might be the threshing rig—no, hardly that. She was at the door in a gust of inspiration. It was Will, with his roadster and trailer.

He bounced from the seat at sight of her. To *(Continued on page 40)*



"Help, Jonathan! Make this fool let me out! I'll tell you everything"

Famous

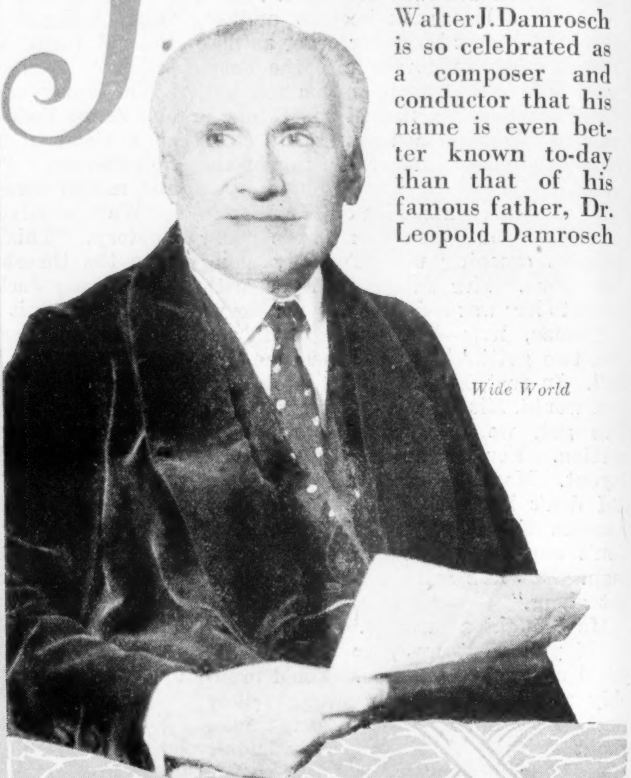
Keystone

Abraham Lincoln's son, Robert Todd Lincoln, won fame in his own right as a captain on Grant's staff, as a lawyer, as Secretary of War under Garfield and as President of the Pullman Co. He is eighty-two now, still active, and lives in Washington, D. C.

© Keystone

Princess Bibesco rivals her mother, Margot Asquith, in the book "I Have Only Myself to Blame"

Walter J. Damrosch is so celebrated as a composer and conductor that his name is even better known to-day than that of his famous father, Dr. Leopold Damrosch



Wide World

Wide World

A new invention by Col. E. H. R. Green (at right) transmits movies over the radio. Col. Green is a son of the late Mrs. Hetty Green

© Keystone

Eugene O'Neill (left) once followed in the footsteps of his famous father by acting in a tabloid version of "Monte Cristo." He declared his independence; knocked around the world a while; and now he is one of the most distinguished American playwrights

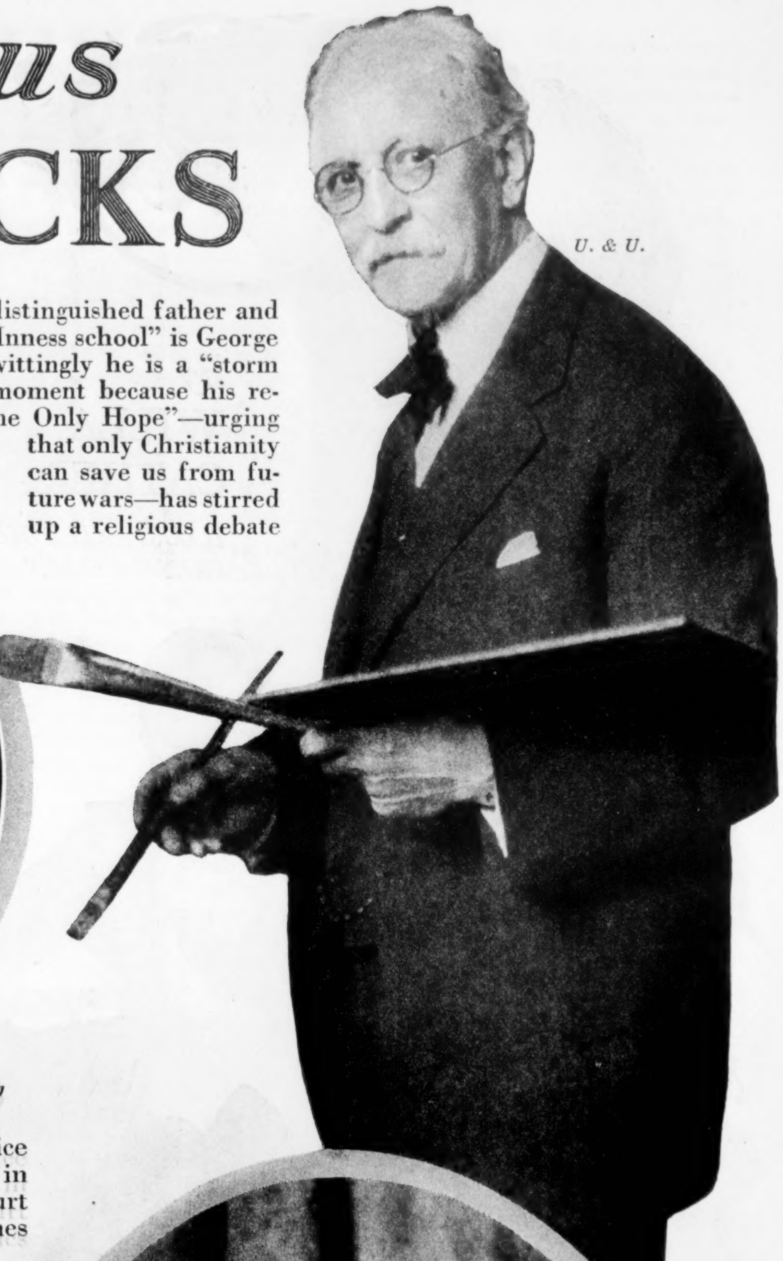
His own daughter, Evangeline, was General William Booth's wise choice to lead the Salvation Army in the United States. A deluge of congratulations to "Miss Eva" in April of this year, from every corner of the land, celebrated the twentieth anniversary of her command

U. & U.

CHIPS *of famous* BLOCKS

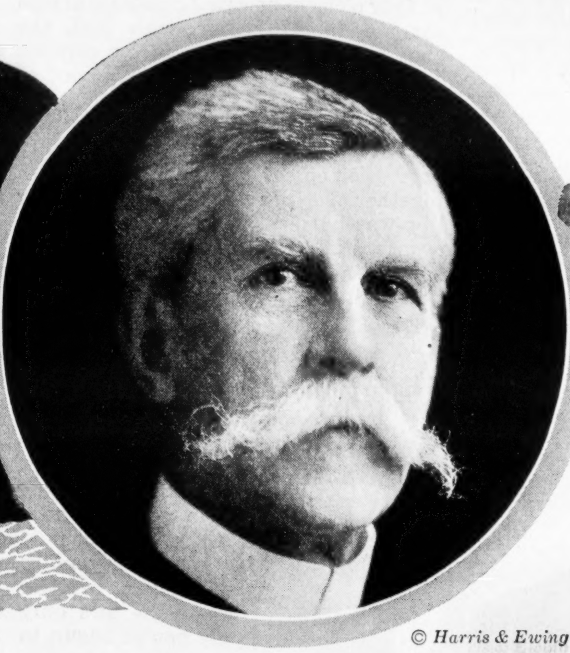
Fotograms

When you speak of John Hays Hammond specify carefully. Do you mean "Sr.," a noted engineer, or "Jr." (at left), a noted inventor?



U. & U.

A pupil of his distinguished father and a credit to the "Inness school" is George Inness, Jr. Unwittingly he is a "storm center" at the moment because his recent canvas, "The Only Hope"—urging that only Christianity can save us from future wars—has stirred up a religious debate



© Harris & Ewing

The Roosevelt Medal for Distinguished Service in the development of public law was awarded in 1924 to an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Oliver Wendell Holmes (above), son of the famous author

"To Mme. Curie, by her daughter and pupil." With that dedication Mlle. Irene Curie (below) read a thesis on light and won from the Sorbonne in April of this year the degree of doctor of sciences. The thesis represented ten years of laboratory research work

© Wide World

Wide World

James R. Garfield, son of our twentieth President, chose the law as his profession, in it made his mark, and became Roosevelt's Secretary of the Interior

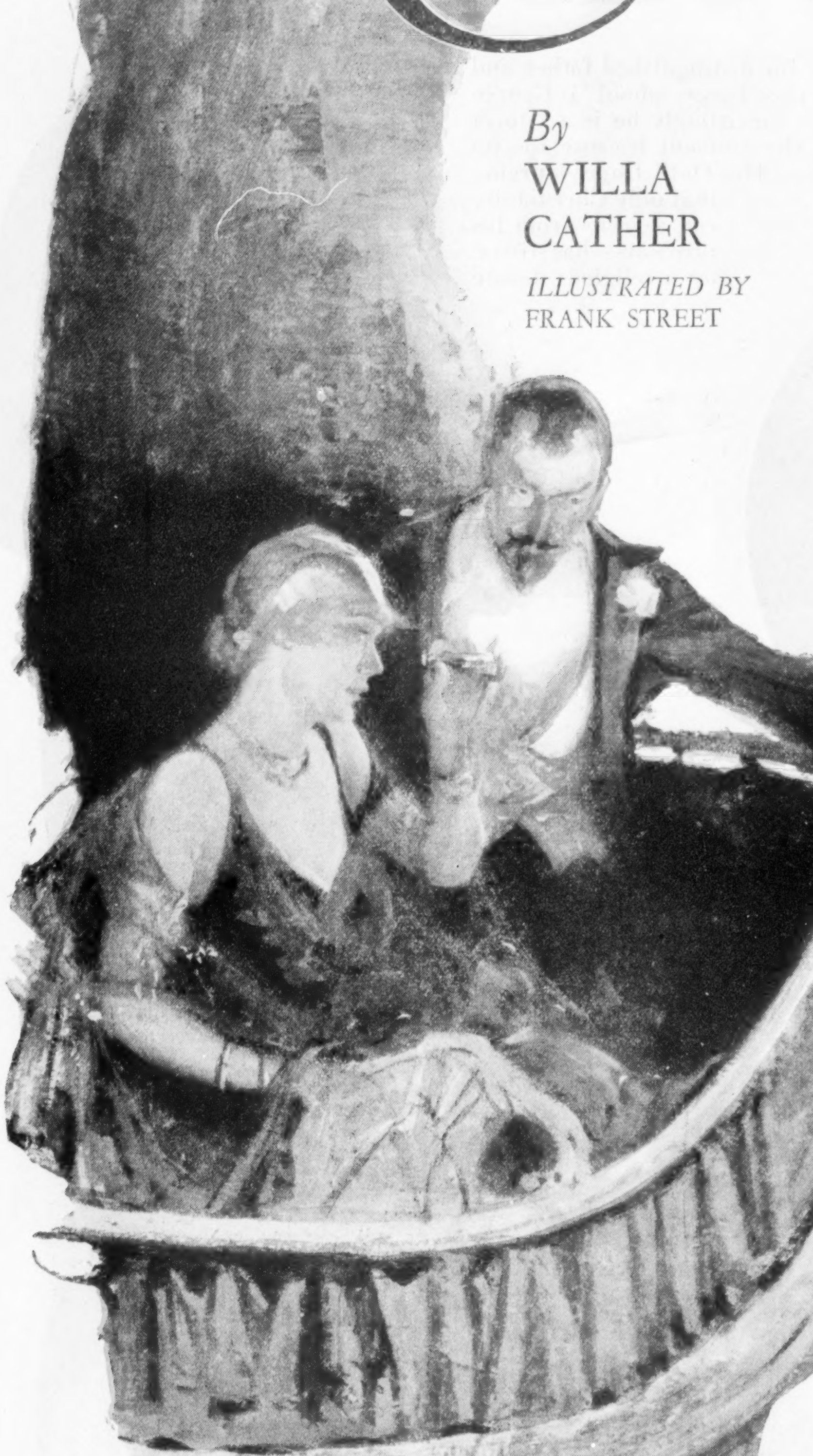
© Harris & Ewing

William Howard Taft deserted Yale to be Chief Justice of the United States—but his daughter, Mrs. Frederick J. Manning (at right), will return to the educational field this fall as dean of Bryn Mawr College

The PROFESSOR'S

By
WILLA
CATHER

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK STREET



"My dear," he sighed, "we should have been shipwrecked together when we were young." He saw her lip quiver, and she began looking at the house through the glasses

Book I—*The Family (Continued)*

EARLY in November there was a picturesque snowstorm, and that day Kathleen telephoned her father at the university, asking him to stop on his way home in the afternoon and help her to decide upon some new furs. As he approached McGregor's spick-and-span new bungalow at four o'clock, he saw Louie's luxurious car standing in front, with Ned, the chauffeur and gardener, in the driver's seat. Just then Rosamond came out of the bungalow alone and down the path to the sidewalk, without seeing her father. He noticed a singularly haughty expression on her face; her brows drawn together over her nose. The curl of her lips was handsome, but terrifying. He observed also something he had not seen before—a coat of soft, purple-gray fur, that quite disguised the wide, slightly stooping shoulders he regretted in his truly beautiful daughter. He called to her, very much interested: "Wait a minute, Rosie. I've not seen that before. It's extraordinarily becoming." He stroked his daughter's sleeve with evident pleasure. "You know, these things, with a kind of lurking purple and lavender in them, are splendid for you. They make your color prettier than ever. It's only lately you've begun to wear them. Louie's taste, I suppose?"

"Of course. He selects all my things for me," said Rosamond proudly.

"Well, he does a good job. He knows what's right for you." St. Peter continued to look her up and down with satisfaction. "And Kathleen is getting new furs. You were advising her?"

"She didn't mention it to me," Rosamond replied in a guarded voice.

"No? And what do you call this, what beast?" he asked ingenuously, again stroking the fur with his bare hand.

"It's taupe."

"Oh, moleskin!" He drew back a little. "Couldn't be better for your complexion. And is it warm?"

"Very warm—and so light."

"I see, I see!" He took Rosamond's arm and escorted her to her car. "Give Louie my compliments on his choice." The motor glided away. He longed to escape as quickly and noiselessly, for he was a coward. But he had a feeling that Kathleen was watching him from behind the sash curtains. He went up to the door and made a long and thorough use of the foot scraper before he tapped on the glass. Kathleen let him in. She was very pale; even her lips, which were always pink, like the inside of a white shell, were without color. Neither of them mentioned the just-departed guest.

"Have you been out in the park, Kitty? This is a pretty little storm. Perhaps you'll walk over to the old house with me presently." He talked soothingly while he took off his coat and rubbers. "And now for the furs!"

Kathleen went slowly into her bedroom. She was gone a great while—perhaps ten actual minutes. When she came back the rims of her eyes were red. She carried four large pasteboard boxes, tied together with twine. St. Peter sprang up, took the parcel, and began untying the string. He opened the first and pulled out a brown stole and muff. "What are they, mink?"

"No, they're Hudson Bay sable."

"Very pretty." He put the collar round her neck and drew back to look at it. But after a sharp struggle Kathleen broke down. She threw off the fur and buried her face in a fresh handkerchief.

"I'm so sorry, Daddy, but it's no use to-day. I don't want any furs, really. She spoils everything for me."

"Oh, my dear, my dear, you hurt me terribly!" St. Peter put his hands tenderly on her soft hazel-colored hair. "Face it squarely, Kitty; you must not, you cannot, be envious. It's self-destruction."

"I can't help it, Father. I *am* envious. I don't think I would be if she let me alone, but she comes here with her magnificence and takes the life out of all our poor little things. Everybody knows she's rich. Why does she have to keep rubbing it in?"

"But, Kitty dear, you wouldn't have her go home and change her coat before coming to see you?"

"Oh, it's not that, Father; it's everything! You know we were never jealous of each other at home. I was always proud of her good looks and good taste. It's not her clothes; it's a feeling she has inside her. When she comes toward me I feel hate coming toward me, like a snake's hate!"

ST. PETER wiped his moist forehead. He was suffering with her, as if she had been in physical anguish. "We can't, dear, we can't, in this world, let ourselves think of things—of comparisons—like that. We are all too susceptible to ugly suggestions. If Rosamond has a grievance, it's because you've been untactful about Louie."

"Even if I have, why should she be so revengeful? Does she think nobody else calls him a Jew? Does she think it's a secret? I don't mind being called a Gentile."

"It's all in the way it's done, you know, Kitty. And you've shown that you were a little bored with all their new things; now, haven't you?"

"I've shown that I don't like the way she overdresses, I suppose. I would never have believed that Rosie could do anything in such bad taste. When she is here among her old friends she ought to dress like the rest of us."

"But doesn't she? It seems to me her things look about like yours."

"Oh, Father, you're so simple! And Mother is very careful not to enlighten you. We go to the guild to sew for the mission fund, and Rosie comes in in a hand-made French frock that cost more than all our dresses put together."

"But if hers are no prettier what does it matter how much they cost?" He was watching Kathleen fearfully. Her pale skin had taken on a greenish tinge—there was no doubt about it. He had never happened to see that change occur in a face before, and he had never realized to what an ugly, painful transformation the common phrase, "green with envy" referred.

"Oh, foolish; they are prettier, though you may not see it. It's not just the clothes"—she looked at him intently, and her eyes, in their reddened rims, ex-

HOUSE

panded and cleared. "It's everything. When we were at home, Rosamond was a kind of ideal to me. What she thought about anything decided it for me. But she's entirely changed. She's become Louie. Indeed, she's worse than Louie. He and all this money have ruined her. Oh, Daddy, why didn't you and Professor Crane get to work and stop all this before it began? You were to blame. You knew that Tom had left something that was worth a lot, both of you. Why didn't you *do* something? You let it lie there in Crane's laboratory for this—this Marsellus—to come along and exploit, until he almost thinks it's his own idea."

"Things might have turned out the same, anyway," her father protested. "Whatever the process earned was Rosamond's. I wasn't in the mood to struggle with manufacturers; I know nothing of such things. And Crane needs every ounce of his strength for his own experiments. He doesn't care about anything but the extent of space."

"He'd better have taken a few days off and saved his friend's reputation. Tom trusted him with everything. It's too foolish; that poor man being cut to pieces by surgeons all the time, and picking up the little that's left of himself and bothering about the limitations of space—much good they'll do him!"

St. Peter rose, took both of his daughter's hands, and stood laughing at her. "Come, now. You have more brains than that, Kitty. It happens you do understand that whatever poor Crane can find out about space is more good to him than all the money the Marselluses will ever have. But are you implying that if Crane and I had developed Tom's discovery we might have kept Rosie and her money in the family, for ourselves?"

KATHLEEN threw up her head. "Oh, I don't want her money!"

"Exactly; nor do I. And we mustn't behave as if we did want it. If you permit yourself to be envious of Rosie, you'll be very foolish and very unhappy."

The professor walked away across the snowy park with a tired step. He was heavy-hearted. For Kathleen he had a special kind of affection. Perhaps it was because he had had to take care of her for one whole summer when she was little. Just as Mrs. St. Peter was ready to start for Colorado with the children the younger one developed whooping cough and had to be left at home with her father. He had opportunity to observe all her ways. She was only six, but he found her a square-dealing, dependable little creature. They worked out a satisfactory plan of life together. She was to play in the garden all morning, and was not on any account to disturb him in his study. After lunch he would take her to the Lake or the woods, or he would read to her at home. She took pride in keeping her part of the contract. One day when he came out of his study at noon he found her sitting on the third-floor stairs, just outside his door, with the arnica bottle in one hand and the fingers of the other puffed up like wee pink sausages. A bee had stung her in the garden, and she had waited half the morning for sympathy. She was very independent, and would tug at her leggings or overshoes a great while before she asked for help.

When they were little girls Kathleen adored her older sister and liked to wait on her; was always more excited about Rosie's new dresses and winter coats than about her own. This attachment had lasted even after they were young women. St. Peter had never seen any change in it until after Rosamond announced her engagement to Louie Marsellus. Then, all at once, Kathleen seemed to be done with her sister. Her father believed she couldn't forgive Rosie's forgetting Tom so quickly.

It was dark when the professor got back to the old house and sat down at his writing table. He would have an hour on his notes, he told himself, in spite of families and fortunes. And he had it. But when he looked up from his writing as the Angelus was ringing two faces at once rose in the shadows outside the yellow circle of his lamp: the handsome face of his older daughter, surrounded by violet-dappled fur, with a cruel upper lip and scornful, half-closed eyes, as she had approached her car that afternoon before she saw him; and Kathleen, her square little chin set so fiercely, her white cheeks actually becoming green under her swollen eyes. He couldn't believe it. He rose quickly and went to his one window, opened it wider, and stood looking at the dark clump of pine trees that told where the Physics Building stood. A sharp pain clutched his heart. Was it for this the light in Outland's laboratory used to burn so far into the night!

THE following week St. Peter went to Chicago to give his lectures. He had engaged rooms for himself and Lillian at a quiet hotel near the university. The Marselluses went down by the same train, and they all alighted at the station together, in a raging snowstorm. The St. Peters were to have tea with Louie at the Blackstone before going to their own quarters.

Tea was served in Louie's suite on the Lake front, with a fine view of the falling snow from the windows. The professor was in a genial mood; he was glad to be in a big city again, in a luxurious hotel, and especially pleased to be able to sit in comfort and watch the storm over the water.

"How snug you are here, Louie! This is really very nice," he said, turning back from the window when Rosamond called him.

Louie came and put both hands on St. Peter's shoulders, exclaiming delightedly, "And do you like these rooms, sir? Well, I'm glad, for they're yours! Rosie and I are farther down the corridor. Not a word! It's all arranged. You are our guests for this engagement. We won't have our great scholar staying off in some grimy place on the South Side. We want him where we can keep an eye on him."

Louie was so warm with his plan that the professor could only express satisfaction. "And our luggage?"

"It's on the way. I canceled your reservations and did everything in order. Now have your tea, but not too much. You dine early; you have an engagement for to-night. You and Dearest are going to the opera—oh, not with us! We have other fish to fry. You are going off alone."

"Oh, very well, Louie! And what are they giving to-night?"

"'Mignon.' It will remind you of your student days in Paris."

"It will. I always had *abonnement* at the Opéra Comique, and 'Mignon' came round frequently. It's one of my favorites."

"I thought so!" Louie kissed both the ladies, to express his satisfaction. The professor had forgotten his scruples about accepting lavish hospitalities. He was really very glad to have windows on the Lake and not to have to go away to another hotel. After the Marselluses went to their own apartment, he remarked to his wife, while he unpacked his bag, that it was much more convenient to be on the same floor with Louie and Rosamond. "Much better than cabbing across Chicago to meet them all the time—don't you think so?"

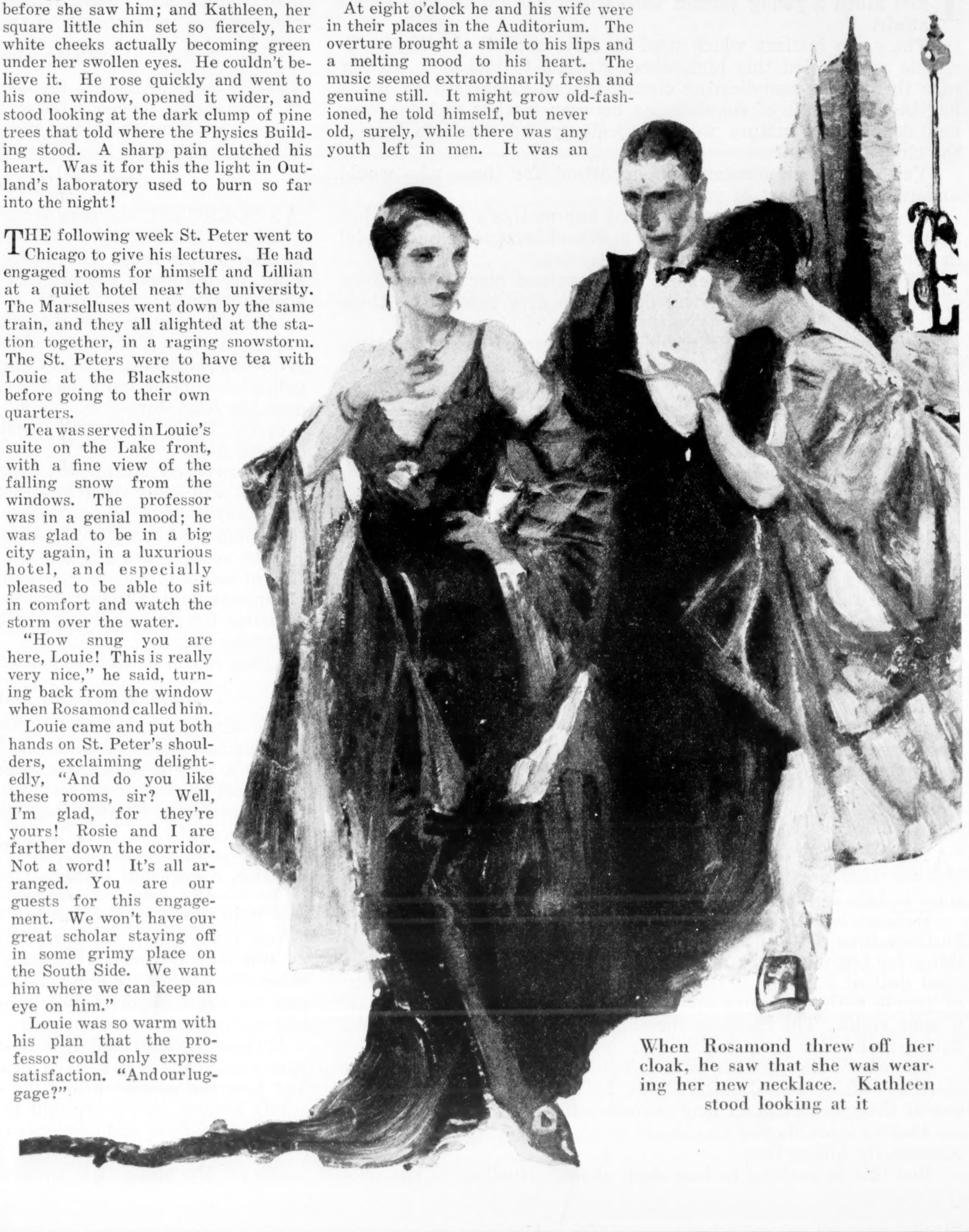
At eight o'clock he and his wife were in their places in the Auditorium. The overture brought a smile to his lips and a melting mood to his heart. The music seemed extraordinarily fresh and genuine still. It might grow old-fashioned, he told himself, but never old, surely, while there was any youth left in men. It was an expression of youth, that, and no more; with the sweetness and foolishness, the lingering accent, the heavy stresses—the delicacy too—belonging to that time. After the entrance of the hero, Lillian leaned toward him and whispered, "Am I overcredulous? He looks to me exactly like the pictures of Goethe in his youth."

"So he does to me. He is certainly as tall as Goethe. I didn't know tenors were ever so tall. The Mignon seems young too."

She was slender, at any rate, and very fragile beside the courtly Wilhelm. When she began her immortal song one felt that she was right for the part, the pure lyric soprano that suits it best, and in her voice there was something fresh and delicate, like deep-wood flowers. "*Connais-tu le pays?*"—it stirred one like the odors of early spring; it recalled the time of sweet, impersonal emotions.

When the curtain fell on the first act, St. Peter turned to his wife. "A fine cast, don't you think? And the harps are very good. Except for the woodwinds I should say it was as good as any performance

(*Continued on page 26*)



When Rosamond threw off her cloak, he saw that she was wearing her new necklace. Kathleen stood looking at it

Collier's
PUBLISHED AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO
P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2
THOMAS H. BECK, *President* GEORGE J. KENNEDY, *Vice President* WILLIAM P. LARKIN, *Vice President*
ALBERT E. WINGER, *Treasurer* ADDINGTON N. OLDING, *Secretary*
JUNE 20, 1925
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

YOUTH AS THE CENSOR

IN a village near Chicago recently a sixteen-year-old high-school girl killed a young woman with whom her father had a love affair.

The same instinct which used to drive men to dueling or to simple murder led this high-school student to violence. In her case there were complicating circumstances. Her father's affair had been the topic of conversation between mother and daughter and doubtless a mature woman's jealousy did much to inspire the child's crime.

Yet another circumstance is important for those who would understand the heart of youth.

The young girl who finally killed her mother's rival for her father's affections had been twitted at school because of the scandal in her family. She brooded on this disgrace.

Those accustomed to deplore the imagined moral breakdown of the younger generation will do well to give thought to these facts.

Here we have a case, a morbidly exaggerated case, it is true, of the younger generation killing in order to preserve the morals of the elder. The schoolgirl committed murder in order to protect her home against her father's philandering.

The truth is that in every age children are what their generation makes them. The human race learns chiefly by imitation. When fathers and mothers patronize bootleggers, sons and daughters see little evil in the pocket flasks.

But children also seriously believe the precepts given them. Young people, despite the "wild oats" period, take the Ten Commandments at their full value. It is commonly after we have reached "years of discretion" that we feel free to make personal exceptions to the general rules of conduct.

Sixteen is more likely to conform than is twenty-six, and the "dangerous age" is to be found in the forties.

Youth is conservative. Youth observes and listens and, despite the tumult of its new strength, it is inclined to believe what the old folks say. Wouldn't it be just as well to give a little more thought to the behavior of the elder generation? If our example were better, our words might be more convincing. For too often is it true that what we are speaks so loudly that our neighbors cannot hear what we say.

What's Your Hurry?

"AMERICAN hustle," remarked a distinguished British visitor the other day, after spending three whole weeks in this country, "is largely pose. They just pretend to be hustling."

Well, perhaps. This is being written in a city which does more business than any other in the world, and where it is a common thing for business men to take two or three hours for lunch. A good deal of building is done here, and there are always plenty of people with leisure to stand on the sidewalk and see that it is done right. The facilities for rapid transit are unequaled, but during rush hours it is often quicker to walk.

In some of the younger cities, and out on the public highways, there is considerable dashing about, but if you can keep up with one of the speed maniacs long enough you will as like as not find out that he is on his way to a dance or a poker game or some other occasion for killing time.

But this is nothing to lose sleep about. Hustling is not necessarily the only way, or even the best way, of getting things done. In thirty years, according to Mr. Julius Barnes, the annual output of steel for each steel worker rose from 267 tons to 709 tons; in twenty years the production of gasoline rose from 7,000 to 23,000 gallons per worker per year; in ten years the men who make automobiles trebled their individual output; in twenty years the number of farmers grew only 4 per cent, but the output of wheat increased 58 per cent and of other farm products from 35 to 68 per cent.

Things like this are not done by hurrying, but by thinking. When steam engines were new boys were hired to open and shut the valves which let the steam into the cylinders. One young good-for-nothing tied a string to the moving machinery, so that the valve would open and close automatically. Then he went fishing or something.

But his idea has saved the labor of hundreds of thousands of men and boys. Ideas were then, and are now, worth more than sweat. A nation which thinks will make progress. A nation which merely runs around at top speed may end by doing little but get out of breath.

If you plan your time carefully you won't have to get out of breath. The most successful business men, scientists and farmers take time to do their work thoughtfully and carefully. They also take time to play. Some important notions have been hatched on golf courses, on the banks of trout streams, and even on mountain tops.

While Bryan Argues

DOWN in Louisiana it has just come to light that five deacons in a church flogged a fellow member for allowing his daughter to wear knickers and ride a bicycle.

Most everything these days seems to be modern except people!

The Collapse of the Klan

AS FORECAST, the fiery cross is glimmering. Over large tracts of this Nordic land sheets and pillow cases are being returned to their proper uses. Like other militant movements, the Ku Klux Klan, having spent the original $10 fees of its initiates, has now spent its fervor.

Reliable reports are that only eight of the twenty-six Klan papers that stemmed from Atlanta still survive. At least four rival organizations are grabbing off the Knights. Democratic politicians, noting sadly the loss of senatorships because of squabbles over the Klan, love it no more. The real crisis was the decree of turncoat Texas that masks would no longer be worn by the well-dressed man.

In northerly states, and in remote districts of the South, the faithful still cluck the passwords and make mild antics. Just the other day Berlin, Mass., had a Klan meeting featured by stone throwing, whether at or by the Klan doesn't matter.

For some years yet there will be those who can't resist the lure of secret affiliation and mumbo-jumbo, and there will still be organizers willing to take 'em in at $10 per hooded head. But the Invisible Empire, lately so highly visible, is declining toward the vanishing point.

Then it will be time to start the next hullabaloo.

Just Where is Woman's Place Now?

THE other day when time came for calling to order a prominent organization of women it was found that the president was serving on a jury and the vice president was at home caring for a month-old baby.

Woman's place to-day, as it always has been, seems to be where she is needed!

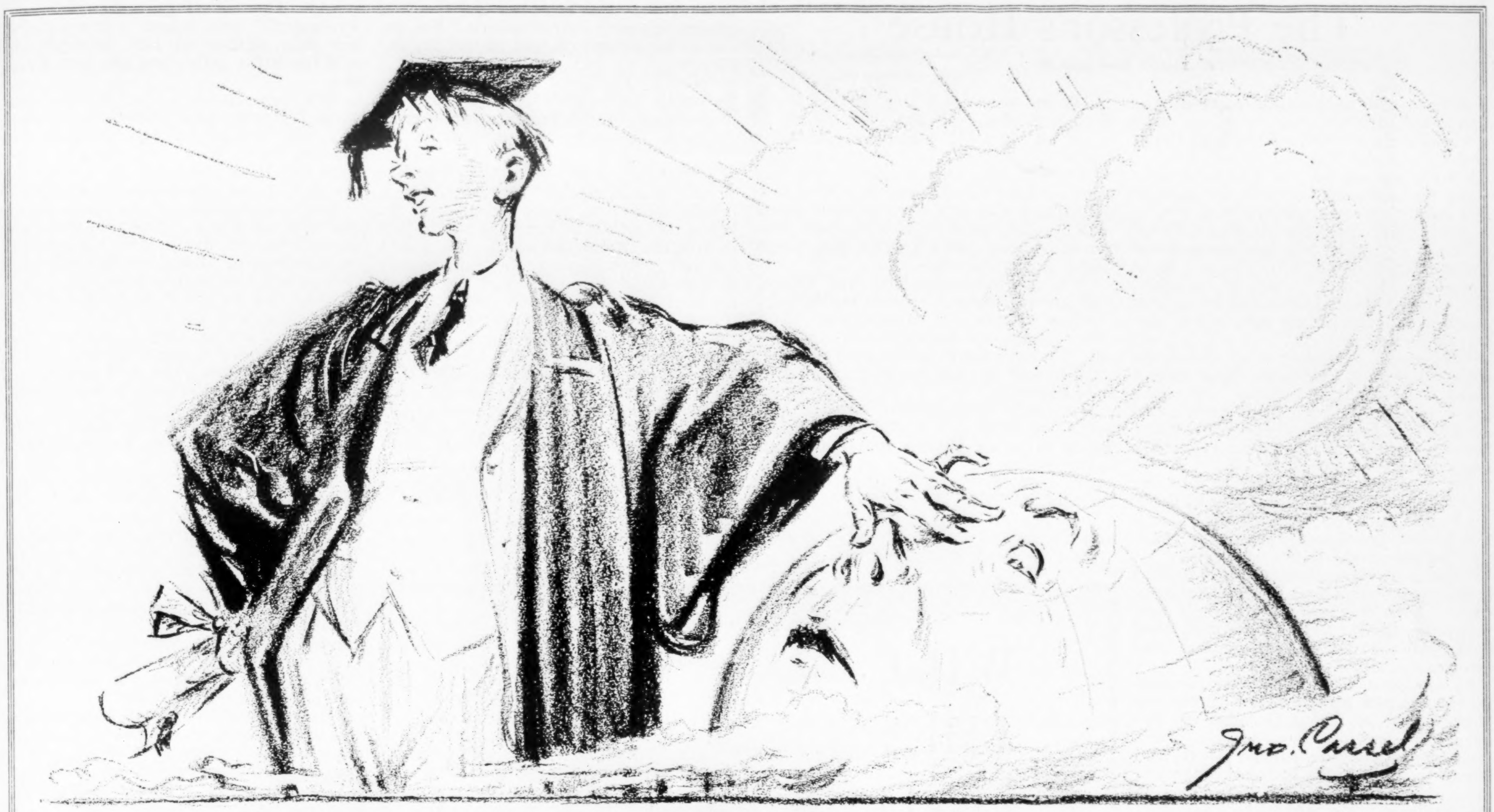
A Tip to Mayors

WHEN a governor or mayor prepares to take the oath of office he usually gets a ponderous public document like "Messages and Papers of the Presidents," turns to Washington's admirable "First Inaugural," and begins to expand and improve.

But Mayor Horgan, of Butte, Mont., who was recently inaugurated, did neither the one nor the other. He broke the record. He said he would be brief and he was brief. Here is his inaugural address in full:

"Those policies and efforts of the administration during the past two years which have proved beneficial will be continued. The board of aldermen and the citizens of this municipality may surely assume that there will be earnest and persistent endeavor to remedy defects and eliminate mistakes."

This is an ample and forthright promise to keep the good and strive for the best. It is enough.



Commencement

SHALL WE BECOME A NATION OF JELLYFISH?

By George F. Johnson

President, The Endicott-Johnson Shoe Company

IT IS my conviction that we are breeding a spirit of intolerance which in the end is going to have serious consequences. Almost every mail brings a prospectus of some kind of society organized to supervise something. It is the petty supervision that seems to matter to a lot of people. They want more supervision in the shop, in the home—everywhere.

Keystone

I do not know where it is going to end, but I do know that if the right of self-determination is taken away from the individual—and that is just what is happening—we are likely to have a nation of jellyfish.

It would be different if we were under the control of strong leaders trying to weld the people into a nation, but there is no leadership in all this. Leadership, as I understand it, has to do with expression and development—with "Thou shalt." To-day we have only "Thou shalt not."

Take the little town of Endicott in which I live. It is a beautiful little town; we laid it out ourselves, and most of the people in it own their own homes and work in our factories. There is very little crime in the town; the citizens are honest working people, and if I were running the place I doubt if I should have more than one policeman and I should only have him so we could say we had a police force. I should put it up to the people to keep the peace, and they would keep the peace, just as they keep it now in every essential particular. We used to get along very well with a couple of policemen and they had practically nothing to do; but now, because of the great number of petty laws and regulations, we have ten policemen and there is a demand for more. These able-bodied men have been taken out of production to "protect the community." The police keep busy with the endless automobile regulations, with arresting men dazed by the stuff sold since the Volstead Act, and with a thousand little regulations which are on the books and are supposed to require enforcement.

The Volstead Act has become an instrument of injustice and oppression. It was intended to empty the jails and the almshouses; instead of that, we find that we have to enlarge our jails and almshouses. Formerly we never had much trouble with drunkenness; now the stuff that people drink makes them crazy.

I find dissension everywhere. Nobody seems willing to have anyone else lead his own life.

In our shops I find we have been multiplying supervision and taking away responsibility from the individual worker. This is wrong; and I am working now in exactly the opposite direction. I want to see less supervision and more individual responsibility. We cannot have real manhood otherwise.

In all departments of life we are overorganized—organizing away from brains and initiative and the natural right of man to suffer the consequences of his own mistakes.

It all sums up—too much government for the good of the people. Some wiser statesman, in the days of old (much wiser than those of to-day), said: "That government is best which governs least." To-day our wise (?) statesmen are reversing that, and telling us: "That government is best which governs most." We might add, to make this statement consistent with present-day conditions: "That government is worst that tries to govern most and is making a wretched failure of it." No people can be successfully governed against their will, against their own natural desires for a reasonable amount of personal freedom, which they have been taught was the Spirit of America.

The Professor's House

Continued from page 23

I ever heard in the old days at the Comique."

"How it does make one think of Paris, and of so many half-forgotten things," his wife murmured. It had been long since he had seen her face so relaxed and reflective and undetermined.

Through the next act he often glanced at her. Curious, how a young mood could return and soften a face. More than once he saw a starry moisture shine in her eyes. If she only knew how much more lovely she was when she wasn't doing her duty!

"My dear," he sighed when the lights were turned on and they both looked older, "it's been a mistake, our having a family and writing histories and getting middle-aged. We should have been picturesquely shipwrecked together when we were young."

"How often I've thought that!" she replied with a faint, melancholy smile.

"You? But you're so occupied with the future, you adapt yourself so readily," he murmured in astonishment.

"One must go on living, Godfrey. But it wasn't the children who came between us." There was something lonely and forgiving in her voice, something that spoke of an old wound, healed and hardened and hopeless.

"You, you too?" he breathed in amazement. He took up one of her gloves and began drawing it out through his fingers. She said nothing, but he saw her lip quiver, and she turned away and began looking at the house through the glasses. He likewise began to examine the audience. He wished he knew just how it seemed to her. He had been mistaken, he felt. The heart of another is a dark forest always, no matter how close it has been to one's own. Presently the melting music of the tenor's last aria brought their eyes together in a smile not altogether sad.

THAT night, after he was in bed, among unaccustomed surroundings and a little wakeful, St. Peter still played with his idea of a picturesque shipwreck, and he cast about for the particular occasion he would have chosen for such a finale. Before he went to sleep he found the very day, but his wife was not in it. Indeed, nobody was in it but himself and a weather-dried little sea captain from the Hautes-Pyrénées, half a dozen spry seamen, and a line of gleaming snow peaks, agonizingly high and sharp, along the southern coast of Spain.

Louie arranged the birthday dinner in the public dining-room of the hotel, and three of the professor's colleagues dined with them on that occasion. Louie had gone out to the university to hear St. Peter lecture, had met some of the faculty and immediately invited them to dinner. They accepted—when was a professor known to refuse a good dinner? Rosamond was presented with her emeralds, and, as St. Peter afterward observed to his wife, practically all the guests in the dining-room were participants in the happy event. Lillian was doubtless right when she told him that, all the same, his fellow professors went away from the Blackstone that night respecting Godfrey St. Peter more than they had ever done before, and if they had marriageable daughters, they were certainly envying him his luck.

"That," her husband replied, "is my chief objection to public magnificence; it seems to show up everybody in the worst possible light. I'm not finding fault with anyone but myself, understand. When I consented to occupy an apartment I couldn't afford, I let myself in for whatever might follow."

They got back to Hamilton in bitter weather. The lake winds were scourging the town, and Scott had laryngitis and was writing prose poems about the pleasures of tending your own furnace when the thermometer is twenty below.

"Godfrey," said Mrs. St. Peter when he set off for his classroom on the morning after their return, "surely you're not going to the old house this afternoon. It will be like a refrigerating plant. There's no way of heating your study except by that miserable little stove."

"There never was, my dear. I got along a good many years."

"It was very different when the house below was heated. That stove isn't safe when you keep the window open. A gust of wind might blow it out at any moment, and if you were at work you'd never notice until you were half poisoned by gas. You'll get a fine headache one of these days."

"I've got headaches that way before, and survived them," he said stubbornly.

"How can you be so perverse? You know things are different now, and you ought to take more care of your health."

"Why so? It's not worth half so much as it was then."

His wife disregarded this. "And don't you think it's a foolish extravagance to go on paying the rent of an entire house, in order to spend a few hours a day in one very uncomfortable room of it?"

The professor's dark skin reddened, and the ends of his formidable eyebrows ascended toward his black hair. "It's almost my only extravagance. I'm going to have some of that money for my own self," he declared fiercely.

"How irritable and unreasonable he is becoming," his wife reflected as she heard him putting on his overshoes in the hall.

FOR Christmas Day the weather turned mild again. There would be a family dinner in the evening, but St. Peter was going to have the whole day to himself, in the old house. He asked his wife to put him up some sandwiches, so that he needn't come back for lunch. He kept a few bottles of sherry in his study, in the old chest under the forms. Fortunately he had brought back a great deal of it from his last trip to Spain. It wasn't foresight—prohibition was then unthinkable—but a lucky accident. He had gone with his innkeeper to an auction, and bought in a dozen dozens of a sherry that went very cheap. He came home by the City of Mexico and got the wine in without duty.

As he was crossing the park with his sandwiches he met Augusta coming back from Mass.

"Are you still going to the old house, Professor?" she asked reproachfully, her face smiling at him between her stiff black fur collar and her stiff black hat.

"Oh, yes, Augusta, but it's not the same. I miss you. There are never any new dresses on my ladies in the evening now. Won't you come in some time and deck them out as a surprise for me? I like to see them look smart."

Augusta laughed. "You are a funny man, Dr. St. Peter. If anyone else said the things you do to your classes, I'd be scandalized. But I always tell people you don't mean half you say."

"And how do you know what I say to my classes, may I ask?"

"Why, of course, they go out and talk about it when you say slighting things about the church," she said gravely.

"But, really, Augusta, I don't think I ever do."

"Well, they take it that way. They are not as smart as you, and you ought to be careful."

"It doesn't matter. What they think to-day they'll forget to-morrow." He was walking beside Augusta, with a slack, indifferent stride, very different from the step he had when he was full of something. "That reminds me, I've been wanting to ask you a question. That passage in the service about the Rose of Roses, Lily of Zion, Tower of David—is that the Magnificat?"

Augusta stopped and looked at him. "Why, Professor! Did you receive *no* religious instruction at all?"

"How could I, Augusta? My mother was a Methodist, there was no Catholic church in our town in Kansas, and I guess my father forgot his religion."

"That happens in mixed marriages." Augusta spoke meaningly.

"Ah, yes, I suppose so. But tell me, what is the Magnificat, then?"

"It begins, *My soul doth magnify the Lord;* you must know that."

"But I thought the Magnificat was about the Virgin?"

"Oh, no, Professor! The Blessed Virgin composed the Magnificat."

St. Peter became intensely interested. "Oh, she did?"

Augusta spoke gently, as if she were prompting him and did not wish to rebuke his ignorance too sharply. "Why, yes; just as soon as the angel had announced to her that she would be the mother of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin composed the Magnificat. I always think of you as knowing everything, Dr. St. Peter!"

"And you're always finding out how little I know. Well, you don't give me away. You are very discreet."

THEIR ways parted, and both went on more cheerful than when they met. The professor went up to his study feeling quite as though Augusta had been there and brightened it up for him. (Surely she had said that the Blessed Virgin sat down and composed the Magnificat!) Augusta had been with them so often in the holiday season, back in the years when holidays were holidays indeed. He had grown to like the reminders of herself that she left in his workroom—especially the toilettes upon the figures. Sometimes she made those terrible women entirely plausible!

In the early years, no matter how hard he was working, he had always felt the sense of holiday, of a special warmth and fragrance in the air, steal up to his study from the house below. When he was writing his best he was conscious of pretty little girls in fresh dresses; of flowers and greens in the comfortable, shabby sitting-room; of his wife's good looks and good taste; even of a better dinner than usual being under preparation downstairs. All the while he had been working so fiercely at his eight big volumes he was not insensible to the domestic drama that went on beneath him. His mind had played delightedly with all those incidents. Just as, when Queen Mathilde was doing the long tapestry now shown at Bayeux, working her chronicle of the deeds of knights and heroes, alongside the big pattern of birds and beasts that are a story in themselves, so, to him, the most important chapters of his history were interwoven with personal memories. (*Continued on page 28*)

WILL THEY FIND "*Atlantis*" ?

By ROWLAND THOMAS

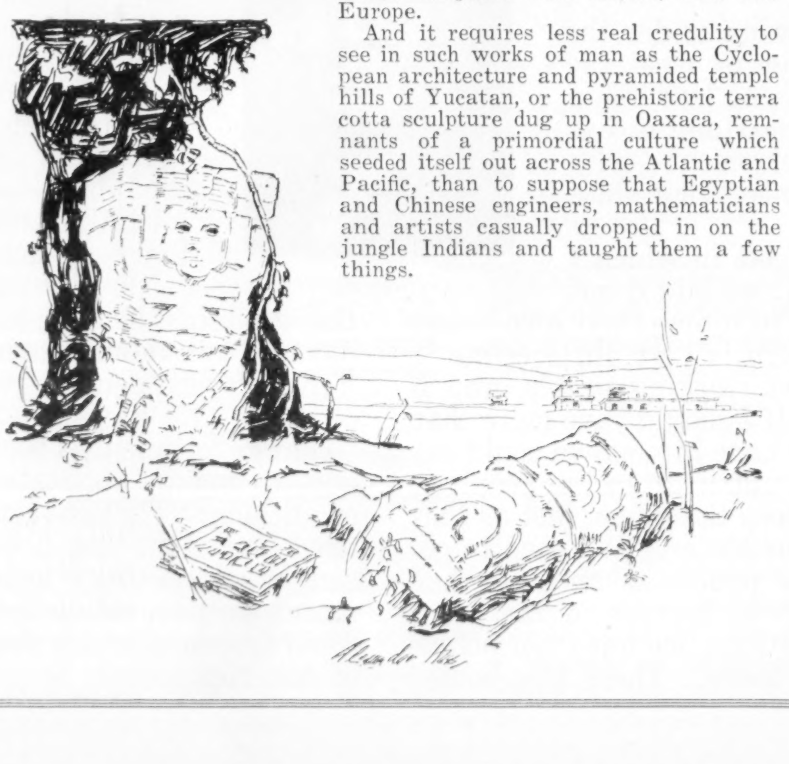
IS AMERICA the youthful heiress of the ages or the great-grandmother —the authentic "cradle of civilization?"

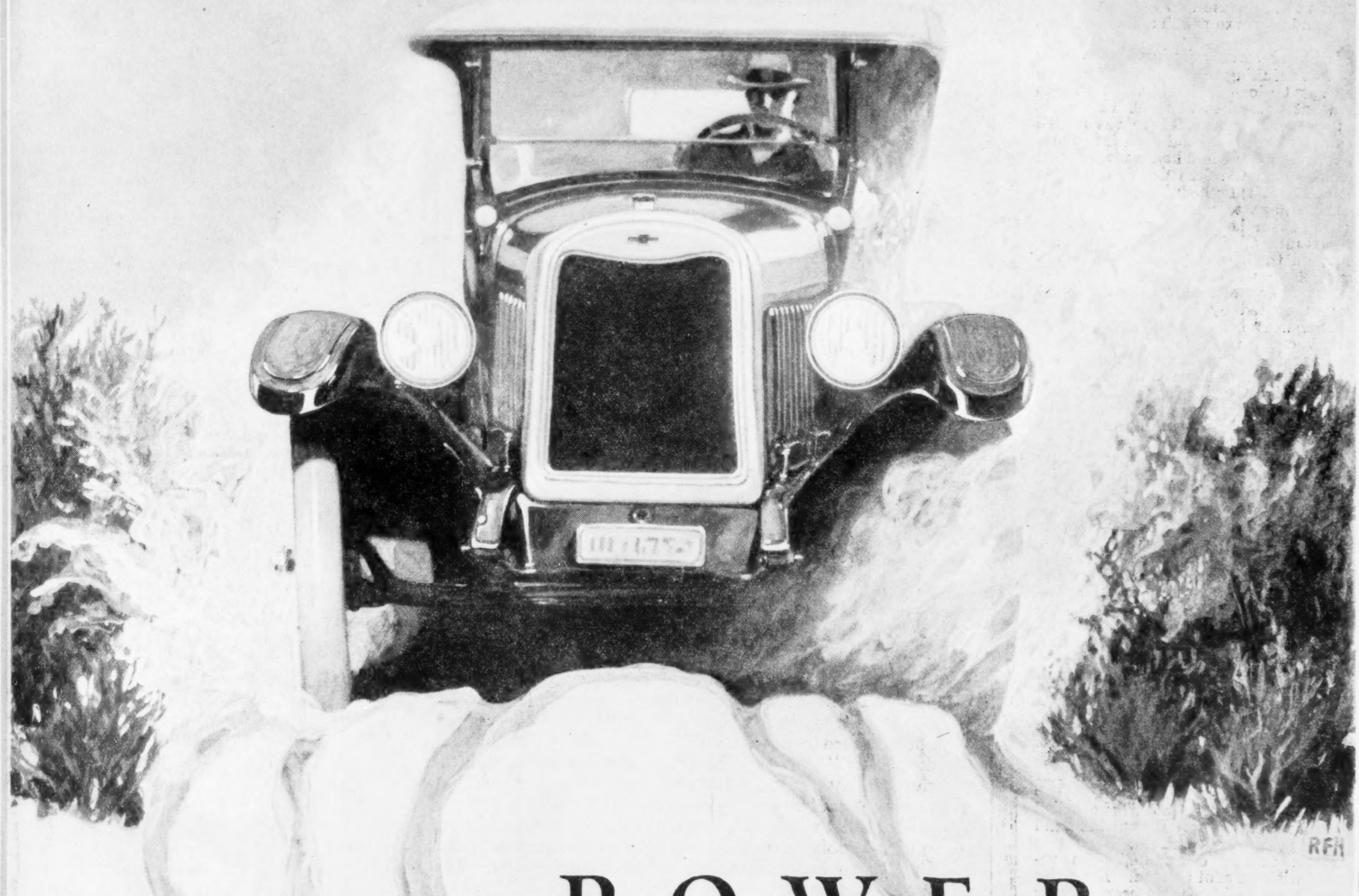
Recently Colonel P. H. Fawcett, a distinguished British explorer and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, sailed from New York for a dot on the southern watershed of the Amazon River, 1,500 miles from anywhere, in the midst of swamp and jungle. He expects to find there an ancient nameless city, antedating any city in Egypt, perhaps 10,000 years old. There, he believes, not in the valley of the Euphrates or on the plateau of Pamir, men first developed the arts and sciences. There was the germinal spot of all the culture which is our inheritance.

Thus is revived in somewhat altered form one of the oldest and most persistent of all traditions—the so-called "myth" of Atlantis, the continent that vanished. Plato first set it down in writing, but it was much older than Plato. Priests had repeated the story to disciples when the temples at Memphis were popular universities. And it survived well into modern times in the European folk tales of a fabulous land off toward the setting sun. They gave it various names—the Isles of the Blest, Avalon, the Isle of Seven Cities, St. Brendan's Isle, Hy Brasil, Lyonnesse, the City of Is.

Conservative archæologists have set the fashion of smiling off all these stories. But they are not necessarily old wives' tales. On the contrary, they fall more easily into accord with such observed facts as the immense antiquity of the rock structure of the American continent compared with Africa, Asia and Europe.

And it requires less real credulity to see in such works of man as the Cyclopean architecture and pyramided temple hills of Yucatan, or the prehistoric terra cotta sculpture dug up in Oaxaca, remnants of a primordial culture which seeded itself out across the Atlantic and Pacific, than to suppose that Egyptian and Chinese engineers, mathematicians and artists casually dropped in on the jungle Indians and taught them a few things.





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The Professor's House

Continued from page 26

On this Christmas morning, with that sense of the past in his mind, the professor went mechanically to work, and the morning disappeared. Before he knew it was passing, the bells from Augusta's church across the park rang out and told him it was gone. He pushed back his papers and arranged his writing table for lunch.

He had been working hard, he judged, because he was so hungry. He peered with interest into the basket his wife had given him. Chicken sandwiches with lettuce leaves, red California grapes, and two shapely, long-necked russet pears. That would do very well, and Lillian had thoughtfully put in one of her best dinner napkins, knowing he hated ugly linen. From the chest he took out a round cheese and a bottle of his wine and began to polish a sherry glass.

WHILE he was enjoying his lunch he was thinking of certain holidays he had spent alone in Paris when he was living at Versailles with the Thieraults as tutor to their boys. There was one All Souls' Day when he had gone into Paris by an early train and had a magnificent breakfast on the Rue de Vaugirard—not at Foyet's; he hadn't money enough in those days to put his nose into the place. Then he went out to walk in the soft rainfall. The shop windows were shut; on the bleak ascent to the Pantheon there was not a spot of color—nothing but wet, shiny, quicksilvery gray, accented by black crevices, and weather-worn bosses white as wood ash. All at once, from somewhere behind the Pantheon, a man and woman, pushing a hand cart, came into the empty street. The cart was full of pink dahlias, all exactly the same color. The young man was fair and slight, with a pale face; the woman carried a baby. Both they and the wheels of their barrow were splashed with mud. They must have come from a good way in the country and were a weary, anxious-looking pair. They stopped at a corner before the Pantheon and fearfully scanned the bleak, silvery, deserted streets. The man went into a bakery, and his wife began to arrange the flowers, which were done up in large bouquets with fresh green chestnut leaves. Young St. Peter approached and asked the price of the flowers.

"Deux francs cinquante, monsieur," she said with a kind of desperate courage.

He took a bunch and handed her a five-franc note. She had no change. Her husband, watching from the bakery, came running across with a loaf of bread under his arm.

"Deux francs cinquante," she called to him as he came up. He put his hand into his pocket and fumbled.

"Deux francs cinquante," she repeated with painful tension. The price agreed upon had probably been a franc or a franc-fifty. The man counted out the change to the student and looked at his wife with admiration. St. Peter was so pleased with his flowers that it hadn't occurred to him to get more, but all his life he had regretted that he didn't buy two bunches and push their fortunes a little further. He had never again found dahlias of such beautiful color, or so charmingly arranged with bright chestnut leaves. A moment later he was strolling down the hill, wondering to whom he could give his bouquet, when a pathetic procession filed past him through the rain. The girls of a charity school came walking two and two, in hideous dark uniforms and round felt hats without ribbon or bow, marshaled by four black-bonneted nuns. They were all looking down, all but one—the pretty one, naturally—and she was looking sidewise, directly at the student and his flowers. Their eyes met, she smiled, and just as he put out his hand with the bouquet one of the sisters flapped up like a black crow and shut that eager, pretty face from him. She would have to pay for that smile, he was afraid.

Godfrey spent his day in the Luxembourg Gardens and walked back to the Gare Saint-Lazare at evening with nothing but his return ticket in his pocket, very glad to get home to Versailles in time for the family dinner. When he first went to live with the Thieraults he had found Madame Thierault severe and exacting, stingy about his laundry, and grudging about the cheese and fruit he ate for dinner. But in the end she was very kind to him; never fond, but kind and loyal—he could depend upon her. Her three sons had always been his dearest friends. Gaston, the one he loved best, was dead—killed in the Boxer uprising in China. But Pierre still lived at Versailles, and Charles had a business in Marseilles, and when he was in France their homes were his. They were much closer to him than his own brothers.

It was one summer when he was in France, with Lillian and the two little girls, that the idea of writing a work upon the early Spanish explorers first occurred to him. He turned at once to the Thieraults. After giving his wife enough money to finish the summer and get home, he took the little that was left and went down to Marseilles to talk over his project with Charles Thierault *fils*, whose mercantile house did a business with Spain in cork. Clearly St. Peter would have to be in Spain as much as possible for the next few years, and he would have to live there very cheaply. The Thieraults were always glad of a chance to help him. Not with money; they were too French and too logical for that. But they would go to any amount of trouble and no inconsiderable expense to save him a few thousand francs.

That summer Charles kept him for three weeks in his oleander-buried house in the Prado, until his little brig, L'Espoir, sailed out of the new port with a cargo for Algeciras. The captain was from the Hautes-Pyrénées, and his sparse crew were all Provençals, seamen trained in that hard school of the Gulf of Lyons. On that strange voyage everything seemed to feed the plan of the work that was forming in his mind; the skipper, the old Catalan second mate, the sea itself. One day stood out above the others. All day long they were skirting the south coast of Spain; from the rose of dawn to the gold of sunset the ranges of the Sierra Nevada towered on their right, snow peak after snow peak, high beyond the flight of fancy, gleaming like crystal and topaz. St. Peter lay looking up at them from a little boat riding low in the purple water, and the design of his book unfolded in the air above him, just as the mountain ranges did. And the design was sound. He had accepted it as inevitable, had never meddled with it, and it had seen him through.

IT WAS late on Christmas afternoon when the professor got back to the new house, but he was in such a happy frame of mind that he feared nothing, not even a family dinner. He quite looked forward to it, on the contrary. His wife heard him humming his favorite air from "Matrimonio Segreto" while he was dressing.

That evening the two daughters of the house arrived almost at the same moment. When Rosamond threw off her cloak in the hall, he saw that she was wearing her new necklace. Kathleen stood looking at it, and was evidently trying to find courage to say something about it, when Louie helped her by breaking in.

"And, Kitty, you haven't seen our new necklace! What do you think? Just look at it."

"I was looking. It's too lovely."

"It's very old, you see, the gold. What a work I had finding it! She doesn't like anything showy, you know, and she doesn't care about intrinsic values. It must be beautiful, first of all."

"Well, it is that, surely."

Louie walked up and down, admiring his wife. "She carries off things like that, doesn't she? And yet, you know, I like her in simple things too." He dropped into reflection, just as if he were alone and talking to himself. "I always remember a little bracelet she wore the night I first met her. A turquoise set in silver, wasn't it? Yes, a turquoise set in dull silver. Have you it yet, Rosie?"

"I think so." There was a shade of displeasure in Rosamond's voice, and she turned back into the hall to look for something. "Where are the violets you brought for Mamma?"

Mrs. St. Peter came in, followed by the maid and the cocktails. Scott began the usual prohibition lament.

"Why don't you fellows tell the truth about it in print?" Louie asked him. "It's a case where you journalists could do something."

"And lose my job? Not much! This country's split in two socially, and I don't know if it's ever coming together. It's not so hard on me; I can drink hard liquor. But you and the professor like wine and fancy stuff."

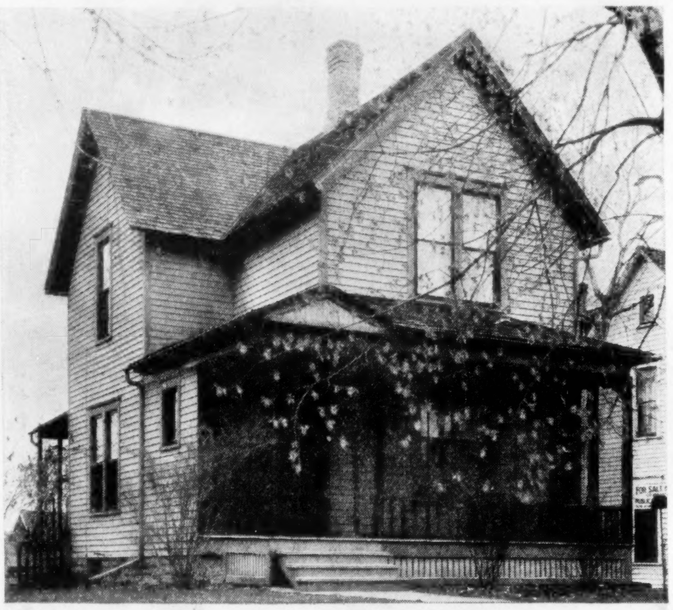
"Oh, it's nothing to us! We're going to France for the summer." Louie put his arm round his wife and rubbed his cheek against hers, saying caressingly, "and drink Burgundy, Burgundy, Burgundy!"

"Please take me with you, Louie," Mrs. St. Peter pleaded, to distract him from his wife. Nothing made the McGregors so uncomfortable and wrathful as the tender moments which sometimes overtook the Marselluses in public.

(*Continued on page 30*)

What She Bought with the Money

Mrs. Hulbert won the first prize in Collier's "How To Be Rich Though Poor" contest. The prize was $200, and already Mrs. Hulbert, still exercising her genius for management, has accomplished with it more than most of us could do with a considerably larger sum. There's no doubt the lady knows how to be rich, and, consequently, she is a long way from being poor.



Dear Collier's:

When your letter came, telling me that my letter in your "How To Be Rich Though Poor" contest had taken first prize, I said to myself over and over: "This lovely thing has not happened to me. In a while I will wake up and find that I dreamed it." But it did happen, and it was just as well that the check itself did not come till some days later, as it gave us all a chance to get back to sane thinking.

My family wanted me to use the money on myself alone.

First I looked at fur coats. Then I considered jet beads. I priced all kinds of kitchen ranges. I dallied over hats, dresses and coats, and, take it all in all, I did have one delightful experience.

Then I told the family that what we would buy with Collier's check would be a home, and we did and we moved in five days ago. We were particularly fortunate in securing a house in a very good neighborhood, and on terms that we can handle without any hardship. Our installment is only five dollars a month more than we paid for rent, and, while the house itself is not the last word in building ideas, it is large, comfortable and homey looking, and as the little song says, "With windows looking east and west, and sunshine on the floor." The lot runs 126 feet to the alley and on one side is an apple tree and a plum tree all in blossom, and as I write this the fragrance from them comes in to me through the kitchen window. I have already started the garden and I am putting in tomatoes, cucumbers, beets and string beans. That is all I will have room for this year, but I selected them because they are such good cellar fillers, and I will have all the flowers I ever wanted.

Directly in front of the kitchen door, which faces the south, is a very old oak tree, and a little further down the yard is a stately elm, and under these the three littlest children will play.

Yours most happily,
Mrs. E. V. Hulbert.

Burroughs

Accuracy

Burroughs machines can be depended upon for the right answer always and everywhere—one reason why the pioneer of 1884 is the leader of today.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
6291 SECOND BOULEVARD
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

ADDING · BOOKKEEPING · CALCULATING AND BILLING MACHINES

The Professor's House

Continued from page 28

"We are going to take you and Papa too. That's our plan. I take him for safety. If I traveled on the Continent alone with two such handsome women, it wouldn't be tolerated. There would be a trumped-up quarrel, and a stiletto, and then somebody would be a widow"—turning again to his wife.

"Come here, Louie," Mrs. St. Peter beckoned him. "I have a confession to make. I'm afraid there's no dinner for you to-night."

"No dinner for me?"

"No. There's nothing either you or Godfrey will like. It's Scott's dinner to-night. Your tastes are so different, I can't compromise. And this is his, from the cream soup to the frozen pudding."

"But who said I didn't like cream soup and frozen pudding?" Louie held out both hands to show their guiltlessness. "And are there *haricots verts* in cream sauce? I thought so! And I like those too. The truth is, Dearest"—he tapped her chin with his finger—"the truth is that I like all Scott's dinners; it's he who doesn't like mine! He's the intolerant one."

"True for you, Louie," laughed the professor.

"And it's that way about lots of things," said Louie a little plaintively.

"KITTY," said Scott as they were driving home that night, Kathleen in the driver's seat beside him, "that bracelet Louie spoke of was one of Tom's trinkets, wasn't it? Do you suppose she has some feeling for him still, under all this pomposity?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. But, oh, Scott, I do love you very much!" she cried vehemently.

He pinched off his driving glove between his knees and snuggled his hand over hers, inside her muff. "Sure?" he muttered.

"Yes I *do!*" she said fiercely, squeezing his knuckles together with all her might.

"Awful nice of you to have told me all about Tom at the start, Kitty. Most girls wouldn't have thought it necessary. I'm the only person who knows, ain't I?"

"You are the only one who ever has known."

"And I'm just the one another girl wouldn't have told. Why did you, Kit?"

"I don't know. I suppose even then I must have had a feeling that you were the real one." Her head dropped on his shoulder. "You know you *are* the real one, don't you?"

"I guess!"

(*To be continued next week*)

Monte Carlo Pays a Gas Bill

Continued from page 12

Louchette declared. "He shall be made to pay damages. He shall be imprisoned. Such an outrage has never before been known!"

"I don't know how the law goes on this side," Mr. Billingham remarked, "but in my country I'm not sure as it's a criminal offense to make a smell—even if it could be proved that he did it."

THERE was a modest knock at the door and Dr. Stranz was announced.

"I do not intrude, I trust," he said. "I wished for a word with my friend Mr. Billingham. Ah, it is Monsieur Louchette, the manager of the Sporting Club. Good morning, Monsieur Louchette. Are your rooms aired this morning, and what about my money?"

Monsieur Louchette sprang forward, but Mr. Billingham's firm arm restrained him. Nothing, however, could check the torrent of speech which proclaimed his opinion of the newcomer, his intentions with regard to him, and his certain future. Dr. Stranz listened with amusement.

"Apart from everything else," Monsieur Louchette shouted wildly, "there was money missing last night from the croupier's box near where you were seated."

Dr. Stranz drew himself up.

"I am a man of great honor," he declared. "I have never stolen from anybody. All that I took with me from the club last night I won. Why do you not give me back my one hundred and forty thousand francs? Then I think there will be no more smells."

"You rascal!" Monsieur Louchette gasped. "You will never cross the portals of the club again. Your name has a black mark against it forever. Before the day is out you will be in prison."

"I think not," was the mild reply. "I think no man can go to prison in Monaco for making a smell—if I did. So you keep me out of the Sporting Club, eh? Listen, you give me my one hundred and forty thousand francs and I will leave to-night."

Monsieur Louchette broke partly away from Mr. Billingham, and Dr. Stranz made for the door. On the threshold he looked back.

"You make a mistake—a great mistake!" he called out, departing and slamming the door behind him.

MR. BILLINGHAM and Madelon dined alone that evening. The latter was a little nervous; Mr. Billingham inclined to be facetious.

"This afternoon," he announced, "I have been to the law library up at Monaco with an interpreter. So far as I can see, the penalties against a maker of smells are purely nominal."

"There are other things," Madelon reminded him. "I hear Monsieur Louchette complains that a great deal of money was taken."

"Dr. Stranz assures me that he did not take anything with him except what he won," Mr. Billingham declared. "I guess he was telling the truth."

"What did Monsieur Louchette say this morning?" Madelon inquired.

Mr. Billingham grinned. "If the doctor had not made a somewhat inopportune arrival in my rooms," he replied, "I'm dead sure that, with careful handling, Louchette would have opened his pockets. As it was, he lost his temper, but if to-night—well, we shall see! I hear there are twenty-four detectives in the club, and if Dr. Stranz tries to put in an appearance there will be trouble. Fortunately he won't."

"I shall be glad," Madelon sighed, "when he is out of existence altogether."

"Don't say that," Mr. Billingham begged. "He has given a little color to a somewhat dull period. Besides which he promises to be an extremely profitable creation."

"Money, always money!" she sighed. "I wonder whether I am getting tired of being an adventuress."

He looked at her a little wistfully. "There is another world," he said quietly—"a world where pleasure is less of a business, perhaps, and happiness—"

"You are going to make me sentimental," she interrupted. "Come, we must have our coffee, and it is time that we went."

"The first table to the left in the 'Kitchen,'" Mr. Billingham reminded her firmly. "I shall meet you in the gardens—the seat I showed you. You have—everything?"

She nodded.

"Do you not see in how careful a fashion I am carrying my bag?" she asked.

A SMALL crowd of detectives awaited developments in the Sporting Club that evening, and a lackey stood by each window. Nothing whatever happened. At half past eleven, however, the events of the night before were repeated with even more terrifying consequences in both the Casino and the Salons Privés. Precautions had been taken here also with regard to the windows, but the spread of the fumes was too rapid and stupefying to allow of more than one or two being opened. The crowds which thronged the two rooms gave even more poignant evidences of terror and panic than the visitors to the Sporting Club on the previous evening. Several croupiers attempted to keep their places, but fell forward in a moment or two overpowered. As a safeguard the various exits to the Salons Privés had all been thrown open, and from here the flight, although precipitate, was conducted with a certain amount of order. The marquis, who had been seated next to a croupier at one of the end tables, seemed to have possessed himself of some of the perquisites of the absent Dr. Stranz. At the first symptoms of alarm he slipped a respirator over his mouth, spectacles over his eyes, and flaps over his ears. He sat there, watching the scene for a few moments with every appearance of interest. The marquis looked at the wheel, which he longed to spin, and the brass box with the mille notes, which he longed to investigate. His whole environment was irresistible. He produced from his pocket a hundred-franc plaque and four louis, and held them poised in his left hand. With his right forefinger he spun the wheel. The ball sped round in jerky fashion and alighted in number twenty-nine. The marquis adjusted his eyeglass, to be quite sure that there was no mistake, and promptly deposited his counters upon the number indicated. With painstaking care he counted out from the croupier's well six thousand three hundred francs, stuffed the amount into his pocket, and rose to his feet, and walked across the room, strewn with evidences of feminine flight, toward the elevator.

WHILE Mr. Billingham still slept upon the following morning, there was a knock at his door and Monsieur Louchette was announced. It was a very chastened Monsieur Louchette. He was accompanied on this occasion by another functionary whom Mr. Billingham recognized as one of the principals of the Casino.

"Say, you're bright and early!" Mr. Billingham complained, sitting up in bed and yawning.

"We apologize," Monsieur Louchette said, "but the circumstances may perhaps excuse us. We have searched the place for this man Dr. Stranz. We cannot find him."

"We seek your aid," the other functionary confided.

Mr. Billingham swung out of bed and wrapped himself in a dressing gown.

"Gentlemen," he explained, "this man is no friend of mine, but he has asked me to respect his confidence as to his

(*Continued on page 32*)

Shall We End the Year JUNE 30th?

Sorrycant
takeitnow
takinginventory!
Galpert

By JAMES H. COLLINS

WHAT is your busiest season? Does it come around Christmas? Most people are busiest then.

And do you stop making or selling goods right in the middle of it, and tackle the no-profit job of sacrificing paying business to the Great God Inventory? Arthur A. Friestedt is a Chicago manufacturer. His business is making player-piano rolls. When he asked a young saleswoman in the player-roll department of a big store how many were carried in stock she said about 4,000.

"How many did you have when you took inventory in January?"

"About one hundred and fifty."

"You must have lost a good many sales by not having what customers asked for."

"I'll tell the world we did!"

Worse than that was the experience of a radio fan who wanted a couple of five-dollar tubes during inventory. The clerk said they were out of stock. The customer pointed to a pair of these identical tubes on the shelf.

"We can't sell those now," said the clerk, "because we're taking inventory—come in next week."

All through December, merchants cut down orders because they want as little merchandise as possible on hand when taking inventory. That backs up on the manufacturer, who cuts down his own purchase of materials and makes as little stuff as possible, to lighten the inventory job. Yet the public is in a spending mood at that season of the year, so that January inventory amounts to refusing money that people want to hand you.

After five years' experience with the fiscal year in his own business, Mr. Friestedt thought he had found something worth sharing with the music industry and the business world generally. So he devoted his advertising space in music-trade journals to advocating the fiscal as against the calendar year, and also began speaking about it at business gatherings.

In most lines of business the July inventory falls in a slack season, and therefore does not interrupt productive business. You can decide whether that is true of your own business.

"But will the government let us change our year?" a good many business men ask. "Wouldn't that violate the income-tax law?"

The answer is that Uncle Sam closes his own year June 30th, and a general adoption of the idea in business would probably lighten his tax peak-load. Anybody who wants to switch can fill out Internal Revenue Form 1128, "Application for Change in Accounting Period," obtainable from the local collectors, and the thing's done. If your slack period falls at some other season, you can switch to that.

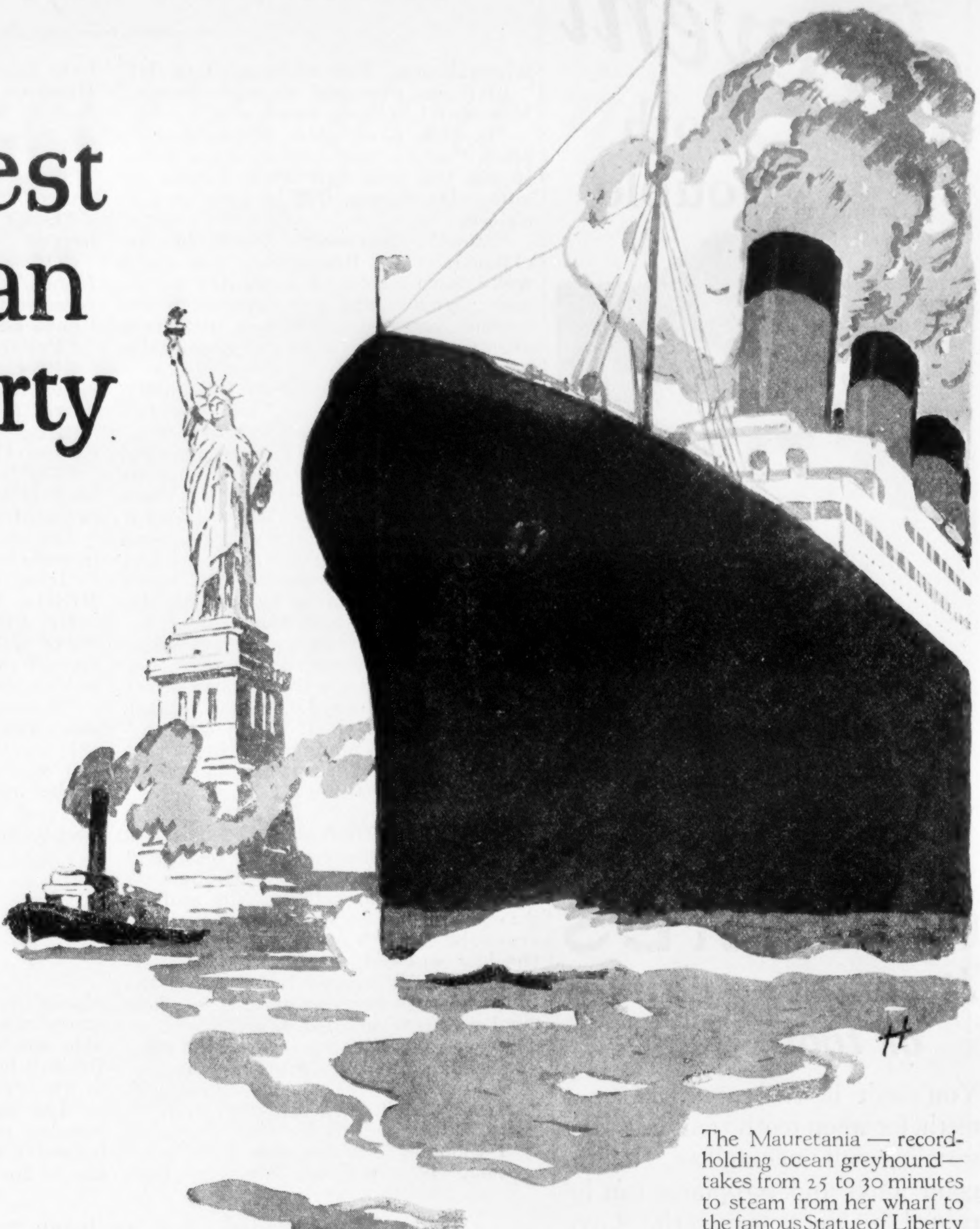
The business New Year in July! It strikes me as a mighty sensible idea. Friestedt says it's a line making the shortest distance between two points.

Before the fastest out-bound ocean liner passes Liberty

the world buys 600 *more* DUNLOPS

DUNLOP supremacy — never more impressively shown than in the creation of Dunlop Balloon Tires.

Like all Dunlop Tires built in the last thirty-seven years, Dunlop Balloon Tires are worthy of the name of the "Founders of the Pneumatic Tire Industry." Miles of *extra* comfort have won for Dunlop Balloon Tires this distinction—*Dunlop has never done better.*



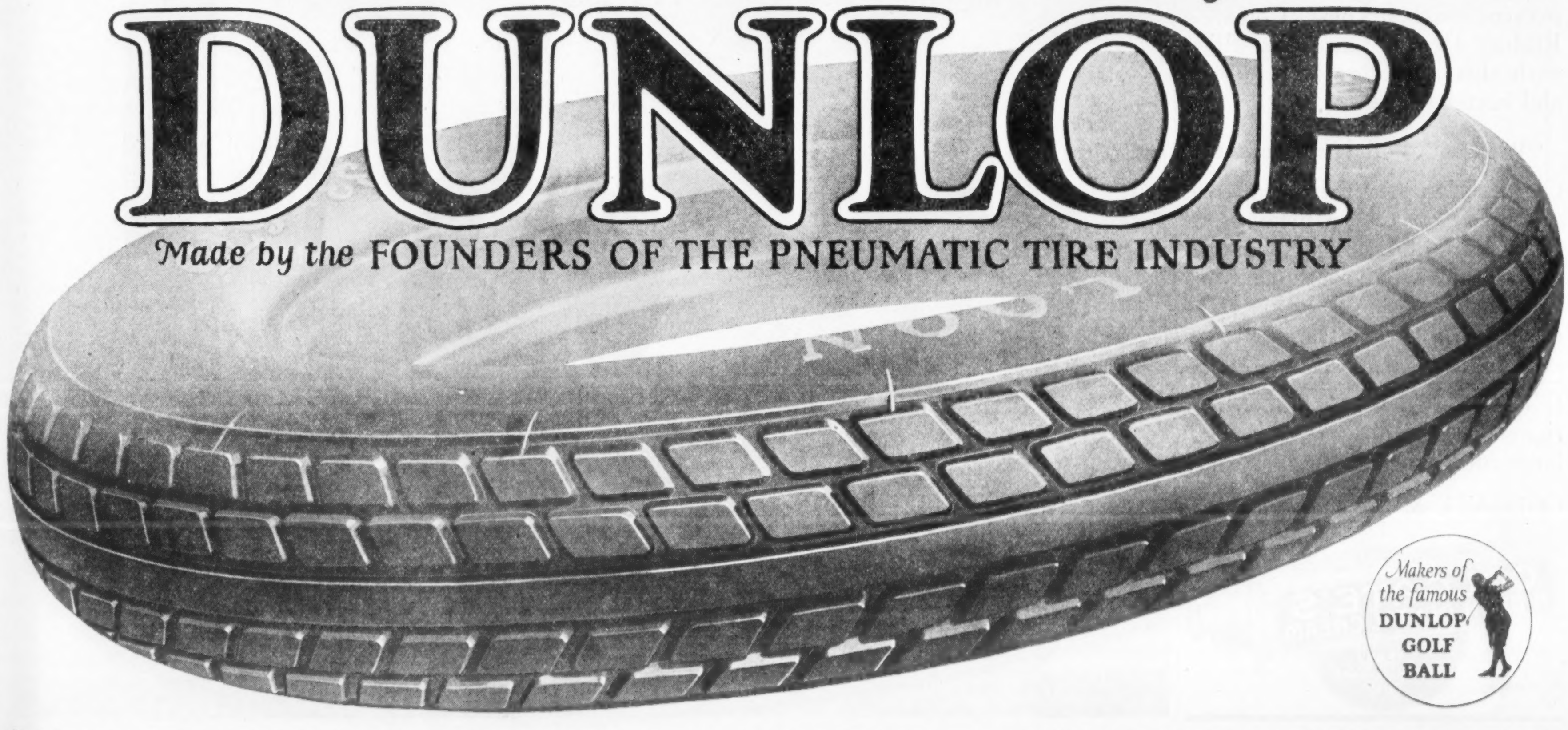
The Mauretania — record-holding ocean greyhound—takes from 25 to 30 minutes to steam from her wharf to the famous Statue of Liberty on Bedloe Island. In that same time the world buys 600 *more* Dunlops.

EVERY 2½ SECONDS

somewhere in the world someone buys a

DUNLOP

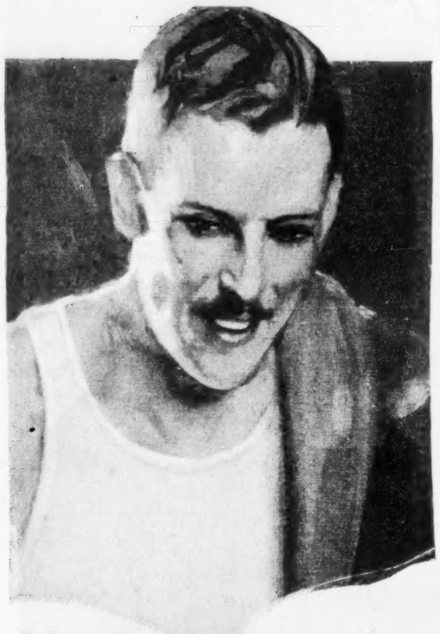
Made by the FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY



Makers of the famous **DUNLOP GOLF BALL**

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Prevent tooth trouble



Use
COLGATE'S
It removes causes of tooth decay

You can't be too careful of your teeth, for when tooth troubles start, serious results may follow. Health, good looks and happiness can be ruined by decaying teeth. Give yourself and your family a chance to escape disease by the most effective and inexpensive method in the world—prevention.

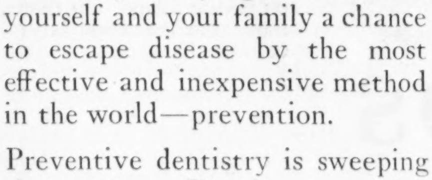
Preventive dentistry is sweeping the country. Dentists are trying to prevent tooth trouble and thus prevent much sickness. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is allied with this move for better teeth and better health.

"Washes", Polishes, Protects

Colgate's is a preventive dentifrice—safe, effective, and pleasant to use because of its delightful flavor. It *removes causes* of tooth decay by the gentle "washing" action of its non-gritty chalk and tasteless soap.

Colgate's conforms to the scientific idea of a dental cream. Made right and priced right—25c for a large tube.

COLGATE & CO., *Established 1806*



Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

Monte Carlo Pays a Gas Bill

Continued from page 30

whereabouts. Just what am I to do?"

"We are prepared to make terms," Monsieur Louchette announced.

"In that case," Mr. Billingham replied, "take a seat. Order some coffee if you will and wait while I have my bath. Dr. Stranz will be here at nine o'clock.

"Stop!" Monsieur Louchette exclaimed. "Mr. Billingham, you are a well-known citizen of a country we respect; your name and reputation are beyond question. Will you undertake negotiations for us with this abominable person?"

Mr. Billingham considered the matter.

"Why, I should say so," he consented. "What's the great idea?"

"He says that he has lost one hundred and forty thousand francs," Monsieur Louchette continued drearily. "We have that sum here in notes. We will give it to him provided you can extract some guaranty that the proceedings of last night and the night before shall never be repeated by him or by anyone else with his connivance or help."

"It seems a lot of money to part with," Mr. Billingham observed.

"Nevertheless, it is the decision of the Council," Monsieur Louchette replied.

"I guess I can fix it if anyone can," Mr. Billingham promised. "Leave the money and come back at half past ten."

They left the money.

MR. BILLINGHAM had chosen a table that morning on the terrace at the Réserve Restaurant at Beaulieu. A striped umbrella sheltered him and his guests—the marquis and Madelon—from the sun. The west breeze across the bay was only a delight. Furthermore, Mr. Billingham had ordered the luncheon with peculiar care. The whole meal was a wonderful effort.

"Never have I eaten better," the marquis declared as he selected a cigar.

"A banquet!" Madelon murmured. "And now, please tell us everything."

Mr. Billingham lit his cigar.

"I thought that for this little celebration," he explained, "we were perhaps just as well outside Monte Carlo. However, the news is of the best. The Société de Bains de Mer has granted Dr. Stranz a *viatique* of—what do you think?"

"Five thousand francs," the marquis guessed.

"Don't keep us in suspense," Madelon begged.

"Of one hundred and forty thousand francs," Mr. Billingham announced impressively. "The forty thousand francs I have already parted with."

"For the smells?" Madelon exclaimed.

"Precisely—and to cover Dr. Stranz's losses, which, I understand, amounted to nearly four milles."

"And the remaining one hundred thousand?" the marquis gasped.

"The remaining one hundred thousand is for us three," Mr. Billingham declared.

The marquis' fingers trembled. "It is incredible!" he murmured.

"It is the adventure of our lives!" Madelon faltered.

Mr. Billingham produced three packets of mille notes; one he returned to his own pocket, the other two he handed to his companions.

"Marquis," he said, "I congratulate you. The idea was mine, but a considerable part of the execution was yours and Mademoiselle Madelon's. The organization certainly never dreamed that the real Dr. Stranz left Monte Carlo twenty-four hours ago, perfectly well content, with my forty thousand francs in his pocket. They believe that he departed at noon to-day with one hundred and forty thousand. However, the result to them is the same, and they can afford the money. They paid that the *contretemps* of the last two nights might not happen again. They will have value for their money. Those *contretemps* are finished!"

"We only had six little bottles," Madelon remarked.

"You have now a little over thirty-three thousand francs in your pocket, Marquis," Mr. Billingham concluded. "You will not reproach us any longer, I trust, with those few efforts toward philanthropy which have wasted some of our time. On this occasion we have taken the great lesson to heart that philanthropy begins at home. There is also a little trifle which we have not mentioned—a little trifle to which I believe you helped yourself."

The marquis coughed. "I helped myself to nothing that I did not win," he replied. "Incidentally I discovered—the night of the second smell—how to win at roulette."

"Tell us," Madelon begged.

"That might be worth hearing," Mr. Billingham observed.

"Stake your money," the marquis said impressively, "after the ball has ceased to roll!"

The last and best of this series of E. Phillips Oppenheim stories about Mr. Billingham will appear in next week's Collier's.

Hum and Grow Rich

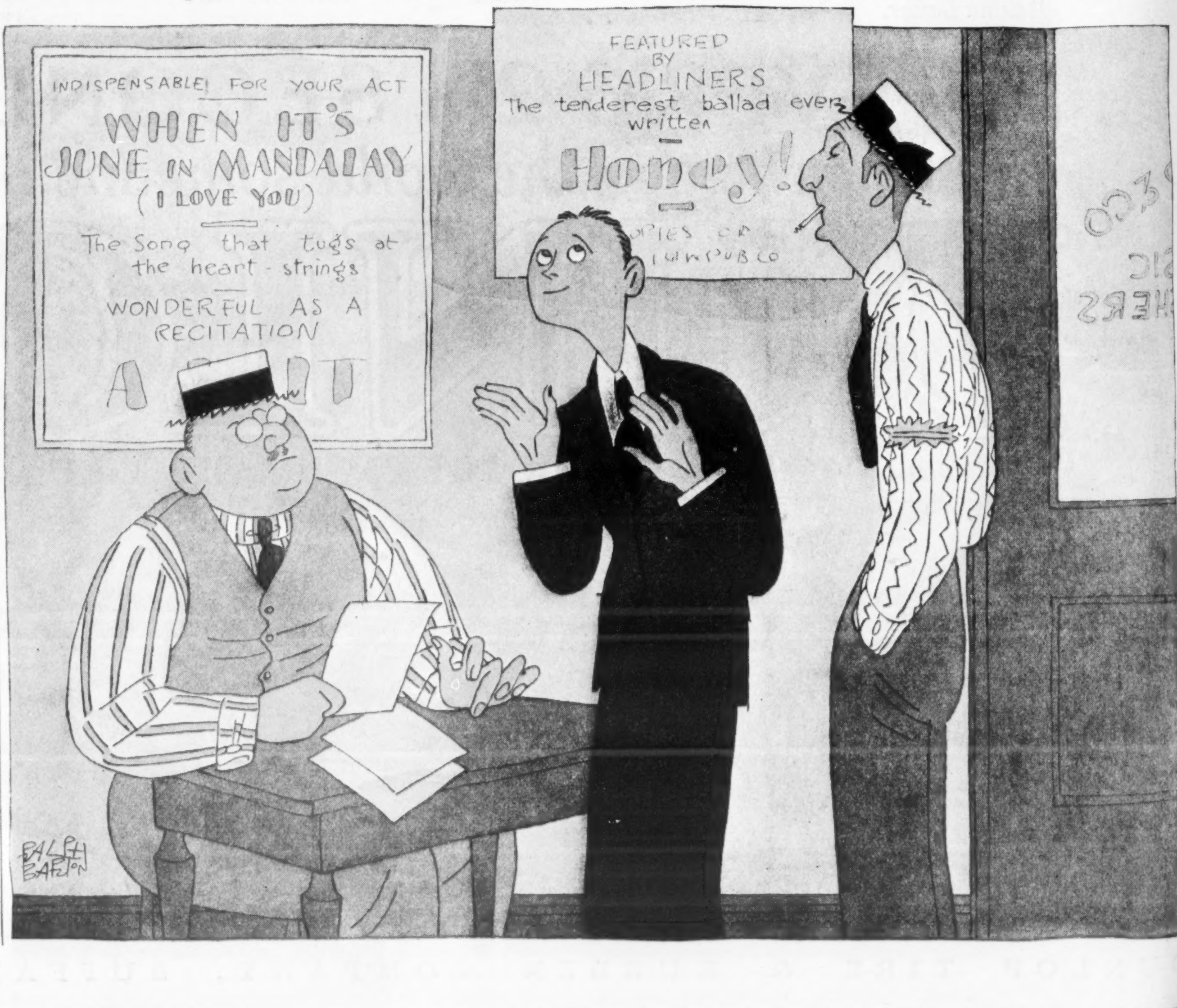
Continued from page 14

pianist and organist. He had made instrumental arrangements of innumerable songs, including many of Irving Berlin's best known ones, which has led to his becoming a song writer himself.

"The technical requirements for the popular composer," says Ahlert, "are becoming stiffer and stiffer all the time, due to the increasing discrimination of the public through hearing high-class movie orchestras and clever phonograph and radio selections. The time is coming when a Broadway song writer will have to be as adept at harmony and counterpoint as any symphonic composer."

What may be accomplished by col-

(*Continued on page 34*)


INDISPENSABLE! FOR YOUR ACT
WHEN IT'S JUNE IN MANDALAY
(I LOVE YOU)
The Song that tugs at the heart-strings
WONDERFUL AS A RECITATION
FEATURED BY HEADLINERS
The tenderest ballad ever written
Honey!
RALPH BARTON

"I persuaded them to listen to me hum the tune while they read the words"

BOYS! *What do you need?*

MONEY

No more asking Dad for a quarter. You can earn your own. Reach down in your own pocket anytime you want and feel the dimes and quarters.

BASEBALL GOODS

Uniforms N'everything. All big league, best quality—and all FREE!

SCOUT EQUIPMENT

Just what you need for hiking, camping, fishing or swimming. Get ready for the good ol' summer time.

HOW?

That's easy. Thousands of fellows like you are earning their own money and winning such prizes as radio sets, bicycles and sporting goods.

YOU

Can do the same! Be a Collier Junior Salesman and go in business for yourself. Here's your chance to join the livest crowd of fellows in America.

NOW

Is the time for you to get started on the road to money and prizes. Clip the coupon and send it to me at once.

Photo by Stafford Meeson

Here's how to get it

CLIP THIS COUPON

JIM THAYER
THE CROWELL PUB. CO., Springfield, Ohio

Please tell me how to earn my own money and win big-league prizes.

My Name..

Address..

Town.............................. *State*..............

C 6-20-25

W.C. Lauriere

There's Something Better than a Shave with a New Blade—

HE USED to think that there was nothing better than a shave with a new blade. Now he knows that he was wrong.

He has learned that a new blade will give him a much smoother shave if he first strops it on a Twinplex.

Not only has he discovered a new shaving comfort, but also a saving in time, for now he strops and shaves with a keen edge in less time than he shaved before.

He strops his new blades on Twinplex and produces an edge that is a dream for shaving. He uses the same blade over and over again, just giving it a few turns on Twinplex before each shave.

He finds himself on the well groomed side of society with a new joy in the way his face looks and feels. He revels in the velvet smoothness of the skin on his Twinplex Face.

Send for Free Twinplex Stropped Blade

Name your razor and we will send you a new blade stropped on Twinplex. We want you to enjoy a real shave. The difference between a new unstropped blade and a new blade stropped on Twinplex will amaze you.

Most any good dealer will sell you a Twinplex on approval. Sold with a long time guarantee. Put one in your shaving kit today.

TWINPLEX SALES CO., 1706 Locust St., St. Louis
New York Chicago Montreal London

Twinplex Stropper

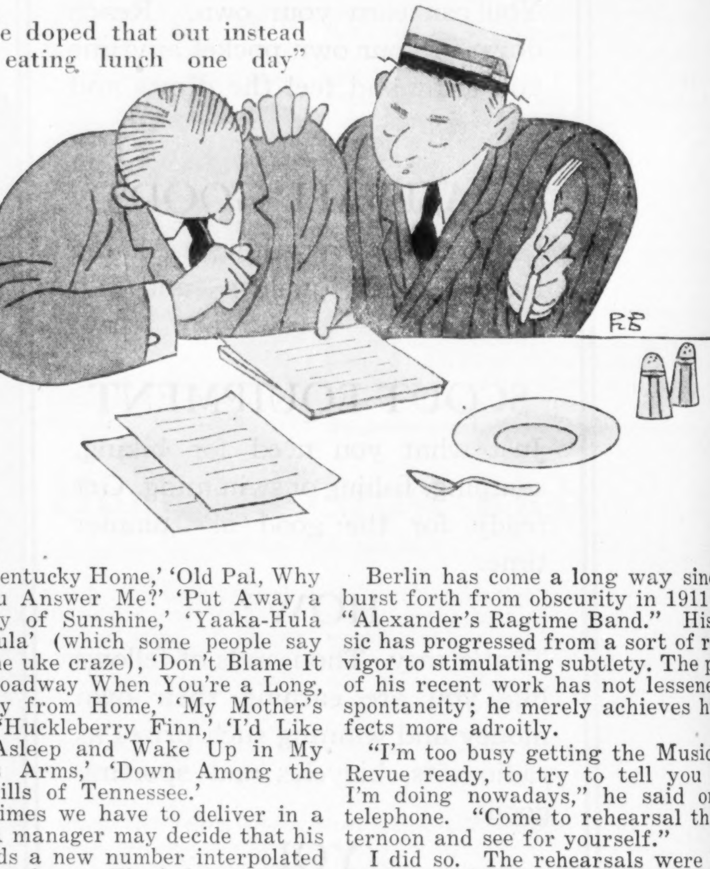
Models for 7 Popular Razors
Prices $3.00 to $5.00

Hum and Grow Rich

Continued from page 32

laboration is demonstrated in the career of the team of Lewis & Young. Sam M. Lewis and Joe Young have written lyrics together for over ten years. "Sometimes I get the idea first and sometimes Joe does," says Lewis, "but no matter which of us comes through with the hunch we both work on it, Joe contributing maybe the first line and I thinking up something to rhyme with it—till we've turned out something that we believe will click.

"Yes, we've turned out all kinds like 'How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm' and 'My Mammy' (to tunes by Donaldson), 'Tuck Me to Sleep in My Old Kentucky Home,' 'Old Pal, Why Don't You Answer Me?' 'Put Away a Little Ray of Sunshine,' 'Yaaka-Hula Hickey-Dula' (which some people say started the uke craze), 'Don't Blame It All on Broadway When You're a Long, Long Way from Home,' 'My Mother's Rosary,' 'Huckleberry Finn,' 'I'd Like to Fall Asleep and Wake Up in My Mammy's Arms,' 'Down Among the Sleepy Hills of Tennessee.'



"We doped that out instead of eating lunch one day"

"Sometimes we have to deliver in a hurry. A manager may decide that his show needs a new number interpolated in the second act. That's how we happened to write 'If I Knock the L Out of Kelly' for Blanche Ring. We doped that out instead of eating lunch that day, and it proved to be the most successful Irish song we ever did. I guess if we had to we could turn out a sonnet on half an hour's notice, eh, Joe?"

"Anything up to grand opera!"

By no means so brotherly was the collaboration of Gus Kahn. At twenty-one he wrote the words of "Gee, I Wish I Had a Girl," to a melody that greatly appealed to him. And evidently he meant what he wrote, for he married the composer, Miss Grace LeVoy—and they had royalties on one million copies. Previous to his love lyricism he had been a thirteen-dollar-a-week correspondent in a mail-order house in Chicago, but ever since the age of twelve he had been attempting original verse.

Since that first fateful song he has written the lyrics of at least a score of hits, among them: "Memories," "Pretty Baby," "My Isle of Golden Dreams," "Your Eyes Have Told Me So," "Venetian Moon," "Ain't We Got Fun," "Toot Toot Tootsie," "Carolina in the Morning," "My Buddy," "No, No, Nora," "Swinging Down the Lane," "Beside a Babbling Brook," "Sittin' in a Corner," "Mindin' My Business," "When Lights Are Low," "It Had to be You," "The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else," and "Charlie, My Boy."

"People send me melodies from all over the world," says Kahn, "even Australia, hoping that they are song possibilities; and while I don't pretend to be a musician I think I am a good judge of whether a tune will be a 'go' or not. I can spot a melody that will make a good song. For instance, I heard the tune which later became 'Your Eyes Have Told Me So' played in a theatre. The orchestra leader, Walter Blaufuss, had composed it himself but as yet it hadn't even a name. In the same way I heard what later became 'Driftwood' played by Lew Gold's orchestra at the Wigwam; and Fiorito's melody for 'Dreamer of Dreams' at the Edgewater Beach Hotel."

Despite the prevailing tendency toward specialization some song writers, such as Louis Weslyn, who wrote "Send Me Away With a Smile," still do both words and music. The king of these "go-it-aloners" is of course Irving Berlin, creator of catchy rhythms.

Berlin has come a long way since he burst forth from obscurity in 1911 with "Alexander's Ragtime Band." His music has progressed from a sort of rowdy vigor to stimulating subtlety. The polish of his recent work has not lessened its spontaneity; he merely achieves his effects more adroitly.

"I'm too busy getting the Music Box Revue ready, to try to tell you what I'm doing nowadays," he said on the telephone. "Come to rehearsal this afternoon and see for yourself."

I did so. The rehearsals were being held on various floors of an old German restaurant building. In one room the chorus was being coached in dance numbers, in smaller rooms comedy skits were being tried out, and Berlin darted from one to the other, upstairs and down, with a string of people at his heels, all trying to ask him questions at once. Each time he stood still a moment to watch the performers some costume designer or scenic artist would be at his elbow requesting an OK on something. One moment he would be conferring with John Murray Anderson, the director, as to which girl in the line-up of 'mediums' (stage term for damsels of moderate height) would look best standing next to which others.

Now he is inveigled over to a table to discuss the price of dresses. "What! that stuff costs $18 a yard? Do you want a mortgage on the theatre?" Now he is coaxed by an agent over to the far corner of the room, to watch a Spanish dancer do a fandango or whatever it is that calls for castanets. Click, click, and a half dozen twirls, and Berlin has promised to let her know if there will be a place for her in the revue. Then he turns to two rival ballerinas who have been waiting their turn.

At last he smiles toward me apologetically: "You see now why I couldn't give you much of an interview in words. This is what I've let myself in for through being a song writer. It's my life from noon till midnight."

"And when do you find time to write your songs?"

"At home, from 12 to 4 A. M.," he answered. "Really, though I've done the words and music for this revue, you'd hardly call me a song writer any more. I'm a showman."

"But how about 'What'll I Do?' "

"Oh, that's different!"

A Story for Fathers

Continued from page 7

"I want to be a newspaper man," Jack said stubbornly.

"Newspaper men need an education the same as the rest of us," his father said.

"The education I'm getting in college hasn't anything to do with being a newspaper man. It—why, I might as well be studying Sanskrit. It's dead."

"Jack," said his father, "why don't you go and talk to Dean Williams? He's one of the few men I know who hasn't forgotten what it's like to be twenty, and he has the advantage of not being your father."

HE WENT that afternoon to the little brown wooden house where Dean Williams lived.

"I've been having an argument with the family," Jack said, when the dean had given him a stogie, and a deep old-fashioned chair in front of the grate.

"H'mm!" said the dean.

"I've decided I want to quit college and go to work."

The dean smiled encouragingly. Jack told him about dictating his story of the game, play by play, and writing the lead against time.

"It sounds as if you'd found the thing you wanted to do."

"I have," Jack said. "I've found the thing I want to do more than anything else in the world."

"You're lucky," the dean said slowly. "It takes most of us years to find out what we want to do most."

"That's why I want to quit college."

"I don't quite see the connection," the dean said. "Elucidate."

Jack enlarged at length on the remoteness of college training from newspaper work. Nothing he was taking in college mattered. Nothing he could take mattered. The dean remained silent. Jack started in and elucidated all over again.

"H'mm," said the dean. "I had the impression the last time I saw you—a month ago, perhaps—that you were rather enthusiastic about some of your courses."

"I'm not now," Jack said hastily.

The dean looked at him sharply.

"Who is the girl, Jack?" he asked.

Jack stared at him. The dean stared imperturbably into the fire.

"Well—there is a girl. It's Mabel Barker."

The dean nodded.

"I—well, the fact is, my only chance is to go to work now. I don't think she'll wait eight or ten years for me. She isn't that kind of a girl."

"What makes you think so?"

"She told me so herself."

"In so many words?"

"Yes—in so many words."

"I had the impression she was rather an unusual girl," the dean said. "But that astonishes me."

"It astonished me," Jack admitted, "but I guess she was right."

"Of course she was. They usually are right about such things. And she is so right, Jack, that if I were you I'd act accordingly."

"You mean you'd leave college and go to work on a newspaper and be ready to marry her when she graduates."

"Exactly," the dean said.

Jack jumped up. He walked back and forth across the study.

"Gosh," he said.

The dean smiled.

"Do you mind," he asked, "if I tell my father and mother what you've said?"

"You will have to tell them, of course," the dean answered. "And I'll have to take the consequences." He grinned. "I'd just as soon," he added, "that you didn't inform the student body. I'm not advising the entire junior class to quit college."

IT WAS hard, telling his father and mother; all the harder because they tried to make it easy for him. He caught the early train for Chicago in the morning and waited around the city room of The World all afternoon for the city editor and the sporting editor to come down so he could resign his job as university correspondent and ask for a place as a reporter on the local staff. The city editor took him on, casually enough, at fifteen dollars a week. By six o'clock in the evening he was a reporter for The World.

Then he went to a telegraph office and spent fifteen minutes composing a wire to Mabel that suited his humor. The one he sent her read:

I have quit college and gone to work on The World stop I will be ready when you graduate stop will you stop please wire answer in one word stop.

Her answer came in to the office of The World the next evening. She used four words. She wired:

Of course I will.

MABEL LOGAN slipped into the breakfast-room, glanced at the table set for three this bright February morning, and went into the pantry. She usually saw in person that Jack's breakfast was perfect. This morning she was giving him eggs baked in a roll—a favorite dish of his. On the way back to the living-room she had a look at herself in the mirror. She smiled at what she saw there. She was forty-four. But she did not look it. Still less did she look the mother of four sons, one of them several sizes larger than his father.

She had wept a tear or two the night before over the biggest one—over Johnnie. She wanted him to fall in love, of course. And now that he was twenty, the sooner the better. But she didn't know the girl at all. She had only seen the photograph that Johnnie had shown her. A clever girl could hurt him so. And he was going away for good, probably. It had made her wish he was a little boy again so she could hold him on her lap just once more. She smiled now at the thought, and her eyes grew bright. She wiped them gently. She mustn't cry.

(*Continued on page 36*)

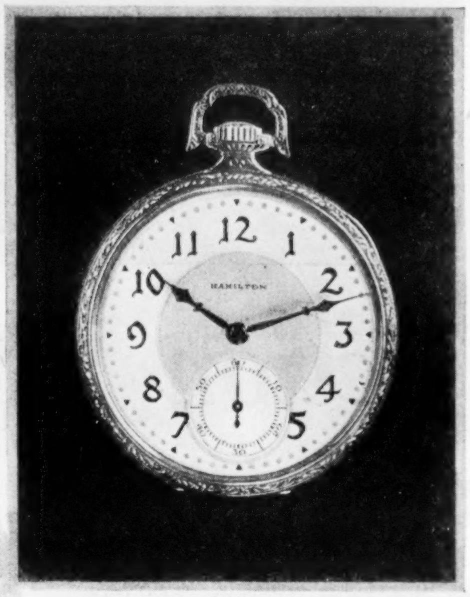
David Warfield Recalls—

Unless you were a patron of the old Casino back in the nineties, you won't recognize the gentleman at the left as the actor you've applauded in "The Music Master" or "The Auctioneer." Warfield's business in those days was comedy—he originated the funny stage Jew. But that was long ago, and he tells about the triumphant years between—

in next week's **Collier's**

This Accurate Watch Keeps America's Crack Trains on Schedule

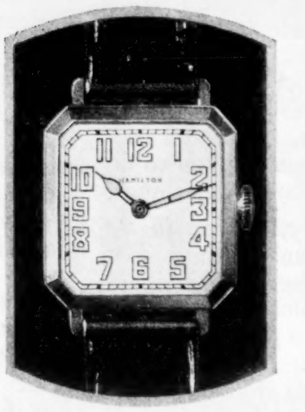
Why the fastest trains in the world are timed with this watch



The watch above is the new Jefferson design. Hamilton Watches may be had in yellow, white or green gold — 14K or filled, plain or engraved. Prices $48 to $250. You can choose from a wide variety of cases and dials.

"WHAT TIME HAVE YOU?" Ask this question of a group of business men. Out come their watches. One watch is three minutes slow, another five minutes fast, and so on. But ask this question of a group of railroad men.

Conductor Thatcher of the Santa Fe Lines. He uses a Hamilton Watch to time the runs of the famous California Limited.



At left—The Hamilton Strap Watch for men. Square Model. A timepiece of remarkable convenience plus Hamilton accuracy. Leather strap and luminous dial. Prices $55 and $85.

If there is any variation, it is usually only a matter of seconds.

Yet it is so very easy for every business and professional man to have a watch as unfailingly accurate as the railroad man's. When you buy a watch, get the make he uses. For thirty years there has been one watch that has been generally favored on America's railroads, a watch that has earned the unique distinction of being called "The Railroad Timekeeper of America."

This watch of accuracy fame is the Hamilton. It rides in cab and coach of such famous fliers as the Twentieth Century, the California Limited, the Broadway Limited, and the Olympian. When you buy a Hamilton, accuracy is assured.

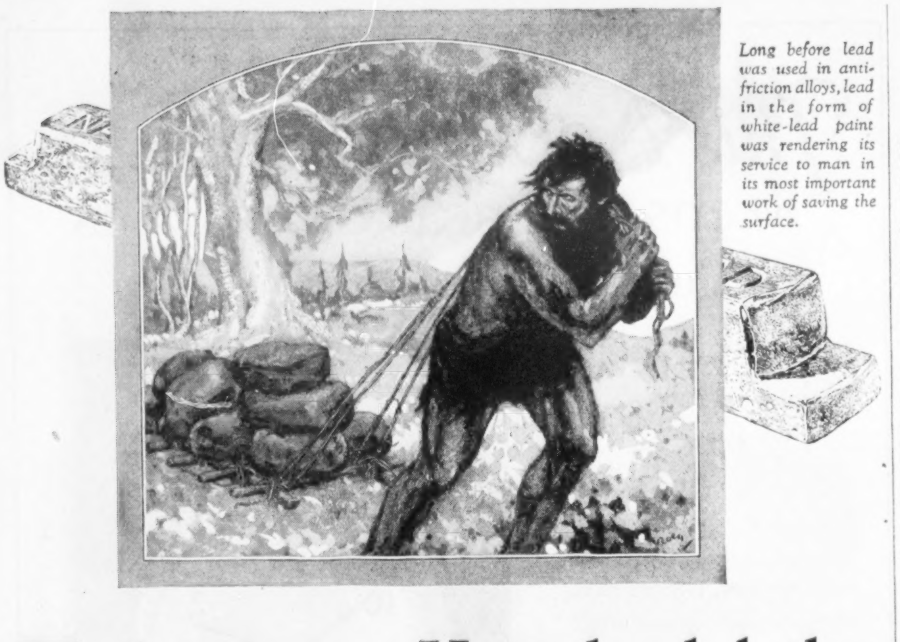
The secret of Hamilton's accuracy is capacity to take infinite pains. With us every watch is an individual piece of fine mechanism, tested and retested until final accuracy is obtained. No Hamilton leaves our factory until it has proved itself worthy of the Hamilton name, and is ready to serve you as an accurate timekeeper.

When you buy a Hamilton you can do so with the profound assurance that, with proper care, it will give you accurate time for years to come. Ask your jeweler to show you a Hamilton today. He can show you Hamilton pocket and strap watches for men and charming wrist watches for women.

Send for a copy of our new illustrated booklet, "The Timekeeper." Address Dept. 2-C2, Hamilton Watch Company, on the Lincoln Highway, Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.

Hamilton Watch

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy



Long before lead was used in anti-friction alloys, lead in the form of white-lead paint was rendering its service to man in its most important work of saving the surface.

Friction How lead helps man control it

THERE'S a fight going on in this picture. The man is winning, but at a terrific expenditure of physical energy. Every time he tugs and pulls, friction does its best to hold back the runners of his improvised carrier. Friction was one of primitive man's worst enemies.

Today man has taught friction its place, has made it his friend. Not only does friction, by transmitting power, help to transport you from place to place, but by means of pulleys, belts, and friction clutches it enables you to do a thousand and one other things.

Yet even today, friction *in the wrong place* is man's enemy. The strategy of machinery is to increase friction at one point and minimize it at another. The points at which friction is not desired are those where parts should slide or rotate. These are known as bearings.

How man fights friction

A little tallow in the hubs of the old carriage wheels stopped the creaking and lightened Dobbin's task. Later, petroleum oils made lubrication simpler, more effective. But with the increasing complexity of machine parts, other bearing problems besides simple lubrication arose. A shaft slightly out of true plays havoc in a high-speed machine. Bearing surfaces must be a little tolerant. In 1839, Isaac B. Babbitt of Boston, Mass., invented a metal alloy which, when cast into bearings, would not only resist high pressures and the wear of rapidly rotating shafts, but would also conform to the play of a shaft without breaking.

From his first formula, many different types of bearing metals or babbitts (as this type of bearing metals have come to be called) have been developed to serve different purposes in industry.

Lead is an important metal in the anti-frictional alloy business, and thousands of tons of it are used every year. When combined with tin and other metals it meets the demands of a large class of work where the highest-grade tin-base metal is not necessary, and thereby helps to reduce costs.

Dutch Boy babbitt metals

A complete line of babbitt metals is made under the well-known Dutch Boy trade-mark. These metals are expertly designed to perform every type of service.

Dutch Boy Phoenix Metal, for example, is designed for high speeds and severe duties. It is the ultimate in babbitt metals and can be used in almost any place where a bearing is needed. Dutch Boy Heavy Pressure Metal is similar to Phoenix but is harder and tougher. It is designed particularly for heavy pressures and poundings. Then there is Dutch Boy Genuine Babbitt Metal, made according to Isaac Babbitt's original formula. And for all general work, especially mill work, Dutch Boy Perfection Anti-Friction Metal (lead-containing) is admirably adapted.

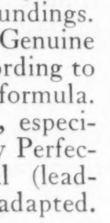
If you want to know more about these babbitt metals or have need for special alloys for special purposes, write to our nearest branch.

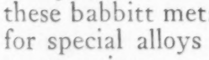
Other Dutch Boy products

The most famous of Dutch Boy products is white-lead for paint. For generations, this standard paint material has protected the nation's homes.

In addition, under the Dutch Boy brand, National Lead Company produces red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil and solder. This company also makes practically every form of lead product used by man today.

For information about any of these uses of lead, write to our nearest branch.




"Save the surface and you save all"

The Dutch Boy Painter has become the exponent of beauty and protection. He inspires confidence in every one he serves.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.; Pittsburgh, National Lead and Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St

A Story for Fathers

Continued from page 35

She heard Jack coming downstairs. She had told Johnnie not to appear until his father had had his breakfast. She didn't propose to let them quarrel.

"Good morning," she said gayly to Jack.

She walked arm in arm with him into the breakfast-room. She poured his coffee, with precisely the right amount of cream.

"Mabel," he said, "I—"

"Drink your coffee first," she said.

"I wasn't going to say anything about Johnnie," he protested. "I know you won't let me talk about that till you've fed me into a good humor. I suppose you're giving me eggs baked in a roll."

"Of course I am," she said. It didn't make the least difference if he knew she was humoring him. She got the effect just the same.

"I suppose," he said, "Johnnie has fallen in love with some girl."

The eggs came in just then.

"Yes," she said, when the waitress had gone. "Johnnie's fallen in love."

"How are we going to stop it?"

"There isn't any way," she said gently. "He's engaged to her, and he's going out to Oklahoma, where he was last summer. He thinks there's a big chance in the oil fields."

"Good Lord!" said Jack. "You mean that you'd cheerfully let that fool boy go out into the world without graduating from college, with no way of earning a living, just because some silly girl has got him hypnotized?"

She couldn't help smiling a little. "Yes," she said, "the way his father did."

He looked at her defiantly.

"That was different—utterly different. I was not the sort of boy he is—I was much older for my years. And there isn't one chance in a hundred that the girl is the right sort. Why," he finished, bitterly, "can't you *see* the difference?"

"I hear him coming," she whispered. "Do be good to him, Jack. It won't do any good to razz him."

"Good morning," Johnnie said.

"Good morning," his father answered.

The two grinned at each other. Perhaps, she thought, they understood each other after all. She held up her face to be kissed. Johnnie kissed her. Then he sat down and began to eat his grapefruit.

"Your mother tells me that you want to go out to Oklahoma and work in the oil fields," his father said.

"Yes," Johnnie answered.

"I'd much rather you went ahead and took your degree. But if you feel you must get to work, why, I suppose you must."

"That's the way I feel, Father," Johnnie said gravely.

"Very well," his father said. "I shan't stand in your way."

"That's awfully good of you, Father," Johnnie said.

His father said nothing at all. Mabel stared at them. It was incredible. But they hadn't quarreled. They had avoided quarreling by the simple expedient of not mentioning the real issue, of not admitting that it was because of a girl.

She thought what she had often thought before. She thought, "What strange, incomprehensible creatures men are!" But she did not say so. Instead she pressed the button under her foot and ordered more eggs baked in a roll.

The "Easiest" Money on Earth

Continued from page 17

us also to the question: Are the performances of the horses on the level?

I put that question to a race-horse insider and here is his answer:

"Suppose the baseball manager in your town rigged his team to lose every day—forced his players to fumble and stumble and miss in order to make defeat certain. Then when he had all the fans completely convinced that his team was hopeless, he planted $10,000 around the country secretly to be bet on it. And then when all the money was down at big odds, he sent his ball club in to win and make a killing. Would you say that baseball manager was on the level?

"Well now, suppose other managers were doing the same thing. When the crooked manager in your town got ready to make his killing, it would be easy because he would simply select for his winning day a game with the right rival manager; that is, one who was carrying his team through a series of defeats in preparation for a killing in his turn. If that were true would you say baseball is on the level? Well, that is what many race-horse owners are doing every day."

This noble practice is called "boat racing." When a horse runs around under "an easy ride" he is said to be boat racing. This is called "qualifying" the horse; that is, secretly preparing him for a killing. What the owner is really doing is preparing the public. The jockey is instructed to hold the horse back, or the bandages are filled with mercury, or the horse is shod with a heavy shoe on one foot and a light one on the other to make him wobble, or he is undertrained or overtrained or given a tiring workout the morning of the race. This is repeated race after race until the public is properly "qualified," and then the horse is sent in to win. The owner sends his money away from the track through jobbers who make a business of handling such bets, placing the owner's wagers in small sums in numerous cities, so as not to affect the odds at the track.

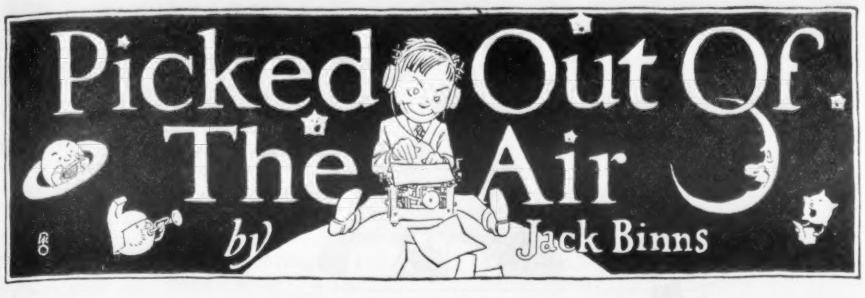
Of course this is not done in every race. It is not done in the great features like the Derby and the Preakness and the Futurity and numerous others. But it is done with such frequency in the daily run of races that no player can say when his money is on a horse that is racing and when on one that is boat racing.

One of the racing papers conducts a First and Last Club in which, every week, it calls attention to the raw manner in which certain horses run last in one race and first in another. All of the racing sheets carry lists of what they call "sleepers;" that is, horses which can win, but which are not being permitted to try to win because they are being "qualified." The clockers, who are the expert observers for the bookmakers and tipsters, every day caution the fans to pay no attention to the bad run of this horse or the poor race of that horse, as they were not out to win.

I do not say that owners, trainers, jockeys and bookmakers get together and decide which horse will win. But the result to the millions of deluded fans who follow the pastime of betting is the same as if they did so.

And this is the money-wheedling device which is called the Sport of Kings. They take the noblest animal that has ever befriended man and make him the central hero in a very ignoble swindle. They frame the game with the poor beast's breakfast. They plant spies and blacklegs and dopesters around his feed box. They fix jockeys and grooms and trainers. They reach public officials and legislators and judges. They pull the races, rig the odds, peddle false information and collect millions from the poor boobs whom they deluded. And they call this business sport—The Sport of Kings!

The third article by Mr. Flynn, "You Can't Beat the Races," will appear in next week's Collier's.



Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Another Step Forward

THE Associated Press, at its annual meeting, removed the ban against broadcasting of news by American newspapers which enjoy the A. P. franchise. Let us hope theatrical managers will see the same light in the near future.

?
station H-O-T! our next numbah, dancing by our barefoot hulas!
?

Real Radio Joy

HERE is a letter which needs no comment of mine other than an appreciation of the intensity of its meaning. It was received by the operators of WGY from Mr. and Mrs. W. R. E. Moore of the Alaska Native School Service, Pilot Station, Alaska. "Dear Friends: Last night we listened to several numbers played in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York and broadcast by WGY and WJZ. The numbers were especially fine. As a rule, we get the Pacific coast stations so much better than any others, but last night the far eastern places came in ever so much stronger than any of the coast stations, and of course we are always tickled to pick those so far away. We are on the lower Yukon River about 150 miles from Bering Sea, and about two jumps from Siberia, and the only white folks in this village. The nearest white people are forty miles from us in any direction, so we really get more good out of our radio programs than anyone in the States possibly can. We thank you for your help in breaking the monotony of our life in the far-away Northland.

That Dog's Too Friendly

G. W. BANNISTER of Orion, Mich., writes that he had difficulty in restraining his bulldog from climbing into the loud speaker during a reading of "Rip Van Winkle" by the WGY players.

According to Mr. Bannister, the indiscretion of the bulldog occurred when Rip, awakening from his prolonged slumber, whistled for Schneider. Well! Well! Who else can tell one?

Our Radio Map

YOU will find our radio map of great assistance to you in making your set behave as you want it to. Send your order with 25¢ in stamps to Collier's, Radio Map Dept., 250 Park Avenue, New York City. The map shows all present broadcast stations, call signals, wave lengths, power, kind of service, standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries, and gives a distance finder.

Put Your Rubbers On

DAISY BELL of Yonkers thinks all broadcast stations can perform a useful daily service for their listeners. Along about "movie" time each evening she would have the announcers utter the following formula:

"It looks like rain. Have you closed the window in the back bedroom? Is the pan under the icebox empty? Don't forget to put Wilbur's bank in the bottom of the tall clock. Is the cat in or out? Have you the doorkey in your pocket? Also the key to the auto. Did you take that dead mouse out of the trap? What about the back damper to the furnace? Perhaps the range needs just a shovelful of coal. Has anyone watered the geraniums to-day? Don't forget to change the baby the last thing before starting out. It looks like rain."

The Good Samaritan

"NOW let me tell one," writes Mrs. J. B. Turner of Centralia, Wash. "Our five-tube set serves two families. We have the original set. Two copper wires heavily insulated to withstand weather have been connected with the set and pass to the other household. The wires are there connected to an old-style graphophone horn that has a radio attachment.

The elderly people in this home spend many happy hours listening to radio entertainment without the responsibility of tuning in or adjusting the set. Yes, we run a loud speaker too."

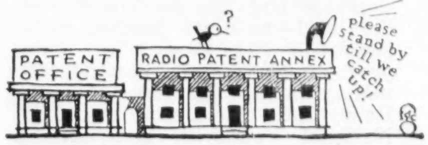
From Station CRIB

THERE'S a little loud speaker, a part of no set.
I can't recommend it to others, and yet,
In spite of some slight imperfections, I'll say
I wouldn't let anyone take it away.
It's a tiny contrivance, quite wondrous to see,
And the station it broadcasts is CRIB.

It's best after midnight, when others are still.
No trouble with static, it whoops with a will.
It starts when it chooses, it stops when it's through;
To wait till the finish is all one can do.
There's a sameness of program, we frankly agree,
In the stuff that comes nightly from CRIB.

No other loud speaker in voice can compare
With this little wonder, despite wear and tear.
And when out of order, though seldom that way,
It speaks even louder, amazing to say.
It's a year since it came to the missus and me—
Hark! Listen! It's starting. That's CRIB!

ARTHUR H. FOLWELL.



What We Really Want

AT THE present moment there are almost 2,500 applications in the Patent Office on radio devices. Undoubtedly more than half of these could be dispensed with and radio would not suffer to any great extent. The most pressing need right now is better application of better programs.

Write Them Out and Send Them In

DON'T let any good stories slip by without giving us a chance at them. We pay $10 for original radio experiences or suggestions that are good enough to print. In working with your radio, keep note of all new ideas that come to you and unusual experiences and write them out. Make them brief and to the point and send them to Jack Binns, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Fabric that you like to wear. Fine, soft, durable. Comfort-cut. Roomy all over. Pearl buttons. Strong seams. Staunch buttonholes. That's Dollar Topkis.

One Dollar

Your dollar is still "The Almighty Dollar" if you use it to buy a Topkis Union Suit.

Here's how the tremendous value in Topkis came about.

Men wanted a union suit cut along big, manly lines. They wanted fine, long-wearing fabric and dependable workmanship. They wanted all this for a dollar.

So we gave them Dollar Topkis.

It meant selling millions of union suits to make the price possible. The men who wanted Topkis bought millions.

That's why you can get this astounding underwear value today for only a dollar.

Ask your dealer to show you Topkis.

Write for free illustrated booklet

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY, Wilmington, Delaware

General Sales Offices: 93 Worth St., at Broadway, New York

Men's Union Suits, $1.00; Shirts and Drawers, 75c each; Boys' Union, 75c; Girls' Bloomer Union, 75c; Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

Look for this label—

TOPKIS

Athletic Underwear

Isn't it Painted White?

PICTURE the house you have always wanted—isn't it painted white?

Take a little walk around your neighborhood and pick out the homes that attract you, that look livable and homey—and you'll find that they are white.

A white house means white paint, and there is no better white paint than Zinc-O-Lith, a new kind of paint, a pure white that is white and stays white.

Zinc-O-Lith costs you less in the first place, saves more by covering more and covering better, retains its glossy finish, and at the end of its long life presents a perfect surface for repainting, so that you save again.

The Zinc-O-Lith Dealer in your locality will gladly tell you more about this new and better white paint—see him when you're ready to paint.

Zinc-O-Lith
Zinc-O-Lith

Zinc-O-Lith
PURE WHITE

The GLIDDEN *Companies*
PAINTS — VARNISHES — STAINS — ENAMELS

We have inaugurated a time payment plan which will make it easy for you to paint this summer. You pay only 20% down and have 10 months to pay the balance. Let us tell you more about it, or see the Zinc-O-Lith Dealer.

Adrian D. Joyce
President

The Glidden Company	Cleveland
Heath & Milligan Mfg. Company	Chicago
Adams & Elting Company	Chicago
Campbell Paint & Varnish Co.	St. Louis
T. L. Blood & Company	St. Paul
The American Paint Works	New Orleans
Twin City Varnish Company	St. Paul
The Forest City Paint & Varnish Company	Cleveland
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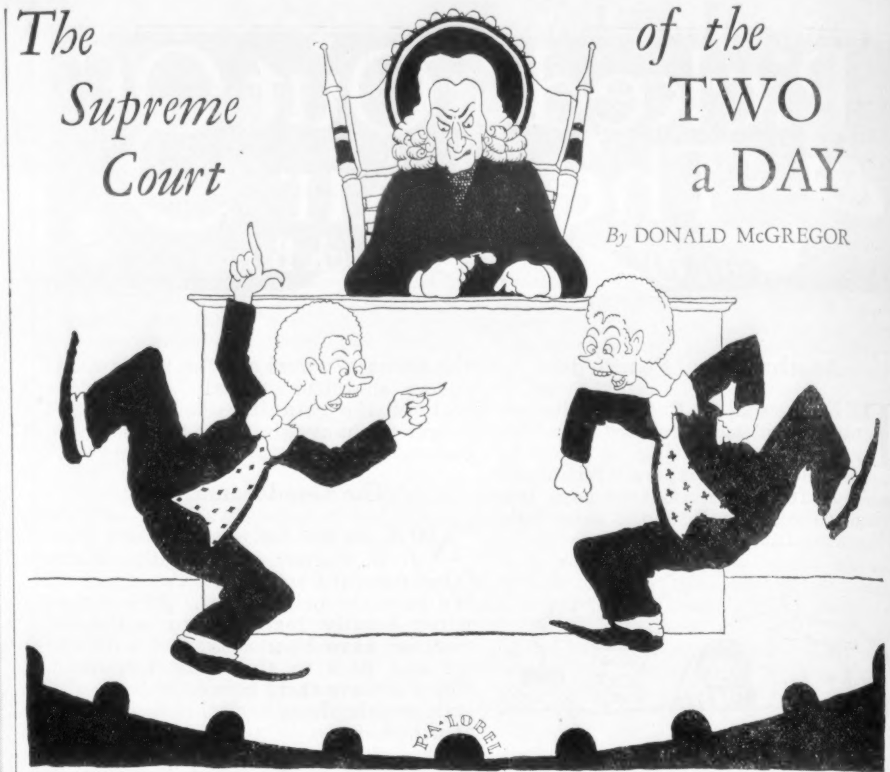
In Canada:
The Glidden Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Supreme Court of the TWO a DAY

By DONALD McGREGOR



IF YOU want to dress like an overgrown frog and twist your body into odd shapes around a toadstool on the vaudeville stage, you may without fear of injunction on behalf of a performer who squirmed like that round a tree.

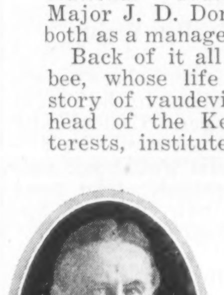
But if you want to do an act dressed like a paperhanger, step awkwardly in and out of a bucket of paste, tangle yourself in countless rolls of wallpaper and wind up with a fall from a stepladder, you'll be stopped at once.

The Supreme Court of the Two a Day is the clearing house for disputes between vaudeville managers and performers. Before its bar of justice you may find the funny men solemnly arguing their rights to tell individual jokes; you may hear painted and powdered soubrettes complaining that short-skirted rivals are copying their way of doing cartwheels; you may see sleek wizards of magic demonstrating ownership of new methods of pulling rabbits from hats and passing ladies through looking glasses.

In addition, you may discover the court solemnly straining to patch up a fight between a man and his wife who, because of a row, refuse to complete their contracts.

Officially, the court is the Joint Complaint Bureau of the Vaudeville Managers' Protective Association and the National Vaudeville Artists, Inc. It is made up of representatives of both the theatre operator and the performer. At the head—as chief justice, so to speak—is Pat Casey, for many years an active figure in vaudeville management. His associates are Henry Chesterfield, secretary of the National Vaudeville Artists, and Major J. D. Donovan, experienced both as a manager and a performer.

Back of it all is Edward F. Albee, whose life story is the life story of vaudeville. Albee, at the head of the Keith theatrical interests, instituted the Joint Complaint Bureau in 1917. In its eight years of existence 14,000 cases have been considered. In only four instances have the cases been appealed to courts of law. Each time the courts upheld the findings of the bureau.


Edward F. Albee

Vaudeville is more highly organized than any other branch of the show business. Millions of dollars are invested in theatres and equipment; upwards of 50,000 persons are employed.

The jokes, special songs, tricks, bits of business and even the methods of delivery of material used in vaudeville have recognized commercial value. Since much of this, because of its character, cannot be protected by federal copyright, the Joint Complaint Bureau fills the gap, attempting to prevent moral as well as legal infringement. There are many examples.

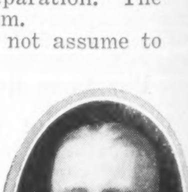
Horace Goldin, a magician, returned to the United States several years ago with a spectacular illusion in which a girl is placed in a wooden box, with her hands and feet protruding at the ends, and the box is cut in two. At about the same time two other magicians, P. T. Selbit and the Great Leon, appeared with virtually the same trick. The Joint Complaint Bureau awarded exclusive rights to Goldin on the ground of priority.

At times old material is improved to such an extent that it falls into the class of new. There are many comedy mind-reading acts and some have been sustained as original. On the other hand, as in the case of a sketch written by Willard Mack for Julia Nash, and following out her own idea, an expensive production had to be abandoned because somebody else got the idea first.

In a small Chicago theatre recently a team, man and wife, contortionists, appeared four times a day in an act so difficult that the husband had to limber up half an hour before each performance. Late in the week the wife failed to reach the theatre in time. That started a a quarrel. The husband went on without her.

The manager fined the team. That kindled the fight anew and eventually led to separation. The bureau reunited them.

The bureau does not assume to be a collection agency, but occasionally it is called on to act as one. A recent case had a touch of pathos as well as humor. A woman, who evidently had been jilted by the man in question, wrote asking help in the collection of $125 she had loaned a performer to buy a kangaroo.


Pat Casey

Over the Horizon—on Wheels

Continued from page 9

horrifying instant, a rattlesnake flowed beside our car.

One of the strangest elements in the adventure—and on this I think I could write a book—was the difference in communities—I am not referring to architecture or races; for we have nothing to compare with the centuries-deep divagations in both these elements which make the endearing charm of European towns. I mean the difference in civic pride.

For instance, in one town in which we spent the night was a hotel whose proprietor—the hotel proprietor, by the way, is a dictator in small places —had temporarily vanished, leaving a filthy and incompetent Negro in charge. We ascended the hotel steps, bumping our way through a gang of loafers who made no effort to move to give our suitcases room. Inside—but the rest is too awful. While we were dining at the only restaurant in the town a crowd of young country toughs took possession and for half an hour raised a raucous bedlam. Outside, when we tried to walk, the town was so dimly lighted that a sinister pall—under which all kinds of criminalities seemed to lurk—hung thick over the city. That town was born an oaf. It received the stranger with a leer, the tongue in the cheek.

On the other hand, as we entered another town of about the same size and in the same state, farmers in their shirt sleeves and suspenders were playing golf. The town, it transpired, possessed a charming little park, a swimming pool, a skating rink. At night great clusters of electric lights starred the brief, stocky little streets to a daylight whiteness. The drug store was a spacious, brilliantly illuminated, well-ordered village club. The hotel, new and of the fashionable, gray-plastered Spanish architecture, showed window boxes with blooming flowers. That little town was born progressive. It possessed a proper pride, but it accepted our compliments with becoming modesty.

Is it Good-by MUSSOLINI?

He is more like Theodore Roosevelt than Roosevelt himself, so we Americans ought to be able to understand Mussolini, thinks Frederick L. Collins. Mr. Collins has traveled Italy from end to end this spring, and gives you a close-up of "the strongest man of modern times"

in next week's COLLIER'S

We discussed this difference in towns interminably with each other and with everybody we met. We came to the conclusion that the character of the original settlers of a community put a lasting seal upon it. If those colonists were enterprising and able, the town bore forever the earmarks of enterprise and ability. Were they shiftless and ambitionless—the town continued to be shiftless and ambitionless.

I do not suppose I can ever make anybody who has not toured in the United States understand how exciting it is! If there were only some thermometer which measures emotion, I could fill this article with the liveliest possible statistics. But the excitement is high, varied and constant. Several times I had crossed the continent to San Francisco by train. And that is by no means a dull experience. But *this* made *that* seem like a travel-trip in the cinema. The fact that you choose your own roads, produce the power which takes you over those roads, gives you a feeling that you have created the world through which you drive. Every day it is a fresh world. Every day it is a different world. We breakfasted in one place; lunched in another; dined in a third—all subject to swift, amazing, picturesque changes in scenery and weather.

"Are You in Trouble, Brother?"

INEVITABLY, too, these experiences were further variegated by casual human contacts of every description. For not only did we have the desire and the habit of chance acquaintanceship—but we belonged to the great Brotherhood of the Flivver.

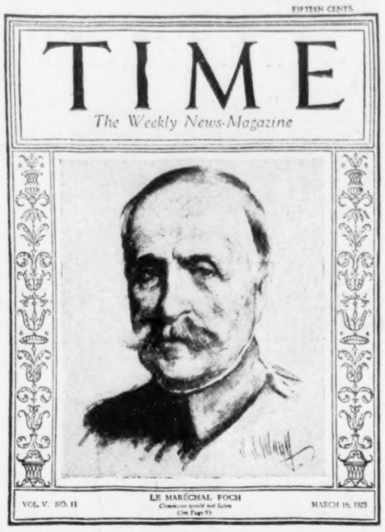
If we stopped at a crossroads other flivvers stopped too, to offer counsel or help; to discuss politics or just to pass the time of day. We listened to confidences— One doughboy, still in his army khaki, harangued us for five minutes because his unit had not succeeded in getting overseas. "The next time there's a war," he declared, fixing us with a baleful eye, "it'll cost Uncle Sam a thousand dollars to send me a postcard telling me so." Another—his unit had got overseas—told us that if it were up to him to decide the punishment of Grover Cleveland Bergdoll, he'd tie him naked to the top of a big ant hill and leave him there.

Once—outside the Garden of the Gods—we were immovable, caught by a combination of ditch and down-grade. Cars of all wealthy varieties passed. Their occupants gazed on us with that combination of curiosity and humorous appreciation which in the case of road trouble is most trying to sustain. Suddenly a flivver passed, stopped and a half dozen men—farmers apparently —swarmed in our direction. "Are you in trouble, brother?" one of them asked. Almost before we could answer, they had sized up the situation; had put six pairs of Herculean shoulders to the job; were back in their own machine. Somehow that "Are you in trouble, brother?" with its Bunyanesque quality has always lingered gratefully in my ears.

We offered assistance occasionally ourselves. Once we towed an aged couple back to their town—they in the prehistoric flivver for which they had just exchanged another, presumably more prehistoric. The old lady regarded their mishap, both in trading and breaking down, as a delicious adventure. "This old boat!" she kept exclaiming between gusts of tremulous laughter. "Think of our getting this old boat!" Once we pulled the lustrous leviathan of a haughty creature, who looked like a queen mother of the Hapsburg line, out of the shallow ditch into which it had skidded. The process took half an hour and was an arduous one. But, although her chauffeur stood in helpless silence watching, apparently the Hapsburg dowager was not impressed—she did not bother to thank us. We gave lifts to old people, young people, children, boy scouts and tramps. Daily, we made a score at least of those brief, amusing contacts of the road.

An intriguing human element in the touring experience is that, after a day or two, all the world seems to be touring too. Peremptory plutocratic cars,

(*Continued on page 40*)



"The Greatest Innovation Since BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S 'SATURDAY EVENING POST'"

Test the next twelve issues of TIME and see why James Wallen made this statement regarding—

The Fastest Growing Non-Fiction Magazine in the U. S.

$1

It is not necessary to send $1 with the coupon below to start the next twelve issues of TIME coming to you at once. Your credit is good if a dollar bill is not handy. Simply fill in the address at which you wish to receive TIME—we will send you a bill later. This Special Offer will be withdrawn shortly for the regular $5 yearly rate. Mail the coupon today.

Will It Work for *YOU*?

THE Ambassador of a great European power sat talking things over with a famed Washington correspondent. They were discussing the problem of keeping thoroughly up to date in a world where so much of interest was continually happening. Dozens of newspapers and magazines came to the Embassy, but the Ambassador was too busy to read them.

The newspaper man advised the Ambassador to subscribe at once to TIME—the weekly news-magazine.

He explained that TIME is a brilliant condensation of the news of all the world. He told the Ambassador how TIME is both readable and authoritative.

How each sentence is written with a tang that makes each fact stand out in clear relief.

How he, himself, a newspaper man, finds TIME "indispensable."

Sir Esme Howard, Ambassador from Great Britain, took the tip. He is now a regular subscriber to the news-magazine. EVIDENCE that the NEWS-MAGAZINE idea,—that TIME works is presented by thousands of active men and women who have already discovered it.

Will TIME work for you? We don't know. We think so. But you are the judge.

Judge how well it prepares you for events, acquaints you with the preeminent personalities of the news, adds interest to everything else you read or hear. Test its timesaving value, its authority, its up-to-dateness. The coupon contains a Special Short Term Subscription offer—the next twelve issues at the special price of one dollar—mail it to-day.

Look forward to the next issue for surprising contributions to your store of current knowledge. Look forward also to the keenest intellectual satisfaction.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS says: *"TIME gives the irreducible minimum of material, mental and spiritual events of general interest. I read it every week regularly."*

PRES. FARRAND of Cornell says: *"I look forward to its appearance each week with anticipations of profit which are never disappointed."*

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Gentlemen: You may send the next twelve issues of TIME to me at the following address and bill me later for one dollar.

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For Year's Subscription (52 issues), $5.00 Check Here ☐

W

Wrigley's is as beneficial
as it is pleasant and lasting.

R

Regular use of it will aid the
teeth, appetite and digestion.

I

It cleanses the teeth, removing
food particles that cause decay.

G

Good gum is good for you -
doctors and dentists affirm this.

L

Let the children have Wrigley's
for lasting pleasure and benefit.

E

Eat wisely, chew your food well and
use Wrigley's - after every meal.

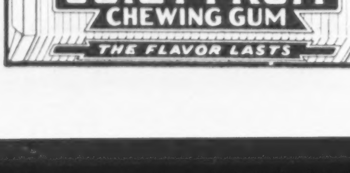
Y

You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.

'S

Smiles come easier, breath is
sweeter the world is brighter with
Wrigley's. F 33

"after every meal" - the flavor lasts!



Over the Horizon—on Wheels

Continued from page 39

languid with ease and elegance, nosing you off the road; flivvers filled with family and camping outfit, sometimes dragging a trailer; honeymoon couples with coquettish chintzes curtaining their windows; highway yeggs—somehow you know these furtive road rats instinctively; groups of adventuring boys; pairs of exploring girls. Everywhere the men are in camping-out wear; the majority of the women—flappers, mothers, maiden aunts, grandmothers—in khaki knickers.

The Three Thrills

AS YOU pass the camping grounds at twilight the camp fires are already staining the air with blue spirals. Delicious cooking odors catch in your nostrils. Groups, widely distributed geographically, have already become acquainted. Somehow it presents a picture of so gay, so easy-going, so *alive* a people!

All my life I had resented having to get up in the morning. I had never ceased to inveigh against the barbarous, brutal, daily outrage. All my life I had demanded my coffee the instant I was dressed—demanded it in a loud, insistent, threatening tone which brought immediate results. And yet, notwithstanding the twelve hours' steady riding of the previous day, six o'clock of every morning found me bathed, dressed, packed and saying wheedlingly to Will Irwin, "Can't we start now—and get our breakfast later somewhere along the road?"

In summing up my trip I would say that out of the multitude of little thrills there emerged three big ones. The first, purely physical, came from the fact that every night found us in a different country; brought us an accompanying sense of the vastness and variation of this astonishing land of ours.

The second, a selfish one but as inevitable, came from the realization of our national prosperity. It happened that I had spent two years of the war in Europe, that I had visited the warring countries immediately after the armistice. In comparison with bled-white France, drained-dry England, body-and-spirit-starved Germany, America seemed to run over with milk and honey. Those chastely-comely towns of New England with their quiet look of culture! Those vast coppery farms of the Middle West with their sleek look of comfort! Those enormous ranches of the West with their easy look of power! The huge cities which—perturbingly—we so often bisected! The comfortable, happy, middle-aged, prosperous people everywhere! The young girls so chic—the mail-order houses and the fashion magazines are responsible for this—as compared with the rustic dowds of my girlhood!

Of the three thrills, the last was the greatest. I had been realizing all along that we Americans showed great differences—the differences which come from variation in race, religion, derivative country, habits of life. And yet another power had produced magic. Was it baseball, national magazines, syndicated newspapers? I prefer to think it was that vast pioneer spirit which drew us resistlessly across the seas from the depths of dynasty-ridden Europe. That spirit had not smoothed down the differences; it had only charged with fire the likenesses. Different superficially we shall ever be. But at heart always we shall be the same people!

The Pig Calypso

Continued from page 19

Penelope he seemed bursting with youth, energy and zest. There was the bronze of wind and open air in his cheeks. He exhaled confidence. That was the trouble—that and his youth. He was too young to be telling men like her father what they didn't know about farming. Nevertheless, he *knew*—she was certain of that.

"Penelope, I've got the big idea! We're going to be married during the fair. It wouldn't spoil your course—not at all. You could go right on—"

She retreated before him into the kitchen, but Will Best pursued until she stopped. He took her hands, caught her arms, waited for her lips. He could feel the tremor of consent in her body, but saw denial in her eyes.

"No, Will. Please—"

She disengaged his hands.

"You know I can't marry you."

His face was colored with disbelieving, and yet with an annoying, half-convincing suspicion.

"It isn't going to be Todd? Why, he's—I've heard ugly things about him."

"Don't, Will. It isn't Zenas. But I can't leave Father—not for good. He'd be all right for the winter, boarding with Zenas' mother. But he's awfully dependent. I've promised to stay—as long as he wants me."

"Then we'll come right back here, next spring. I'll run the farm. There's nothing in this county-agent business. Some folks would think I was feathering my nest in nice shape. I'd hate that. But *you'd* know."

Penelope was shaking her head. "I thought you understood, Will. I don't like to tell you, but Dad—"

He drew a long breath.

"So it's that? Of course, I've known he didn't care very much for me ever since the time I suggested that new balanced ration for putting fat on a steer. But I always thought he might get used to having me around."

The kitchen gloomed, abruptly, as if the sun were under a cloud, then brightened slowly.

"Well, anyhow," Will resumed, whistling to reinforce the doubtful optimism, "we'll have this winter together, while you're at school. I'll see a lot of you in town."

"You won't, Will," cried Penelope, with a suspicion of moist glitter in the corners of her eyes. "Calypso's not going to the fair."

"Why not?"

"Threshing. I can't go either."

"Todd won't take him? Then I will, by jingo!"

Penelope stood stock still with delight. He answered an obvious question:

"I'll fix up a crate that will fit the trailer. About daylight I'll be along here, and you can figure on Calypso's snoozing in his stall at the fair before noon."

"Oh, Will. You always manage. You're—wonderful."

The words pleased him, and yet the whole diplomacy of the pan of apples between them was necessary to check his more impetuous claim.

ZENAS TODD, backing a wagon into the barn, had begun tossing the sacks of wheat into a bin. He handled them easily, a bushel and a half to a sack, nearly a hundred unwieldy wounds. Jonathan Ireland emptied them, grimacing with the pain of his game leg. Will Best saw, and offered to "spell" him.

"Tell you what," he said, briskly. "I'll work in here—glad to—if you'll just get together a few bits of old lumber for a crate. I've got to box up Penelope's pig."

Zenas Todd's long-bridged nose bisected the curved disdain of his upper lip.

"You won't need any crate," he said sourly. "If that pig gets to the fair at all, he'll walk. But if you'd like to know, I've made up my mind to salt him down, when the first good weather for hog-killin' comes."

He spat viciously against a sack as he tossed it handily into the bin.

"Now, Zenas—"

"You Do Notice
Some Things,
Don't You?"

"I know I'll never be one of those straight up and down people with a boyish form, but I have lost almost fifteen pounds.

"When I first started walking, I went twice around the block. Now I do three miles almost every day.

"Somehow it is a more natural way of reducing than a lot of artificial schemes and manipulations. It is more fun to try to do your own reducing than to have some one else do it for you, and more healthful, too, Dr. Davis says.

"I've used more sense in eating and done my three miles in the open air. I may not be getting thin fast, but I am losing weight, and believe me, I never felt better in my life."

* * * *

It was a good thing, madam, that you acted on the Cantilever advertisement you read three months ago. You will remember that before you made the change to Cantilevers, with their flexible arches, you couldn't walk with any degree of pleasure or comfort.

With their natural lines and snug, flexible arches, Cantilever Shoes have been helping you get back the springy step of youth.

Every woman who reads this advertisement and wants to feel well owes it to herself and her figure to investigate the Cantilever Shoe, built with real consideration for the feet.

What do you want in footwear?

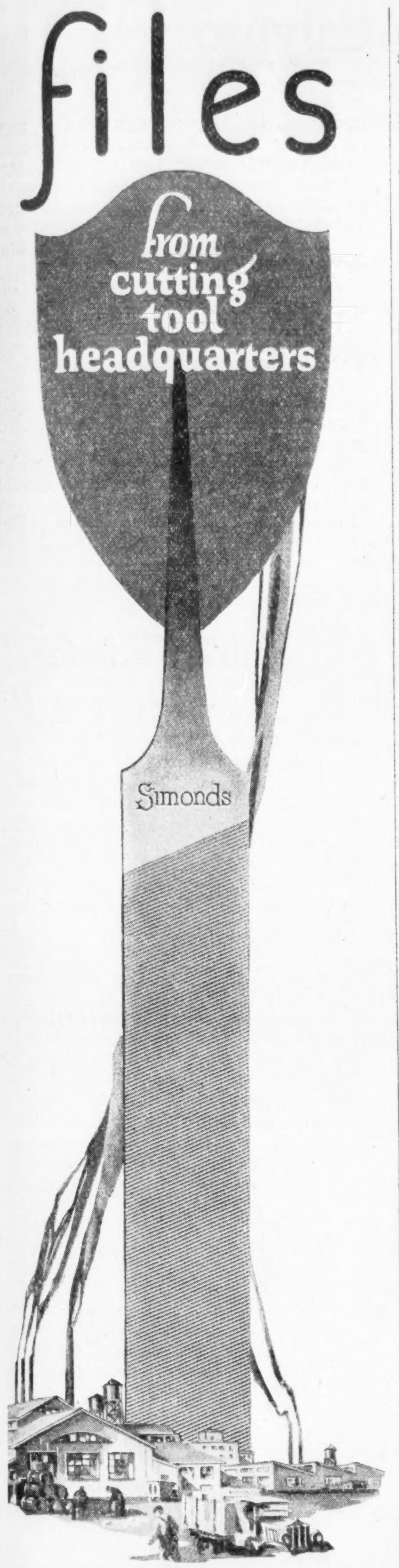
Style, comfort, fit, quality, scientific construction?

You will find them all in the Cantilever Shoe.

If you have read and considered the things which the best doctors say about the value of outdoor walking, and if you want to make your walking a real enjoyment, take your next walk tomorrow in the flexible

Cantilever
Shoe
for Men and Women

Cantilever Shoes are sold in a Cantilever Shoe Shop or by a carefully selected store in practically every city. Only one store in each city sells Cantilevers, (except in New York and Chicago). If you do not know the address of a Cantilever dealer who is near you, write the manufacturers, Morse & Burt Co., 412 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. A postcard will do.



SIMONDS FILES

The name Simonds means just as much on a file as it does on a saw or any other cutting tool. It is a guarantee of quality—quality born of nearly a century's experience in making the finest of cutting edges from tempered steel—heat-treated by a special process to insure long life and great strength. Ask your dealer.

SIMONDS SAW & STEEL COMPANY
Fitchburg, Mass.
"The Saw Makers" *Established 1832*
Branch Stores and Service Shops in Principal Cities

SIMONDS
Pronounced SI-MONDS
SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL

Jonathan Ireland was carefully lifting his hurt leg over the boards that stopped the bin door.

"Zenas, that critter's too expensive a piece of pork to salt down on this farm."

Will turned to him gratefully.

"I'll take her to the fair," he said. "You can count on my being past here in the morning bright and early, with the trailer. We can—"

A sack of grain, lashing against his legs with malicious impetus, served as a forceful interruption. He staggered backward, the clutch of loose wheat giving clumsiness to his feet. Abruptly he caught his balance, but with a startling crash of rotted wood under foot. The floor seemed to be giving way. Thrusting himself aside, he saw a swift funneling of grain as it ran to a sudden escape.

Jonathan Ireland peered into the bin doubtfully.

"Ought to have patched that floor, I guess. I'll have to run a piece of planking over the hole."

"Meanwhile," laughed Will, "you're losing a lot of dollar-and-a-half wheat!"

"Don't worry," Zenas counseled, agrin over his small stratagem, "you'll find every kernel of it down on the stable floor."

Will remembered the barn's curious arrangement. It stood upon a slope, one end a story higher than the other. There was a stable entrance on the south, and through the north end hay and grain could be brought in upon the second floor. Over the bins was the hay loft, filled to the roof on either side of a central runway. Not an economical arrangement, Will concluded, but a snug one. There were convenient chutes for both hay and grain to the stables underneath.

Aware of the silent enmity of Zenas, Will Best worked on. From somewhere about the barn he could hear Jonathan Ireland hammering and sawing at the crate. Zenas was conscious of this too, and appeared to chafe under the knowledge. When the wagon was empty, and he was backing the team away, he released his mind:

"The old man might as well save himself the trouble. I'm telling you that pig'll never leave this farm on the hoof. You can get this into your head too—Penelope and I are goin' to be married along about Thanksgiving time. So you needn't bother about givin' her any more live stock to pay her way through farm school. See? I know all about this idea of winning prize-pig scholarships. Just forget about that. And one thing more—you like your health? Then take my advice, and be mighty scarce here from this time on."

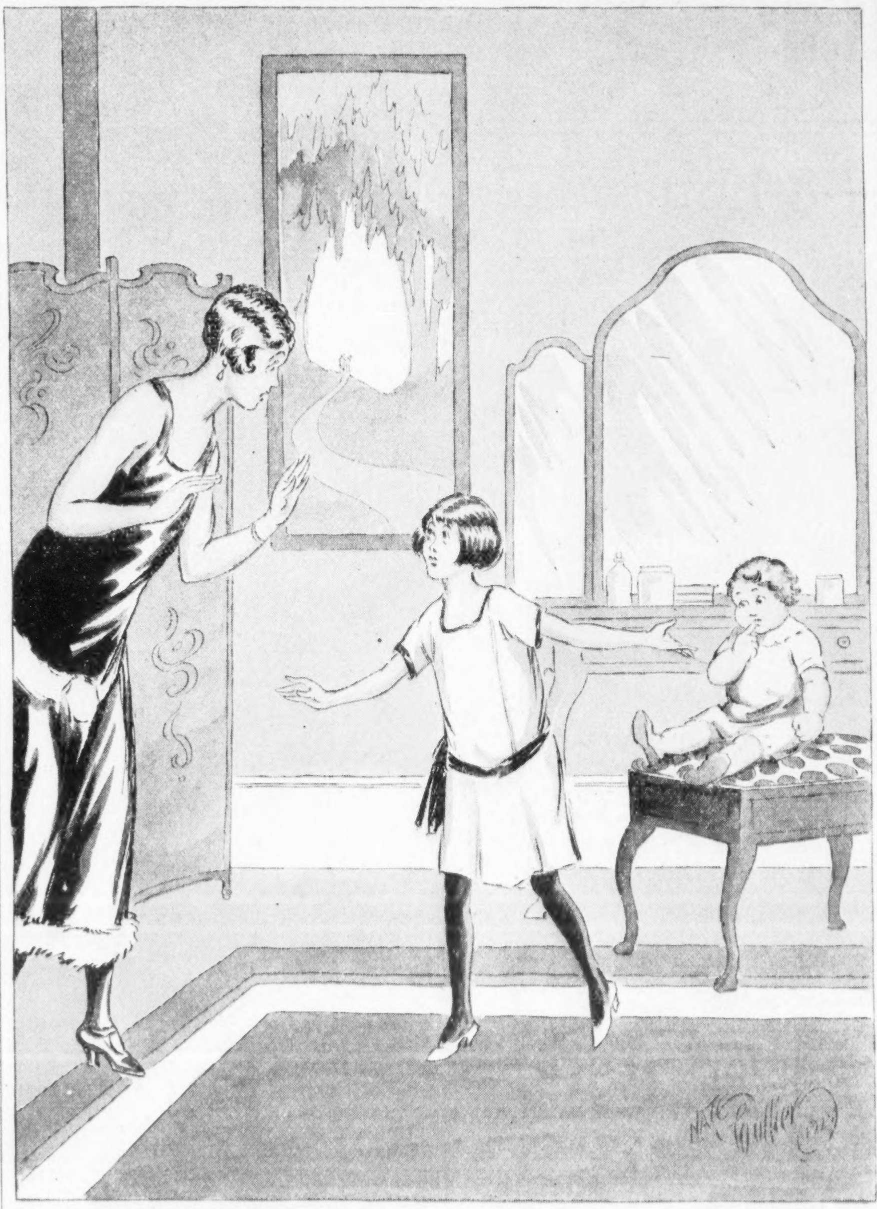
The loose ends of his reins cracked over the team, and he was away with a clatter.

Jonathan Ireland, finishing his work on the crate, consulted his watch, and then, with one hand upon the bell rope that swung from a post beside the kitchen door, shouted to Penelope: "Dinner ready?"

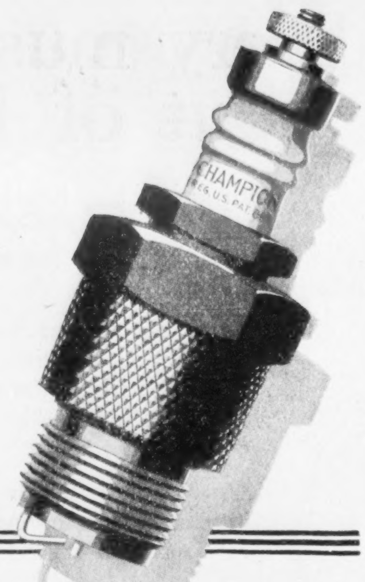
THERE was an answering halloo, and the bell uttered its cracked clamor. The whistle of the threshing engine blew tumultuously, and promptly the crew trooped in, asweat under the noon sun, to splash briefly in the row of enameled wash basins outside the kitchen door.

Will Best had helped Penelope carry to the table huge platters of hot food. There were bowls of satiny brown gravy, clusters of new celery standing upright in tumblers, and wild cherry jelly trembling at its release from the glass molds that gave it form. Mashed rutabaga contributed its steaming bulk to

(*Continued on page 42*)



"Mother, did you have a stick of candy on your dressing table?"
"No."
"Well then, Baby's eaten your lip stick!"



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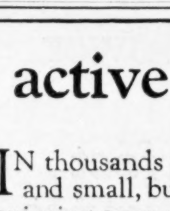

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The Pig Calypso

Continued from page 41

the assemblage of food, which, even to the pies, was all on the table in simultaneous convenience. Beet pickles, cucumber pickles, pickled tomatoes, were there as a matter of course, and Penelope had added to this general category a platter of newly preserved crabapples, each with its stem aimed obligingly aloft.

Zenas sat at the head of the table, seemingly unconscious of the impropriety of relegating Jonathan Ireland to a haphazard place near the foot. As for Will, he would not sit at all, but waited on table.

Zenas twitted him with this.

"I see our esteemed friend, the cow professor," he said to the table at large, "is givin' us a balanced ration. This ought to fat us up like yearling steers."

Will, filling the coffee cups, grinned agreeably. He was accustomed to chaffing, and to what he called the old-fogy resistance of a certain element of farmers, numerous once, but now almost as rare as the fabulous dodo.

When dinner was over, Calypso, rooting serenely, perhaps arrogantly, at the door of the kitchen, experienced again Zenas Todd's high displeasure. A boot heel rattled shockingly against the beast's jaws. Polyphemus, awake from his nap, skulked, growling, to escape a similar fate.

Will Best's humor approached the snapping point. Although he had been unmoved at Zenas' chaffing, this was an act difficult to endure. He knew that to quarrel with a farmer of even such doubtful standing in the community as Zenas might not help his county work, yet he could not let the incident pass. The kick, he felt, was aimed not so much at Calypso as himself—the disrespect of it at Penelope.

"If that should happen again," he said mildly, "you'll be the subject of a slight accident."

The threshing crew paused, waiting for what seemed the inevitable issue of blows. But Zenas, it appeared, had not aimed at that extremity. He laughed uneasily.

"I'll use a pigsticker next," he boasted. "Nothin' would please me more than to butcher that hog."

Zenas strode away toward the barn. He might, it occurred to Will Best, do his utmost to prevent Calypso's appearance at the fair, yet it hardly seemed likely that he would be so bold, in spite of his bluster of pigsticking, as to commit open violence againt Penelope's pet. Nevertheless, it would be as well, he concluded, to keep an eye on Calypso.

Skirting the house that evening, he heard voices beside the kitchen door, and was surprised at the sight of Penelope and Zenas etched against lantern shadows thrown grotesquely aloft.

Zenas was speaking: "Your dad and I—we've been crating Calypso."

"You needn't have done that till morning. Will promised—"

"Well, he's in, anyhow, and we've got him fixed up snug in the stable, where he won't catch cold with the night air. You ought to thank me for that." His laugh echoed ironically. Along the wall of the kitchen his shadow encroached upon hers.

"See here, Pen. As long as we're goin' to be married anyhow, I should think a kiss now and then—"

Penelope shrank from him. She turned to the door, but he blocked that way. He reached for her, but she ran toward the corner of the house and full into Will's arms.

AS IF this had been an expected haven, she clung there, looking up at him. Will held her, with a smile of challenge to Zenas. This, certainly, he thought, was the call to battle. And yet, without a word, Zenas picked up his lantern, turned, and tramped stolidly toward the cross-field trail leading to his own farm. After a hundred paces he paused.

"I'll be back in ten minutes," he called over his shoulder. "I'll have a shotgun loaded with rock salt."

Penelope trembled against Will's breast.

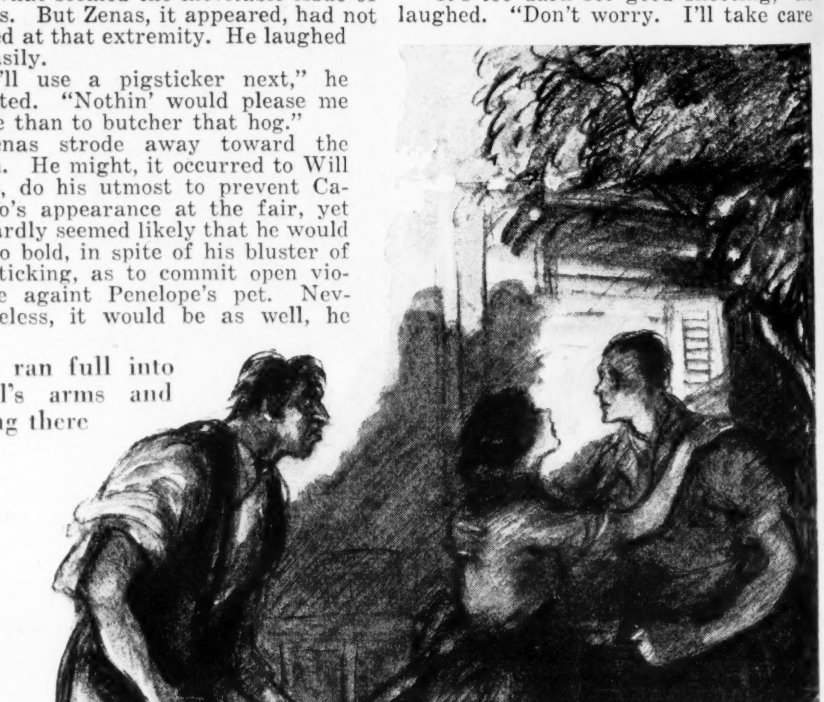
"Don't stay," she urged. "He *might* shoot!"

Will was derisive. "You don't know him as well as I do."

The moon was under a cloud, the ten minutes somewhat more than elapsed, when Penelope went into the house.

"You'll go now?" she pleaded.

"It's too dark for good shooting," he laughed. "Don't worry. I'll take care



She ran full into Will's arms and clung there of myself—and Calypso. If anything happens, you'll probably hear from Polyphemus."

Will did not go directly to his tent, stretched over the body of his car under the tree overhanging the fence at the far corner of Jonathan Ireland's orchard, but sauntered instead toward the barn. Entering the stable, he examined, under the glow of his pocket flashlight, the situation of the sleepy and somewhat petulant Calypso. The pig was neatly penned, and the crate in which he napped had been placed in an empty stall. Curiously, there was a heap of unsacked wheat in one corner, and Will recalled with a sense of absurd apprehension the incident of the morning. Calypso's crate appeared to be directly underneath the bin that possessed a decrepit floor. Some of the planking looked, from below, even more hazardous than when he had stood in the bin. Hardly more than a widened crack, for that matter, would let down hundreds of bushels of wheat, in a relentless, slow flood, to drown all prize-winning pretensions of the pig Calypso.

Tentatively he put his shoulder to the crate to see if it could be moved. Then he reflected upon Calypso's four hundred pounds avoirdupois. He could of course rouse the beast and open the door of the crate to liberty. But this, he felt, would be an absurd yielding to overactive imagination.

There was at least one reasonable compromise that might be made. To trust the bin floor was far easier than to trust Zenas. Remembering the mow with its burden of new hay, he climbed to the next floor, leaving Polyphemus to whimper at the foot of the ladder, and made his bed in the down of scented timothy. This was as good as or better than the tent, and it possessed the virtue of novelty. Besides, from such a vantage, Calypso might have some degree of chaperonage.

Through the siding of the barn Will could hear a faint hiss of steam from the threshing engine in the cattle yard. There was a clatter of cottonwood twigs against the roof, a sigh of timbers through the barn's ancient bulk, and a drowsy chorus of infinitesimal snappings and pipings in his bolster of hay. Polyphemus, below, ceased his whimpering, and Will dozed.

A SOUND, unwonted, half-expected, aroused him. This was not the familiar thud of a horse's hoof. It was the more insistent, directed impact of metal upon wood. He sat up, remembering his guardianship of Calypso.

There was a square of light upon the rafters, proceeding, evidently, from the hay chute that ran down into the stable. He peered cautiously over the edge of it, listening. Then he began, as noiselessly as possible, his descent of a ladder built against one face of the chute.

Upon the lower rungs he paused. The sound of wood splintering under a blow was audible. He imagined he could hear too, from the direction of the closed stall in which Calypso's crate stood, the splash of pouring, running kernels of grain. He felt certain of what would be found beyond the partition of the stall.

So that he might have the advantage of surprise, he gathered himself for a sudden leap. But before he could move, Polyphemus barked sharp recognition at the foot of the ladder. The surprise was partial, nevertheless. He had time to brush past Zenas Todd at the gate of the stall, and lift the door of the crate. Calypso sleepily shook from his back the persistent rain of wheat, but had not, at first, the wit to emerge. Looking up, Will observed a crowbar wedged between boards of the bin floor. It hung half obscured by the screen of grain that fell from a deep crevice produced by its leverage. Zenas, it appeared, had not been clever enough to push aside the loose planking used for repair—or rather, after all, he had been too shrewd for that, since no doubt his purpose was to cover his own agency in this eccentric misdemeanor. His aim, of course, would be to make it seem entirely accidental.

Prodding Calypso, shouting at the beast to rouse him from the crate, Will felt abruptly the hard fingers of Zenas Todd upon his shoulders. He was whirled away, through the blinding cascade of wheat, until the planking of the stall brought him to a sharp stop.

"Now then!" Zenas snarled. "Either you or the pig has got to stay in that crate, He's out, I see, so you'd better sneak in."

A swinging fist was his period. Will dodged and grappled and they fell, Zenas astride.

Polyphemus romped, delighted by what seemed a new form of sport. Then he grew serious, bristling with perplexity. This elemental struggle, silent, intense, was such a phenomenon as he had never before witnessed. Men struggled with objects, with brutes—did violence to them, but never to themselves. His bark merged into a growl. He was away, suddenly, through the door of the stable, howling as he went.

Will exerted his whole strength against the tugging, iron-muscled arms of Zenas Todd. He felt the weight of the heavy torso, the great shoulders that had tossed wheat sacks as if they were chaff.

WITH a supreme effort Will broke away momentarily, and gained his feet. He understood that he must change the manner of conflict. He must keep at arm's length and depend upon his fists. He faced Zenas upon the slope of a heap of wheat half inundating the crate.

For a time they lashed at each other viciously. Zenas, though he fended less adroitly, was shattering when he struck. Will's fists danced as if they were at work upon the punching bag in the farm school gymnasium. Slowly Zenas gave way before him. Then a blow bloodied Will's nose and sent him reeling against the rough stone of the outer wall. Zenas was upon him, trying once more to bear him down. To Will the situation seemed desperate. Zenas bent obliviously to the rain of his fists.

The issue, when it came, was for Will abruptly fortunate. With a foot against his thigh, Will sent Zenas staggering. This was the impulse, but Calypso's was the coup de grace. Lumbering through the wheat, the beast was a firm bulwark against Zenas' legs. Feet sprawling across Calypso's expanse of ribs, Zenas was catapulted into the open end of the crate.

This to Will was a startling, stimulating advantage. Before Zenas could rise he was upon him, filled with a grotesque notion of revenge. He tackled tumultuously, laughed aloud as he gasped for breath in his effort. Zenas was already head and shoulders in the crate. As if only half comprehending Will's intention, he resisted feebly. Dazed from the fall, winded and muscle-bound, he was pressed relentlessly into the narrow space that now remained at the top of the crate.

For a time, Will found Zenas' legs troublesome. They threshed cruelly against his arms. Then he countered this defense by clinging to the top of the crate and flailing with his own heels until, with a shout, he was able to drop the crate door, forcing it down upon Zenas' protesting shins. Climbing astride the sliding door, he sat, breathless, observing the sullen incredulity of his prisoner.

Wouldn't the fellow, Will thought, even beg for a little mercy? That would be too bad, after all his trouble.

The wheat streamed down. The crate was an island in the sea of it—a sea battered into wavelets by struggling feet. The lantern hung high up, and within the dull circle of shadow beneath it Calypso rooted, nibbling without relish at the profligate grain.

Zenas roused himself. He began pushing upon the slats, trying to free his feet from the pressure of the gate. All this was futile. There was too little room for leverage, and he gave it up.

The wheat trickled in. He pushed it away from his body, bailed it out through the slats. Oozing back again, it buried his body, and when he extricated himself he was inches closer to the top. The moment came when he could go no further. He stared up, dismayed, at Will's formidable smile.

"See here," he whined, "you're carrying things too far. I'm whipped!"

He spoke again, after another period of Will's smiling silence:

(*Continued on page 44*)

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The Pig Calypso

Continued from page 43

"Let me out, I tell you! I'll suffocate in a minute. Don't you understand I was only joking about puttin' you in here? You don't know when to let up. Maybe you'll wait too long about gettin' me out."

STILL there was no response, and Zenas shouted, suddenly, his voice thick with the final conviction of fear. As if in answer, Polyphemus became audible again, and whisked into the stall. Will had been vaguely conscious of the dog's alarm during his battle with Zenas, but had not hoped for the sequel. The mistress of Polyphemus followed him, wide-eyed. And behind her, after a speechless interval, Jonathan Ireland limped into view.

Zenas shrieked, now, of murder. And Will, at last, spoke. "Tell them," he said, "what you were doing."

Zenas, his hands impotent to serve him, was obliged to blow the insinuating kernels of wheat from his lips as he complied.

"And is that all?" Will asked judicially.

"No! Help, Jonathan! Make this fool let me out! I'll tell you everything. Those cows—the lightning. What I mean is, they weren't all yours, Jonathan. But I'll replace 'em—honest I will."

Astonished, Will stayed his intended reach for the crowbar over his head. This was more than he had expected. Zenas spluttered on, frantically: "Last year—you'd ought to have had nine hundred out of the sheep. I'll give you the other five. My share—"

The wheat choked him.

Jonathan Ireland cried out warningly, but Will needed no admonition. The crowbar was in his hands. One by one the slats yielded, and Zenas, with Will's help, rolled free. He had neither the spirit nor the wit, apparently, to recant his confession, but crawled away, gained his feet at the door of the stall, and was gone.

Penelope, caressing Calypso's silken ears, was first to speak: "So that was why he was so good about crating Calypso for me to-night. Nice, kind man!"

Jonathan Ireland murmured hazily: "He was a good renter, Pen—I don't know where I'll get another." Rubbing a scratchy spot among Calypso's bristles, Will looked close into Penelope's eyes. Laughing, careless of the crimson stain above his lips, she kissed him.

Her father, observing, yet only half comprehending this charade in the lantern light, studied them a moment, doubtfully. Then he slapped the thigh of his one sound leg.

"Maybe," he said to Will, as if the notion were original, "you'd be willin' to take hold of the place."

What Draws the Crowds?

Continued from page 10

played a great game in the field. It was Ruth that beat us that day, playing his head off when every move meant a pain like the toothache. I took off my hat to him then. I knew that there was a fellow who loved baseball more than anyone I had ever seen."

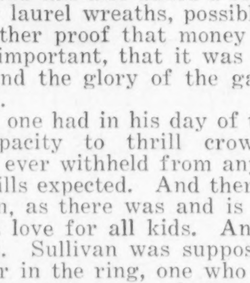
Under even more painful conditions Ruth escaped from the hospital and played in a world series against the Giants with an infected arm swollen to twice its normal size and one leg just about hanging on. He was a double cripple in leg and arm, risking the loss of both by further injury, yet nothing could keep him from the field.

Both John L. and Ruth violated all the common-sense rules of economy and thrift, and this also added a few sprigs to their laurel wreaths, possibly as being further proof that money to them was unimportant, that it was only the game and the glory of the game that counted.

Each one had in his day of top fame the capacity to thrill crowds, and neither ever withheld from any crowds the thrills expected. And there was in Sullivan, as there was and is in Ruth, a great love for all kids. And it was all real. Sullivan was supposed to be a terror in the ring, one who battered all opponents to unconsciousness as soon as he could. Yet one day when a youngster fell and cut his face badly Sullivan, with tears running down his face, picked him up in his arms and hurried to the nearest doctor. He might beat up a cop, but any kid could have anything John L. Sullivan had.

The same has always been true of Ruth, who still in spirit is only a kid of fourteen or fifteen. You might think the kids would stand aside in awe of the home-run kid. But once let upon the field they are all over him, climbing his vast body, pulling him down to play with him as if he were some big pet, sent there for a frolic and a romp. And Ruth in the meanwhile has spent innumerable hours going out of his way to help youngsters singly and in groups, to take them autographed baseballs, to help pay their doctors' bills, to prove that he is still one of them in every manner of life.

Above all else, both were on the level in this sense: each gave to his game all he had, at every start, with a deep appreciation of the great public that brought him fame and fortune. The usual method of the champion is to despise this public. Few champions have liked crowds. To John L. Sullivan and to Babe Ruth these crowds stood as sponsors of their greatness, as makers of their greatness, audiences entitled to the finest work of the artist at every move. Neither ever faked, neither ever shirked, and with all their crudities both, in addition to being skilled artisans at their trade, were dramatists of high degree with peculiar qualities of crowd attraction that no one else in the game has known. They were the architects of personal destinies that no mere skill alone could ever hope to reach.



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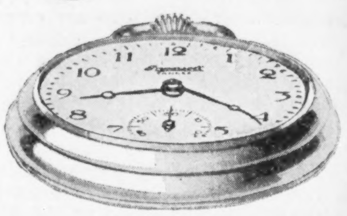

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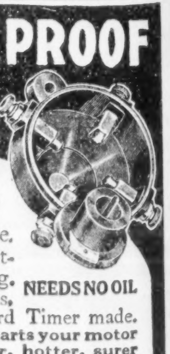

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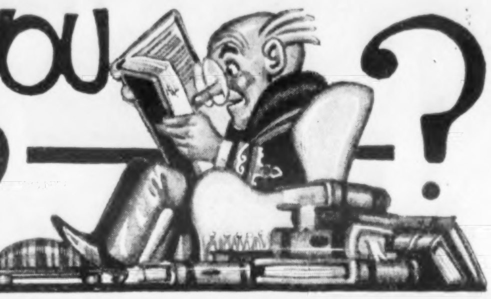


By GRANT OVERTON

NOW is the time for all good women to come to the aid of the author. (This typewriter seems to run all right.) Summer is here. Stretch the hammock and the fish story. Let the Authors' Aid Society assemble afternoons. Each member must bring at least one novel she has bought or borrowed. May you get your own novel on departure.

The novel likeliest to be in evidence, I suppose, is "The Constant Nymph," by Margaret Kennedy, now for some time a best seller. It's the story of the wild children of a musician, full of bohemianism and cleverness. Frank Swinnerton, the novelist, calls it "the most distinguished novel by a woman in years," so I may do it less than justice; I don't know. It's wide sale proves something but just what is difficult to tell, since after a book has sold about 50,000 copies most buyers buy because they must get in the know.

Personally I liked better "The George and the Crown," by Sheila Kaye-Smith, whose "Joanna Godden" you may remember.

"Joanna Godden" was a remarkable life history of a woman, but Sheila Kaye-Smith's great talent in most of her novels is her men. They are flesh and blood, like Edith Wharton's, though plainer folk than Mrs. Wharton writes about. Miss Kaye-Smith, like Sinclair Lewis, is the child of a doctor. She was born and brought up in Sussex; has always lived in that English county and nearly always writes of it. She seems to know men's trades as thoroughly as any man.

"The George and the Crown" takes title from two inns, but is really the story of a man and two women. He loved the first, but she married a rival. He married the second without then loving her, and came to love her above all else. After her death, the first woman tried to recapture him; but by then he had had more than she could give him.

Do you like old-fashioned, solidly constructed novels. Most people who really read books do. A publisher said to me some time ago that a novel could afford to be long, and even a little dull, if the people were real people and the reader felt he knew every inch of them.

"Write a three-layer-cake novel and the chances are that you have written a best seller," he said.

"Should a Mother Tell?"

BOOKS like Sheila Kaye-Smith's and Edith Wharton's bear this publisher out. His precept may apply to Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground."

This is the story of a woman's life from the time she is twenty until she is fifty. Except for an interval in New York, the scene is Virginia. Dorinda Oakley has a tragic experience with love in her young womanhood. But there is stern stuff in her. She does not let it make her a permanent exile, she does not let it smash her life. She comes home, and she sets to work to redeem the worn-out farm. It takes her thirty years to do it. In the course of time she marries, not unhappily. She lives to bury her husband and to see the burial of that first lover. She has a dreadful hour in which she feels she has missed the fine flower of life; but the moment passes.

The truth is what she felt in another moment—and it is the truth for every woman unhappy in love. It is in one sentence:

"Yesterday he had had power over her senses; to-morrow he might have power again over her memory; but at this instant, while they stood there, so close together that she could almost feel his breath on her face, her senses and her memory alike were delivered from the old torment of love."

The good novelists don't "arrive" with a first novel, a second or a third. Joseph Conrad wrote eight before one got a large sale; Sheila Kaye-Smith began to count with her tenth; "Barren Ground" is Miss Glasgow's fourteenth novel and her best. She lives at One West Main Street, Richmond, in a house about a century old, which, preserved I hope in all its beauty of interior, your grandchildren may stop around to see.

Edith Wharton now makes her home permanently in France, at St. Brice, near Paris, in the summer, and at Hyeres in winter. Lovely gardens in both places, of course.

A story of a woman by a woman for women, her new novel, "The Mother's Recompense," might, I suppose, be facetiously called, "Should a Mother Tell?" Kate Clephane was at one time in love with a man considerably younger than herself. But all that is long past when the story opens. The mother, returning to America, has to witness the beginning and whole development of a love affair between this man and her daughter, Anne. He is not unreasonably older than Anne; his intentions are honorable and Anne's are definite; a marriage is very distinctly in sight. What, if anything, shall Kate Clephane do? What *can* she do? Jealousy and affection are both acutely involved.

I have to hand it to Mrs. Wharton. She does not evade. Perhaps it is unfair to tell the working out of the story. I will therefore only say that Kate Clephane fights the proposed marriage tooth and nail, but always indirectly. Nevertheless, the marriage takes place.

A Few for the Men

AND men? Can't they pick up a book this summer? Well, here are three they may be safe with:

"Drums," by James Boyd, is a first novel, an historical affair. The setting is Carolina; the time, that of the Revolution. But don't get a wrong idea. This is *not* a trumped-up pageant. It actually recreates the life of its place and time. There are large moments. You see John Paul Jones and attend the engagement between the Serapis and the Bonhomme Richard. You visit London. You get a glimpse of Daniel Boone. But the real stuff of the book is young Johnny Fraser and his folks in the homely life of the Carolina pines. It is so real that it makes Sabatini's "The Carolinian" appear like pasteboard.

"Sea Horses," by Francis Brett Young, moves from the Mediterranean to Africa. You think of Conrad but you never accuse the author of imitating Conrad. That's how good it is.

"These Women," by William Johnston, is recommended for the unfortunate male who has lost his bearings in Edith Wharton's or Elizabeth's novels. It is full of normalcy and a "What-could-be-fairer" attitude and it averages well up in laughs per chapter.

"The Constant Nymph." By Margaret Kennedy. Doubleday, Page & Company.

"The George and the Crown." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. E. P. Dutton & Company.

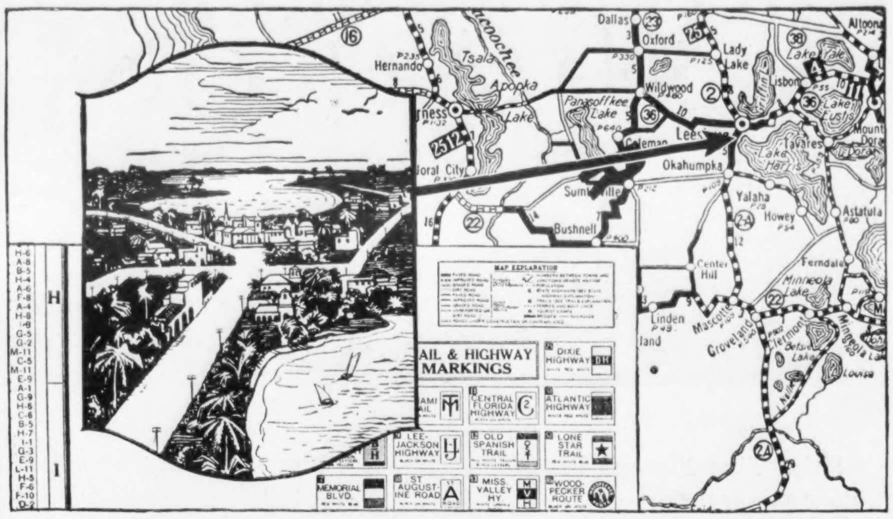
"Barren Ground." By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page & Company.

"The Mother's Recompense." By Edith Wharton. D. Appleton & Company.

"Drums." By James Boyd. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Sea Horses." By Francis Brett Young. Alfred A. Knopf.

"These Women." By William Johnston. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.



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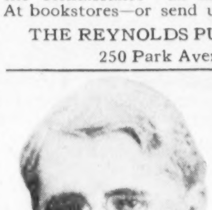

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

Ships That Fly and Float

To the Editor of Collier's:

"AT LAST—the Amphibian." That caption, in the April 25th issue of Collier's, gives the impression that here is something new.

The amphibian plane is not the "invention" of Grover Loening, as stated in your article. In 1919 the British Air Ministry offered a prize of about $50,000 for a machine which would, among other conditions, fly off a certain circumscribed area on land, travel some hundreds of miles, alight on water, remain on the water 24 hours, take off again from the water, and fly back to the original starting point, landing safely within the same area.

The competition aroused great interest among flying men at the time, and it was eventually won by the "Vickers Amphibian." This machine had been in use for some months before competing. Its wheels folded into the body also—a device quite common during the past six years in European machines.

As a practical flying man I would be interested in watching the flying boat, which is what your article illustrates, as it landed or took off from a choppy sea. I imagine that a tractor propellor in front of the pilot would pick up enough spray to about drown him, or at all events blind him. This remark does not apply to a seaplane, which has its two floats well out on either side of the propellor; though even in their case one sometimes gets a shower bath.

T. A. Ross,
Late Lt. Colonel, Royal Air Force.
New York, N. Y.

Who Shall Put a Price on Them?

To the Editor of Collier's:

I wish to tell "Uncertain Wife" my experience as a mother. I was married at seventeen, soon after graduating from high school. At eighteen I became the mother of a five-pound baby boy. The expenses were more than two weeks' wages, but what did I care for the expense when I first heard his feeble, wailing cry? Three years later Harold Kent came, and I love him just the same.

Children are an incentive to saving. A man has to hustle more to make a living when he has a family depending on him. In less than five years' time we have our home—and piano—almost paid for, and my husband is not a large-salaried man. I think if a woman works after her marriage her husband usually loses much of his ambition and self-respect. And if they do not have children they become too self-centered.

E. G., Charleston, W. Va.

To the Editor of Collier's:

"Cradle or Career?" interests me. I am a Boston University graduate, B. A.—seventeen years older than "Uncertain Wife." My husband is a university graduate also. We have been married seventeen years—have eight healthy, lovely children: four boys, four girls. We are poor—in money.

I was at the hospital *three weeks and a half*. I had the personal attendance of one of Chicago's leading obstetricians. I had the same food, the same general care as the rich woman at the end of the corridor. I was in a three-bed ward.

In my bill for 24 days at the hospital every detail is put down: total, $94. However, the amount I am paying—*as I can*—is $57. This is understood clearly in another agreement. I paid a woman $40 for looking after my children and husband (laundry was done at one of the excellent laundries). Total, $97. The $40 alone had to be ready, as the hospital allows the rest of your natural days for payment—if necessary.

Had I been financially able the $94 would have, no doubt, been expected. I was not a charity case.

Mrs. W. N. Spitler,
Mount Greenwood, Ill.

They Aren't Taking Any Chances

To the Editor of Collier's:

Yes—Polly, I'll tell you! (She asked why her married friends wouldn't let their husbands "see her home.")

If you are the same Polly of Wisconsin who was in the habit of making me jump through the blazing hoop—back in my salad days when I was still green in judgment—and then threw me down for Art Geffart, who "rolled a mean snare drum" in the Silver Cornet Band—

Well, Polly—my guess is: that you're still running true to form—from the cradle to the grave. Lord love ye, more power to ye, may you vamp 'em to a glorious finish.

Polly's Previous Pet.

Putting Algebra to Work

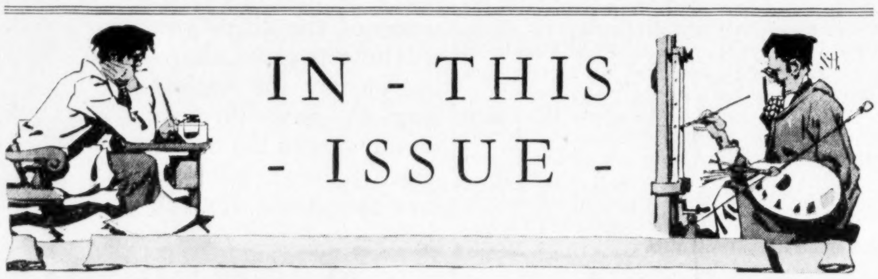
To the Editor of Collier's:

I have had only two years of algebra and would like to ask a question. Why are the students of first-year algebra not taught some of its practical applications?

If they were, it would lend more interest to the subject to those who are not naturally interested in mathematics.

In my first year I learned the usual formulas, yet I did not learn how I could use them, so they were soon forgotten. In my second year I stumbled upon the fact that the apparently meaningless jumble could be used for rapid multiplication mentally.

A Truck Driver, Grass Creek, Wyo.



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The Weary Bread Winner (Male)

To the Editor of Collier's:

When you have a writer give a lot of sob stuff like your first article in your May 9th issue, why not check up your figures a bit? The lot of the wife of the wage earner has been made easier steadily over the last twenty years. The insurance companies tell us that only 5% of wage earners have a competence at sixty. While the man of 60 is working at harder and harder work on decreasing pay, the work of his wife has been lessening for years. On the other hand, suppose you find out from the men who sell electric washing machines just how many men get up before dawn and do the heavy part of the washing before they go to work.

I am in a position to know that about one man in five has had to pick up an additional way of earning money after his regular work is over.

Your writer tells of the agonies of a mother over a sick child. How about the tortures of hell suffered by a man with a family depending on him, as he sees his job slipping away?

Or his agonized efforts to increase his earnings to meet increased expenses? Bosses like to have married men work for them, because they will stand insult and imposition for the ones they love.

L. W. Destler, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Daily Balancing Act

To the Editor of Collier's:

In the article entitled, "Three Times a Day," by Myron M. Stearns, the following statement was made: "Porterhouse steak, fresh garden peas, and potatoes, properly mashed. A well-balanced meal? Many of us think so. But you should hear the diet scientists talk about it! All three—muscle meat, potatoes, peas—the same kind of food!"

The following average analyses all show that they are not the same kind of food: Porterhouse—Average Composition—Water, 60%; Protein by difference, 18.6%; Fat, 20.4%; Carbohydrate, 0%; Ash, 1%.

Green Peas—Average Composition—Water, 74.6%; Protein, 7%; Fat, .5%; Carbohydrate, 16.9%; Ash, 1%.

Mashed Potatoes—Average Composition—Water, 75.1%; Protein, 2.6%; Fat, 3%; Carbohydrate, 17.8%; Ash, 1.5%.

It can be readily seen that porterhouse steak cannot be classed as a carbohydrate food, while potato has more carbohydrate in proportion to its other food constituents. Porterhouse steak allows, on the average, 1,230 calories per pound. Mashed potatoes, 493. And green peas, 454. You will note also that the fat content of porterhouse is 20.4 in comparison with peas, which is .5. To class these three "as the same kind of food" is not scientifically correct.

There are five food principles which are essential in human nutrition: fats, proteins, carbohydrates, minerals, and vitamins. In order to live correctly we should include each of these in our daily diet. Stress should certainly be laid upon obtaining minerals and vitamins, as your author has stated, but to say that steak, potatoes, and green peas are not dietetically balanced is at least a questionable statement.

Mrs. James B. Williams, New York, N. Y.

These New Business Floors Cost Little to Keep Clean and Bright

Today smart-looking floors of linoleum can be quickly installed with practically no interruption to business. Such floors are permanent. They are dignified. They cut cleaning costs and upkeep.

A manufacturing optician in Buffalo chose this floor of Armstrong's black and cream Straight Line Inlaid for his salesroom. A floor of impressive elegance and restraint.

Left—A clothing store on Fifth Avenue in New York City. The floor is Armstrong's Marble Tile Inlaid No. M-62 cemented in place over a lining of builders' deadening felt.

ONE look tells you that the floors in this office are handsome and dignified. Another look tells you that this is not only an impressive office and a pleasant one, but that it is laid out for efficiency as well.

People get work done here.

The floor of Armstrong's Marble Tile Linoleum adds to the efficiency of the office because it is quiet as well as good-looking. People can move about without disturbing one another. Visitors get no sense of noise or confusion.

This is a permanent floor with a beauty that is also permanent.

Extremely low cleaning cost

A fine modern floor of Armstrong's Linoleum is kept bright and clean by a very easy and economical method.

When first laid, it is washed and then waxed thoroughly, the wax being well rubbed in. Since modern linoleum laying leaves no open seams, but only a smooth, unbroken surface, dust is easily removed by a daily brushing with a dust mop. Rewax occasionally. In most cities there are firms that offer a linoleum waxing service, using special electric waxing machines.

In offices where records of floor maintenance cost are kept, the entire cleaning and waxing charge does not exceed a cent and a quarter per square foot per month.

Waxing protects linoleum, and with the aging of the waxed surface the color of the floor becomes soft and mellow.

Talk to a merchant. See the new designs

Near you in your city is a merchant or contractor who makes a specialty of installing floors of Armstrong's Linoleum in offices, stores, shops, public buildings, restaurants, theatres—wherever the public walks. Let us send you his name and have him call on you with samples of modern floor designs in Armstrong's Linoleum: Jaspés (two-tone effects), tile inlaids, marble inlaids, straight line inlaids, and plain colors. He can also submit estimates of cost, explain the approved method of laying linoleum, and tell you how to care for your linoleum floor with little trouble and at low cost. Write us. We will send you our 48-page book, "Business Floors," that is illustrated with colorplates of Armstrong's Linoleum. Armstrong Cork Company, *Linoleum Division*, 2512 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pa.

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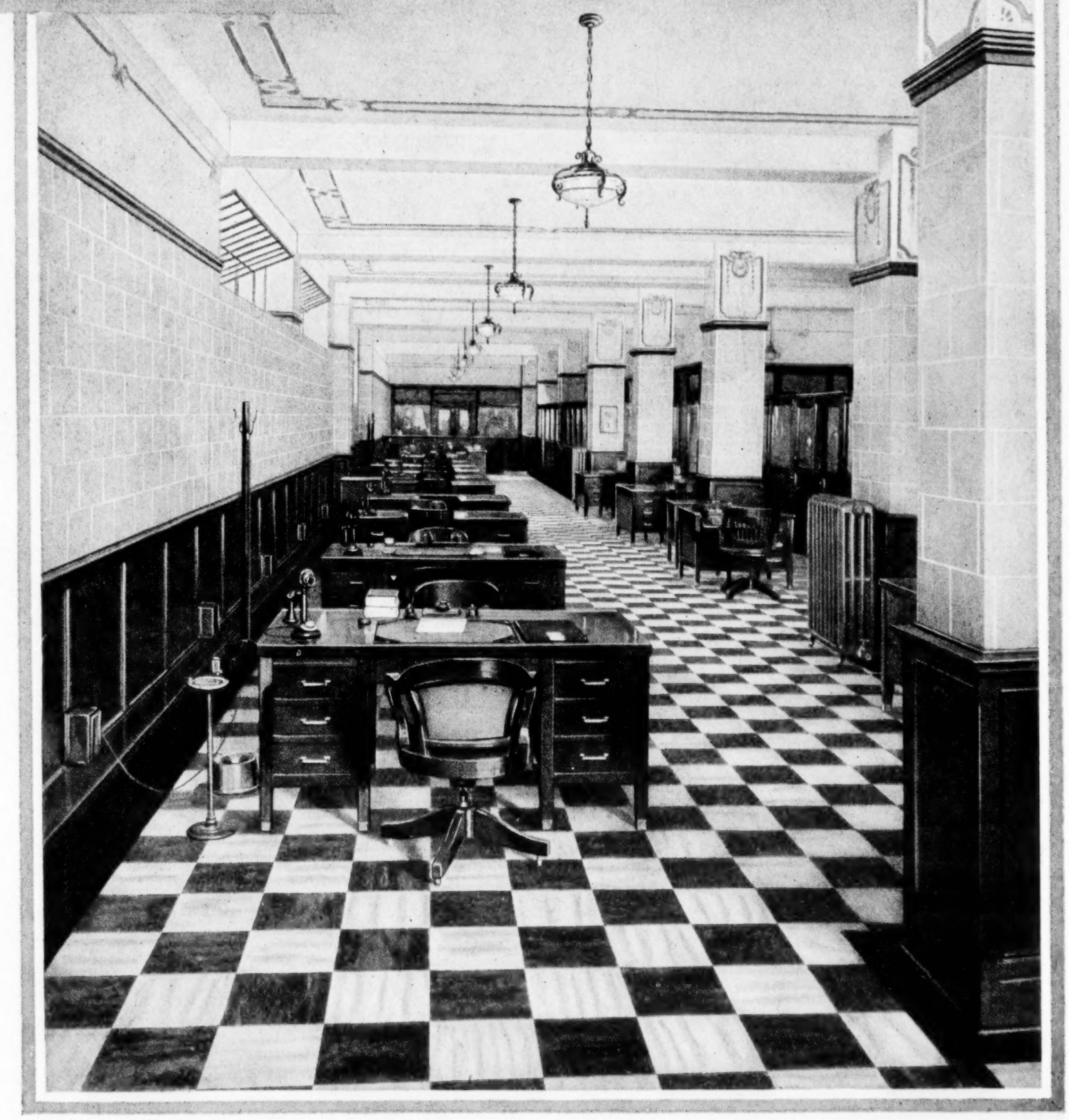

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Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

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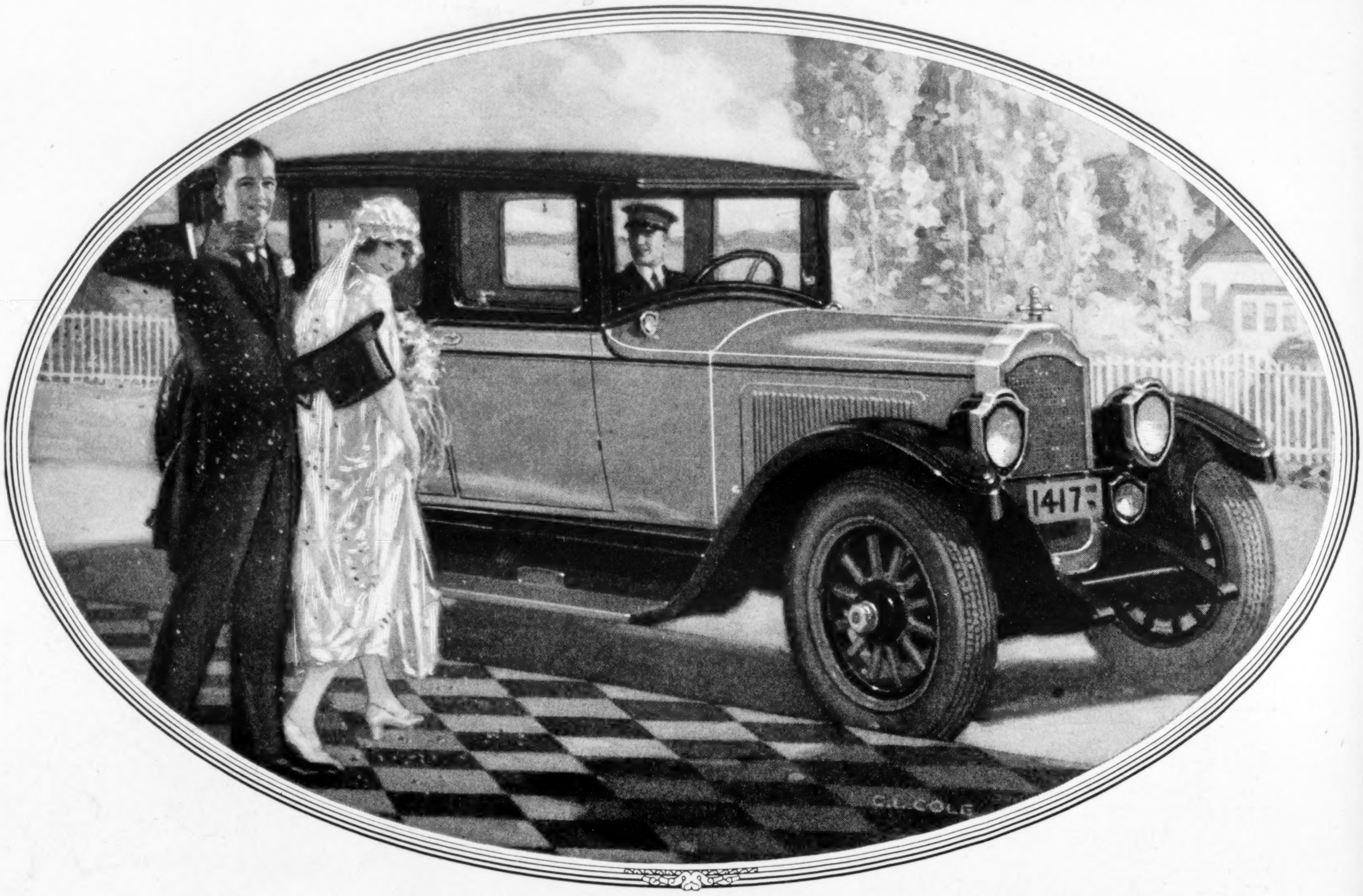

To discerning motorists, all that need be said of the luxurious new Willys-Knight Six is the fact that *it* has the only type of *six-cylinder* automobile engine ever invented that actually and literally grows *quieter, smoother and more powerful* with use ... That said, *nothing need be added!* ....

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